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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
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1918



FIRST ATTEMPT TO TAKE THE LIFE OF MR. RICHARDSON.

THE

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RICHARDSON-MCFARLAND

TRAGEDY.

CONTAINING

ALL THE LETTERS AND OTHER INTERESTING FACTS
AND DOCUMENTS NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BEING A FULL AND IMPARTIAL

HISTORY OF THIS MOST EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

PHILADELPHIA:
BARCLAY & CO., PUBLISHERS,
610 ARCH STREET.
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THE RICHARDSON-MCFARLAND TRAGEDY.

Love is doubtless a holy and beautiful thing, but in how many cases is it prostituted for the sake of money; how many young and loving hearts are blighted in their early days by some exacting father or mercenary mother, who care nothing for their children's happiness in after life, but simply what advantages will accrue from marrying a man with money! Money, it is justly said, is the root of all evil. In how many cases do we find that it is not the man the woman marries, but his money. In how many cases has it brought both men and woman to a felon's cell, and even to the gallows. How many wolves in sheep's clothing are there prowling about our streets, who have more money than decency ready to snap at, to seduce a weak, misguided woman from the paths of virtue, not caring what homes they may desolate, or what hearts they make break. Such men as these, if men they can be called, are not fit to be admitted into decent society, they are a pest and a nuisance, and as such they should be treated with unmitigated scorn and contempt, and the sooner the world is rid of such, the better for the community at large. Which to pity the most we know not, the seduced or the seducer.

Perhaps the two greatest failings in a woman, are her love of dress and her love of admiration; not that we wish to speak harshly of the fair sex, but how often does a woman's love, or respect for a man (call it what you please), cease immediately when his pocket is empty. Our newspapers of late have been full of such cases, scarcely if ever do we read of a case of murder, or attempted assassination, but what women or money were at the bottom of it. More especially has this been seen in the Richardson-McFarland tragedy, in this case it was "love versus money," "husband versus paramour." A diamond is a priceless gem, so is the wife to the husband who has nurtured her and cared for her, who has used all his energies to mould to his ideal of what his wife should be, and spent his hard earned fortunes to make her a model mother to his children. Can we wonder that the loss of such a treasure should drive a man to frenzy, more especially when his most intimate acquaintances or so-

called friends taunt him with his loss? None of us are immaculate; we all have our peculiar passions. McFarland's wife to him was all in all, she was the mother of his children, the idol of his heart, the very centre of his existence, his whole body and soul were bound up in his wife, he had spent his whole fortune in developing her latent talent, to enable her to shine in society and be a credit to himself. And how was such love as this repaid? Did she return his love? Did she acknowledge her husband's self-denial? Did she use her talents in the right direction? No, becoming an actress she was thrown into the society of those whose aim and purpose it is to draw such into the vortex of dissipation. Actresses are, perhaps, more exposed to temptation than any other class of persons; the public eye is fixed upon them, they wish to stand well in their profession, and how are they to do this? it must be through the medium of the press.

Critics, specially appointed, attend our theatres for the express purpose of decanting upon the merits and demerits of the actors, these men have the entré of the Green Room, and naturally seek the society of the ladies, who would sooner sacrifice their affections for ambition than be written down in the newspapers. Such was Mrs. McFarland's case. Mr. McFarland in the largeness of his heart, wishing to see his wife occupy a position in society, spent large sums of money in educating her, being, perhaps, one of the finest readers and elocutionists in the United States, he naturally educated her in the art, being an apt scholar she profited by his tuition, which gave her a taste for the stage, and was thereby thrown considerably in Richardson's company, from that time McFarland's domestic happiness was at an end. Being a woman of fascinating manners, her society was much sought after, invitations followed each other thick and fast, in all these she was attended by Richardson, and was thus drawn into the vortex of dissipation. We see her accompanied by him to suppers given by a certain class called Free Lovers, whose views upon the sanctity of the marriage vows are extremely lax. A man's wife in their ideas is any one's wife, they care

little for that sacred rite which was instituted for the preservation of home. A man's home should be his casket, in which his wife should be his brightest jewel, shedding a lustre upon those who surround it. Free Lover's are a class who should be shunned by any right-thinking person who wishes to preserve their purity and prevent the tongue of scandal being opened upon them. They should shun them as they would a serpent, whose venomous fangs would cause them instant death. What feeling can these people have for their wives, when they expose their portraits, taken in a state of nudity, and pass them from one to another to pander to the vicious taste of such questionable company, and yet such scenes as this are said to have been enacted in the "New York Tribune" Office. It was into such company as this that Mrs. McFarland got introduced, her love for her husband in these scenes was smothered, her motive was notoriety, money and dress, and for the sake of this she bartered her virtue, desolated her home, drove her husband to a state of frenzy, and ruined the future prospects of her off-spring. Thank God, such women as Mrs. McFarland Richardson are few and far between, the generality of women are true and faithful to their husbands, an ornament to their sex, and a blessing to those about them. A mercenary woman, whose only object is dress and money, is a curse to the man to whom she is tied, a disgrace to her sex, and a lie to herself. Woman, as a rule, holds a man's happiness or misery in her keeping, a kind and loving wife who appreciates her position, will know how to value it, and such as these, we are happy to say, are the rule and not the exception.

Mrs. McFarland is doubtless a fine woman as regards looks, but her morals are rotten to the core. What must she think of herself, when she sees the man whom she promised to love, honor, and obey, confined in durance vile, and held under arrest, on a charge of assassination; brought about by her own conduct? if she has the feelings of a woman she will loathe herself; Mrs. McFarland says:

"I know my husband loves me dearly, he thinks the sun rises and sets on my head."

Why, then, if she knows this has she so far forgotten her duty. McFarland loved and does love his wife, even now, to madness, he was a kind, indulgent husband, an excellent father to his children, his greatest pride was in striving to make them happy, and in conversation with his friends he would often say:

"Did you ever see my wife? Oh! what a heavenly woman! Of course you heard of my shooting Richardson? He stole her away from me. Good God! how I loved that woman! Loved her! ah! how feebly love expresses the affection I felt for her! Why, sir, I would wash her feet. I would bathe her toes with my tears. I would—what would I *not* do for the woman I so worshipped?"

And then, sir, her intellect! There was no woman in New York State with her brilliancy of intellect. There's her only counterpart, sir." And here he would point to his little boy Percy.

"There's a boy, sir, who has not his equal in the world, for his years. Let me show you the verses he wrote when he was seven years old."

Then he would read the lines. Next he would pat the boy on the head, insist upon his drinking whisky, and murmur in affectionately maudlin tones:

"Wonderful boy, sir! wonderful boy! Why, only the day before yesterday he wrote in his copy-book, 'Vice brings its own deserts!' Wasn't that a marvellous stretch of genius for such a child? But I educated him myself, sir—myself—just as I developed the intellect of my wife, Abbie, sir, and made her famous. And now—now—she's gone off with Richardson."

But at last misfortune overtook him, his wife's love for him (if ever she had any) ceased, she found a younger man with money, for him she forsook her old love, and followed him blindly, and now what is the consequence of her folly? One she has brought to an untimely grave and the other to a prison cell; had she visited some peasant's cottage previous to her marriage, she would there have seen what real love was, had she done so we should not now have to comment so strongly upon her conduct, and any right-minded woman we think will agree with us in saying, that a woman who can so far forget herself, is not worthy the name of wife or the sacred name of mother.

There are, however, other persons whose conduct in this matter is even more blamable than those we have named, men of standing in Church and State; men who ought to have had too much respect for the positions they fill, than to allow themselves to be mixed up in such disgraceful proceedings. We allude to Mr. Colfax, Vice-President of the United States; the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, and Dr. Field, who by reputation are supposed to be Christian ministers (?) Mr. Colfax in his official capacity was intimately acquainted with Richardson, (who doubtless had some good qualities to recommend him, for there are none so bad but what they have some redeeming features,) and must have known of his illicit intercourse with Mrs. McFarland. Yet this man, who has received the confidence of his countrymen for morals as well as ability, has virtually endorsed Richardson's conduct in this matter. Is this man who has mixed himself up in the liasons of a guilty pair—is this man, we ask, a fit person to stand at the head of a mighty nation, to be the dispenser of its laws, and its exemplar of morality? We would not give much for his virtues if his conduct in this matter is a specimen of them. We should like to place Mr. Colfax in McFarland's position. What would the Vice-President think and do, if it

was his wife who had been seduced from him? What would be his opinion of the man, who held a public position, who would come forward and sympathize with the seducer? Should Mr. Colfax ever become President, (the prospects of which we fear he has blasted,) we tremble for the morality of the nation, and should expect to see a volume issued from the press, entitled the "Mysteries of the Court of America;" we should have our churches turned into Seraglio's, and our homes into harems. We trust it will not be long before Mr. Colfax comes to his senses, and sees how odious he has made himself in the eye's of the people.

The Beecher family seem bent upon keeping the world in a continual state of excitement. Mrs. Beecher Stowe rakes up the ashes of a dead Byron, and heaps scandal upon his head, and puts the whole of Christendom in a ferment, so soon as that began to quiet down, then her Reverend brother comes forward as the champion of an adulterer and seducer. Well may we say what next, and next? Here is a man who on the Sabbath and during the week preaches to crowded houses, rehearsing in the ears of vast audiences the principles of the ten commandments. Does Mr. Beecher know what is meant by the words: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife," and other similar expressions? If he does understand it, as we presume he does, how can he reconcile his conduct in this matter? An old saying is: "It is a good divine that follows his own teaching." Mr. Beecher has compromised himself as a Christian man, he has made himself odious to the whole Christian church. He says, he was not personally acquainted with Richardson. Why, then, in the name of common sense did he interfere? When he must have known that by doing so he would be approving of, and aiding and abetting in, the commission of a sin which is so solemnly denounced in holy writ; had he gone in execution of his ministerial functions, and remonstrated with the guilty pair on the course they were pursuing, we should have thought more of him, and considered he was doing his duty; but when we find him in company with the Rev. O. B. Frothingham and Dr. Field, assisting in the commission of a crime of bigamy, the respect we have hitherto had for these gentlemen, resolves itself into unmitigated contempt and disgust. If Ward Beecher, Mr. Frothingham, and Dr. Field belong to the free love community, the sooner they vacate their pulpits, the better for their hearers, for no man who believes in the Christian doctrine can, without violating its principles, be a free lover.

Yes, it is the pious, the popular, the admired, the revered Henry Ward Beecher, who comes boldly, and even proudly, forward, holding by the hand, and leading lust to her triumph over Religion! Who can read the narrative, and not wish that Plymouth Church were sunk into the ground

until the peak of its gable should be beneath the surface of the earth!

And Mr. Beecher was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, who blasphemed in a prayer to God which contained these words:

"Father we thank Thee for what these two have been to each other, and for what they may be yet."

Mr. Frothingham may plead in his defence that he does not believe in the Scriptures; but Mr. Beecher, who has been engaged for several years past upon a Life of Christ, should have reminded him that our Saviour said: "I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery."

We intend, in the following pages, to give to our readers a complete history of the Richardson-McFarland tragedy from its commencement to the present time. The whole of the facts can be relied on, being compiled by an intimate acquaintance of McFarland, and will, no doubt, excite considerable interest in consequence of the position of the parties concerned.

Mr. McFarland was born in Ireland, in 1820, and is a lawyer by profession; he was married to his present wife in 1858, and by her has had two children, the possession of one of whom was the subject of a lawsuit in 1867.

Mr. Richardson is a native of New England, and a brother of the editor and proprietor of a religious journal, in Boston. He was the secret correspondent of the *Tribune* in the South while the acts of secession were being passed there, and the army correspondent of the *Tribune* in the West during the war. While in the discharge of the duties of that position he was captured, and suffered confinement, for a time, in both Libby and Salisbury prisons. He escaped from them, and, crossing the country, reached the Union lines. Soon afterward he published the "Field, Dungeon, and Escape," a book which has reached the extraordinary circulation of 96,000 copies. He subsequently published the life of General Grant, regarded as one of the most complete of the many books written about that distinguished General. On the opening of the Pacific Railroad, Mr. Richardson was sent over that road by the *Tribune*, and gave to this newspaper much interesting correspondence, replete with facts not previously known in relation to the far West. He has also published a work entitled "Beyond the Mississippi," which already has attained a circulation of 70,000 copies. Recently, Mr. Richardson was sent by the *Tribune*, to Chicago, St. Louis, and other places in the West and Southwest, and the results of his observation in those sections of the country have already appeared. Mr. Richardson has for many years been known as one of the most industrious workers on the press, and his writings have always been noted for their simplicity and

power of expression, and for the great amount of valuable and interesting information they contain.

The causes which led to the fatal tragedy in the *Tribune* office are as follows:

Mr. Richardson, who was a frequent visitor to the house of the publisher of the *Tribune*, Mr. Sinclair, happened one evening some three years ago, to meet and become introduced there to the wife of Mr. McFarland. Mr. Sinclair's house was said to be the rendezvous of many literary ladies and gentlemen, whose names are quite familiar in journalistic circles, and whose topics of conversation embraced, among other things, the relations of the sexes, and the principle of psychological affinities. Mrs. McFarland was just sufficiently educated and metaphysically inclined to understand and take an interest in these novel themes of controversy, and Mr. Richardson, who had a similar tendency of thought, naturally began to take some concern in his new and attractive acquaintance. It is alleged that Richardson was an apostle of free love doctrines, but there is sufficient evidence for stating that this assertion puts his position unduly and untruly strong. Originally he had no reputation as an advocate of Fourierite vagaries, but it is said he relished the discussion of socialistic theories, and was finally led to take an advanced view (if it may be called advanced) of the sexual relations, by stronger minds than his own. There are men and women in this city, holding high position in the esteem of the community, whose private views on certain subjects deemed sacred and settled by ordinary people, are of a strangely subversive character. Some of them were acquaintances of Richardson, and were especially fond of engaging him in the ventilation of their pet ideas on the organization of Christian society. Richardson took sufficient interest in Mrs. McFarland to exert himself, in an indirect way, to procure her an engagement at the Winter Garden Theatre, from Mr. William Stuart.

THE PROCESS OF THE RIPENING INTIMACY.

Some time after he went to board in Amity street, and from time to time met Mrs. McFarland, from whom he took certain manuscripts to try and dispose of. Mr. McFarland, it appears, was in very flourishing circumstances at this time, and his wife professed to be compelled to earn her own living and occasionally his. The story goes that Richardson finally went to board at the house in which McFarland, his wife and children were living, and that there the intimacy between the former and Mrs. McFarland ripened into uncontrollable passion.

Mrs. McFarland was a woman of personal attractiveness. She and her husband and children, in the year 1867, occupied apartments adjoining those of Richardson, who was a young widower with children. As we are informed, Mrs. McFarland got into the

habit of going out to lunch frequently, if not daily, with Richardson. After this had gone on for some time, her husband remonstrated with her against such a practice, telling her that it would give rise to scandal. She replied that she had not before reflected upon that consequence, and promised immediate amendment. Coming home earlier than usual the next day, McFarland was met in the hall by his wife, who came rushing suddenly, and as if surprised, from Richardson's apartments, and then, by way of atonement, she threw her arms convulsively around him and buried him in a shower of passionate kisses. They then went to his room, where he gently reminded her that she had broken her promise; she again promised reform; they spent the night together, and in the morning she continued to cover him with terms of endearment, finally begging him, as he left, to return earlier than usual, assigning as the reason of her request that she had not had enough of his society of late; that she was lonely, and wished to see more of him. In compliance with her impassioned wish, he did return earlier than usual, and found on his table a note from his wife, stating that she had left him! In fact, Richardson had taken her and his two children away from him, and from his home, whither he knew not. Subsequently, on the 12th of March, 1869, Richardson published a card, containing the shameless statement—respecting a woman who was a lawful wife of another man—that after the separation between Mrs. McFarland and her husband, “it came to be understood between her and myself, that whenever she should be legally free, she should become my wife.” Yet no intelligent, reasoning human being can doubt, from the evidence in the case, that this separation was promoted and brought about—and not unlikely originally suggested—by Richardson himself!

How far Richardson was justified in seeking lodgings so near a woman whose looks and language it was impossible he could have previously failed to interpret as being meant for encouragement to him, is a question which each man's sense of propriety can decide for himself. Richardson and McFarland were acquaintances, and what is flippantly called friends. The latter would, no doubt, have sooner and more promptly resented the intimacy which the former exhibited toward his wife, had he been less thoroughly and kindly acquainted with him. As it was, he bore the torturing attentions of Richardson, with a restless and chafing spirit, which finally culminated in the shooting of Richardson, as he was accompanying Mrs. McFarland home from the theatre, the evening of March 19, 1867. The wound was not dangerous, and Richardson was only confined to his room for a few days. Let us now glance at McFarland's statement made immediately after his recent arrest, as it apparently embraces

THE MARROW OF AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

I lived harmoniously and happy with my wife for nine years—absolute happiness—until she formed the acquaintance of this man Richardson; from that moment my happiness was destroyed. We had differences of opinion, and oftentimes unpleasant words in regard to her conduct, but these quarrels were condoned, and mutual happiness existed between us up to the time she left me, on the 21st of February, 1867. I entreated her not to take the step; I plead with her, for her children's sake, not to go; I told her history could not produce the parallel of such heartlessness on a mother's part as that which prompted the step she was about to take; but it was of no avail; she was infatuated with the destroyer of my domestic peace, and she left my home with him, taking with her my two children; for two years she has been supported by Richardson; and in order to get possession of my boy I was obliged, at great expense, to bring suit and recover him by a *habeas corpus*: I lived with my wife nine years in the most perfect harmony and happiness; I am a family man; I am and always was a devoted family man; and while I was in affluent circumstances she appeared to be happy. When I lost my property a change came over her; her love for me forsook her, and Richardson completed the wreck of my domestic happiness. I was always kind to her and affectionate toward my children, and the statements to the contrary are false, and set afloat by Richardson's journalistic friends; so likewise are the stories that I am a drunkard; I am a temperate man, but the trouble I have undergone has been enough to drive me to drink, or even worse. Richardson entered my house by a subterfuge, he planned it with the landlady to have it appear that she (the landlady) had introduced them to each other. He even induced my wife to hire rooms at No. 61 Amity street, where he was boarding, but I refused to go; and finding that she could not go there, he left and took rooms at No. 72 Amity street, where we were then boarding. The statement is made that I gave my consent to a mutual separation. This is not true. I made every effort to prevent her from going, and never did anything that could be construed as acquiescing in her leaving me. In the *habeas corpus* case she never called a witness to prove that I had been brutal or unkind toward her; and on the contrary, I can prove by persons wherever we have boarded that my treatment of her has been marked by the utmost courtesy and conjugal affection.

McFarland cherished a perfect monomania on the subject of his wife's desertion and Richardson's connection therewith. He has been seen, time upon time again, to stop with a spasmodic halt in front of the *Tribune* office, gaze wistfully up at the windows, and walk away, with head oppressed; and

saddened, haggard expression of face. Occasionally, he met Richardson in the streets, and would implore him to give back his wife and children. Richardson invariably exhibited on these occasions a kindly and respectful manner, never saying anything to provoke the already irritated and distracted husband, and yet altogether unable to satisfy the impassioned demand made upon him. Then McFarland would go up in the *Tribune* office, and wander around there mechanically. It was on one of these occasions he saw a letter addressed, "Mrs Abby McFarland" lying in the box intended for the post, and, guessing with a prompt instinct that it came from Richardson, he took and deliberately put it in his pocket. This was the intercepted letter, the contents of which the trial of McFarland is expected to disclose. Its chief point is not revealed in the above personal statement, but a reliable authority, who has perused the document, says that Richardson therein congratulates Mrs. McFarland on the near fruition of their mutual hopes, and that the labor of securing and nourishing her affections is at last to obtain its supreme reward.

In a card on the subject, last March, referring to this particular letter, Mr. Richardson, over his own name, spoke of

McFARLAND AND THE LETTER.

A statement has just appeared from McFarland, who attempted to assassinate me two years ago. He alleges that he was "a temperate, kind-hearted, good man, and a kind, affectionate, and generous husband;" but that I "seduced the affections of his wife" from him, and "enticed her from his home."

Both allegations against me are utterly and preposterously false. These are the facts: 1. With the full sanction of her family and friends, Mrs. McFarland left her husband, charging him with gross cruelty during his paroxysms of intemperance; with neglecting to support her, and with living upon and sometimes squandering her own hard-won earnings. The charge of ill-treatment did not rest solely upon her statements, but stood, and yet stands, explicitly admitted in his own hand-writing, and over his own signature, long before I knew either of them. That will appear in due time, before the proper tribunal. At their last interview, in presence of several witnesses, she distinctly announced that the separation was final and irrevocable, and he as distinctly acquiesced. 2. After this formal and final separation, and while she was beginning life anew, with two little children dependent upon her, it came to be understood between her and myself that whenever she should be legally free she was to become my wife. Several of my friends and several of hers were acquainted with the fact. 3. About three weeks after the separation, McFarland intercepted a letter from me to her—such a letter as one would naturally write to the woman he expected to marry.

McFarland claimed that it "frenzied him," but there was method, not to say deliberation, in his "frenzy." Instead of meeting me face to face, he kept this letter in his pocket three days, and finally, at 11 o'clock on a dark, rainy night, crept up behind me in the street, and with his revolver within fourteen inches of my back, began to shoot. Before he could fire the *fourth* shot, I succeeded in throwing him to the ground, where I held him until the police came up, and secured him. One ball only took effect, keeping me in bed for a week, I refrained from prosecuting him, partly because I knew I had been rash, but chiefly to withhold the lady's name from an additional and unavoidable publicity. 4. For weeks and months after this, he earnestly sought to induce her to return to her "kind" and affectionate husband. Finding this hopeless, he seems since to have devoted himself chiefly to slandering her, and reading an alleged copy of my letter, with many dramatic accompaniments, to every acquaintance or stranger who will listen to it. Sometimes he ends his tale: "And now, after all, I don't believe the scoundrel will ever marry her!" But his common peroration is that if I ever *do*, he will kill me "on sight." Finally, he has brought suit against me for civil damages, rating the money value of his wounded affections at \$45,000, that, at least, ought to prove some equivalent for being deprived of the "affectionate" privilege of striking a helpless woman in the face, or terrifying her with a brandished knife, and baffled in the "temperate" act of stealing up in the dark behind an unarmed man and shooting him in the back.

Whatever the intercepted letter really contains, he would better print it, and save himself the trouble of many future readings and declaimings. I wrote it for but one person; yet I did write it, and I propose to stand by it. Whatever fault there was in holding such an attitude toward a lady who had very recently separated from her husband was solely mine, and I shall not try to palliate it. Whatever sum twelve unbiased men may determine that I owe this "good" and "temperate" antagonist, I shall with alacrity pay it, if it comes within my modest means. And, finally, whatever violence he may re-threaten or re-attempt, should the lady ever be legally free during my life-time, she will certainly become my wife, if she will accept so poor a man as I.

ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.

New York, March 12, 1869.

SHOOTING IN THE TRIBUNE COUNTING-ROOM.

On the afternoon of Thursday, November 25th, Mr. Richardson was met in the *Tribune* office by Mr. Daniel McFarland. Mr. McFarland, it appears, had been in the office about an hour before Mr. Richardson's arrival, and seemed to have known that the latter would call at or about five o'clock. At the time of Mr. Richardson's entrance

into the room, McFarland was standing behind the desk, opposite the right hand door, opening on Nassau street, and was therefore concealed from view. Mr. Richardson, entirely unconscious of the danger impending over him, and ignorant of the presence of McFarland, advanced to the lower end of the counter, and asked for his letters. Between him and McFarland, and outside the counter, a gentleman was reading the paper, or searching the pages of the Directory. As Mr. Richardson leaned over toward the desk of the advertising clerk, McFarland rushed from his hiding place, raised his pistol, and aiming directly over the head of the stranger, at Mr. Richardson, fired. The ball entered the body of the victim at a point midway between the breast and the abdomen, and lodged in the stomach. The wounded man turned, and for the first time saw his assailant. Without speaking a word he walked to the Spruce street door, thence into the street, and up four flights of stairs to the editorial rooms, where he quietly lay down upon a sofa, called a gentleman to him, remarked that he was badly wounded, and asked to have a surgeon sent for at once. In a few minutes a physician arrived, and Mr. Richardson was removed to the Astor House. So apparently unmoved was he on leaving the publication room, that the fact of his being wounded was not known to the clerks until the arrival of the surgeon. In the meantime McFarland had escaped. Detectives were put upon his track, and at 10 o'clock he was arrested at the corner of Irving place and Sixteenth street, by Captain Allaire, of the Fourth Precinct, and Detective Finn, who at once carried their prisoner to the room of the wounded man, at the Astor House. On being asked whether the prisoner was the man who shot him, Mr. Richardson answered quietly in the affirmative, and McFarland was then taken to the Fourth Precinct station-house and locked up.

McFARLAND IN THE STATION-HOUSE.

A representative of the *Tribune* called on Mr. McFarland at the Fourth Ward station-house, where he saw him comfortably quartered in Captain Allaire's private room. The only person present was a policeman, who had been detailed to watch the prisoner. Mr. McFarland was smoking and seemed calm and quite unconcerned. He was indisposed to converse about the shooting or the circumstances attending it, and remarked that the whole affair seemed like a dream, and that he was very much confused at the time. When asked if there was any additional provocation for the deed beyond that which had been made public by his shooting Mr. Richardson in March, 1867, he answered that he had just been informed that Mr. Richardson had procured for his wife a fraudulent divorce somewhere in the State of Illinois, and that he (Richardson) had been married to her. Not having the

means legally to prosecute Mr. Richardson, he had been compelled to accept the situation of affairs, and content himself with the possession of one of his children, allowing the other to remain with his wife. Being informed that Mr. Richardson was making preparations to leave the country, that he had sold his property in New Jersey, and believing that he contemplated taking with him his wife and child, he became frenzied, and committed the deed, which he claimed was but the law of nature. Mr. McFarland objected to being interrogated with reference to the circumstances which caused him to visit the *Tribune* office last evening. He said he did not notice which way Mr. Richardson went after the shooting. On leaving the office, which he did immediately after, he walked up Centre street, and feeling weak and hungry stepped into a restaurant—he did not know exactly the location—and partook of a stew and a cup of coffee. Proceeding up town he called on his brother, and in company with him went to the Westmoreland Hotel, where he registered his name and was given a room. He arrived at the hotel about 7 o'clock, and was arrested about 10 o'clock by Captain Allaire. He inquired of the *Tribune* reporter the condition of Mr. Richardson, it being then midnight, and when told that he would probably recover, he received the news with apparent indifference, although he had previously expressed his sorrow for the act he had committed. He seemed quite comfortable, and was smoking the entire time.

MR. RICHARDSON'S MARRIAGE.

For several days the unfortunate man clung tenaciously to life, until Tuesday, November 30th, when Mr. Richardson was thought to be so low that his desire to have the marriage ceremony performed between himself and Mrs. McFarland, was deemed proper to comply with, and as the lady for whom his attachment had been so irrepressibly expressed was herself anxious that the final seal of matrimony should mark her relations with him before he passed away, it was arranged that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher should solemnly unite the two in formal legal wedlock. Rev. O. B. Frothingham and Rev. N. M. Field participated in the ceremony, and many friends and acquaintances were present in the room. Mrs. McFarland held the hand of her rash and prostrate lover, and the holy divines proceeded to pray and perform the work of making the two spiritually one. It was this ceremony which would appear to have shocked so severely the moral and religious sensibilities of the entire community, and may be therefore worth giving in full, that people may form a clearer judgment as to what was precisely said by the officiating ministers of the gospel. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham offered up the following

MATRIMONIAL PRAYER:

"O, our Father, may it please Thee in this place and at this moment, to bless these Thy children with that blessing which Thou alone canst give—a blessing that shall make the dying bed full of peace and satisfaction and gratitude; that shall make the living heart full of courage and faith. Bind together these two hearts, our Father, and though the hands may not hold each other through the journey of life, may these hearts still be one before Thee, to whom life and death, the world to come and this world are the same. Father, we thank Thee for what these two have been to each other, for what they may be yet. May he take her image with him to the spiritual life, and may she, bearing his name and vindicating his honor, carry him about with her through all the pilgrimage that is yet before her, to strengthen her courage and give her patience under her burden, to help her through all her care. Bless those who may depend upon her. Bless the little ones who are left in the world without their father. Be Thou their father, their mother, their constant friend. And in the assurance of the heavenly life, may he pass unto thee; may she remain with them and him here below."

Now we approach

THE SEPULCHRAL BRIDAL SERVICE PROPER,

which was administered by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and which we give in full as it occurred:—

Mr. Beecher (to Mr. Richardson)—Do you take the woman whom you have by your side now, in this hour, standing near the heavenly land, and renew to her the pledges of your love? Do you give your heart to her, and your name? Is she, before God and before these witnesses, your beloved, your honored and your lawful wife?

Mr. Richardson (in an audible and clear voice)—Yes.

Mr. Beecher (turning to Miss Sage or Mrs. McFarland.)—And do you accept him as your head in the Lord? And are you now to him a wife sacred and honored, bearing his name? And will you love him to the end of your life?

Miss Sage—I do, and will.

Mr. Beecher—Then by the authority given me by the Church of Christ I do pronounce you husband and wife; and may the blessing of Almighty God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, rest upon you and abide with you. Amen.

The ceremony was impressive in one sense, but sadly suggestive of grim and hallow materialism. Not a word of the softening salve of Christian hope and consolation was spoken, and the voice of the Plymouth church pastor is said to have had a strangely religio-theatric tone. One-third of the means which Mr. Richardson left became now the property of his death-bed bride. At five minutes past five o'clock, last Thursday

morning, he expired. During the night brandy and other stimulants were given him, but death had then set in and they had no effect. He lay the last two hours of his life perfectly unconscious and then passed quietly away, without being able to recognize those who surrounded his bedside. Among them were his brother, C. A. Richardson, his son, L. P. Richardson, his wife, Mrs. McFarland-Sage, Dr. Swan, Mr. and Mrs. Holder, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, and one or two newspaper writers. It was a deeply affecting scene to which the profoundly sorrow-stricken face of the dead man's son, who, though so young, seemed in his thoughtful countenance to realize the intense desolation of his father's dying moments, and the cruel, wanton glare of vulgar curiosity turned upon him while the breath of life was fluttering in his body. Vice-President Colfax called at the Astor House in the morning, and when told of his friend's final departure, appeared greatly moved. Though Dr. Carter from the first declared that there was not one chance in a thousand of his recovery, his friends were sanguine that, because of his vigorous constitution, the wounded man would recover, until a few days before his death, when unmistakably unfavorable symptoms showed themselves.

THE INQUEST.

It will be remembered that shortly after the shooting of Mr. Richardson by Mr. McFarland, Coroner Keenan was notified, and the ante-mortem examination of Mr. Richardson was taken by that official. On Thursday morning, December 2d, Coroner Keenan was duly notified of the death, and he proceeded to make arrangements for an inquisition as to the cause of death.

In intimating the course he should pursue, Coroner Keenan stated that he should empanel a jury of well known and intelligent citizens. He should confine himself in the inquiry to the shooting at the *Tribune* office, without going into the domestic details of any of the parties concerned; therefore anything relating to the causes of separation of Mrs. McFarland from Mr. McFarland, or the origin and progress of her intimacy with her late husband, would not be taken in evidence by him, but he should leave all matter of that kind to be brought out and dealt with by another tribunal.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the following gentlemen were empanelled at the Astor House as a jury for the purposes of this inquisition: Philip Sands, druggist, 141 William street; Jeremiah Quinlan, manufacturer of glass, 138 William street; John P. Cummings, jeweler, 2 John street; Hugo Schurmann, secretary Germania Life Insurance, 175 Broadway; N. Ammeran, cashier Mercantile Bank, 191 Broadway; Alexander Hudnut, druggist, 218 Broadway; Charles H. Knox, hatter, 212 Broadway; F. O. Herring, safe manufacturer, 251 Broad-

way; Henry H. Leeds, auctioneer, 95 Chambers street.

The jury, attended by Coroners Keenan and Cushman, then proceeded to view the body of Mr. Richardson, which was lying in room No. 115. The room is of small dimensions, and the jury crowded it, and after they had taken their official view and left the room, the members of the city press were invited to take their view of all that was mortal of Mr. Albert D. Richardson.

The further holding of the inquest was suspended at this stage, except the post mortem examination, the formal taking of further evidence being adjourned to a future day.

APPEARANCE OF THE DECEASED.

On a small, low bedstead was the body, the rigid outline of which could be seen underneath the white sheet that covered it. The mouth firmly set, with the thin lips that physiologists tell us are indicative of strength of will, and the cold, icy forehead that in life had throbbled with so rapid a succession of thought, attracted at once the painful gaze of the observing group. There were no tell-tale marks of recent anguish, either of body or soul, upon the placid face; the head rested on the snow white pillow, as though he was sleeping a first sleep, after the hard work of a weary day, instead of that sleep that will never know any waking in this frail world. Those among the pressmen who had known him in life said he was little changed; sickness, suffering, sorrow, joy, anguish, passion, delirium, a clinging to life that has astonished all who have been his attendants, a sudden and tragic call to a dying bed had left no traces on that pale, cold brow. La Rocherfourcauld says that neither the sun nor death can be looked at steadily; but the gaze on that dead, stiffened form, and into that face, was steady enough by men whose profession it was to penetrate all secrets. That which bridged the past and the future of that life had passed into the silent land, and had revealed to it the great secret of all secrets; but the voice that could have voiced it was voiceless, and the group of journalists, as they left all that remained of their fellow journalist, must have felt that they were sadder men than when they went into this little room, and that death is still the unanswered and unanswerable sphynx of human life.

THE POST-MORTEM.

Scientific skill soon laid open the form of the late Mr. Richardson, and the cause of his bodily dissolution was made clearly manifest to the practiced and professional hand and eye of medical skill.

The result of this is given in the following evidence:—

Joseph Cushman, M.D., being duly sworn, deposes and says—I have made a post-mortem examination on the body of Albert

D. Richardson, at the Astor House, at 4 P.M., Thursday, December 2, 1869, assisted by Drs. Finnell, Morton, Swan, and Clarke, rigor mortis was well marked; on examining the body externally we found a gunshot wound of the abdomen, five inches below the left nipple and half an inch to the left of the median line of the body; the direction of this wound was inwards, downwards, and backwards, and to the left of the spinal column, one inch above the crest of the ileum; this wound traversed through the left lobe of the liver, two inches from its anterior border, through the stomach, the ileum, then passing along the lower margin of the left kidney to the point at which it was extracted; the abdominal and pelvic cavities contained about thirty-two ounces of bloody fluid; extensive peritonitis existed in the vicinity of the wound and surrounding tissues; a quantity of pus was found in the folio of the mesentery: the lungs, heart and kidneys were free from disease; the brain was healthy, and weighed 54½ ounces; death in our opinion, was caused by extensive peritonitis, the result of a gunshot wound of the abdomen.

JOSEPH CUSHMAN, M.D.

J. G. MORTON, M.D.

CHARLES SWAN, M.D.

S. T. CLARKE, M.D.

THOMAS C. TINNELL, M.D.

The inquest was then adjourned.

MR. DANIEL McFARLAND BEFORE THE CORONER'S JURY.

The Scene in the Jury Room—Testimony of George M. King, Daniel Frohman, General David Watson, Edward J. Carver, Capt. Allaire and Dr. Swan.

The number and standing in society of the persons who gathered at the Coroner's office in the old City Hall, last Monday morning, to listen to the testimony in the Richardson inquest, indicated the wide-spread interest felt in regard to the case. If there was any doubt that McFarland would ultimately be acquitted, it was dispelled in the minds of those who heard impassionately the remarks of the bystanders.

McFARLAND AND HIS BROTHER.

Shortly after ten o'clock the prisoner entered in custody, and was conducted to a seat between his counsel, Messrs. Graham and Spencer. He was dressed in black. His auburn hair, which is wavy, was combed behind his ears. The prisoner's brother occupied a seat on the right of Mr. Graham. He was a calm listener during the whole proceedings. The Coroner's jury sat opposite the prisoner and his counsel, and between them both were the Coroner and his clerk and a host of reporters. The most of the latter were phonographers.

The Coroner did not summon any more witnesses than were necessary, and he expected the testimony to be closed much

sooner than it was. The delay was due to the slow manner in which the testimony had to be taken (in long-hand), in order to have it ready for the witnesses to sign.

MANY POLITICIANS

crowded into the room, and most of them wore cluster diamond pins of large size and great value. The Coroner had one of these. So did one or two of his friends, who conversed with him confidentially. During the progress of the testimony, Mr. Spencer had a short private conversation with the Coroner on the subject of the proceedings.

Mr. Graham exhibited more of a contemplative spirit than Mr. Spencer. The latter exhibited the most physical activity. He clutched nervously several times at different legal papers. Mr. Graham seemed to be pondering the higher points of the case as they presented themselves during the delivery of the testimony.

Mr. McFarland did not exhibit any emotion. He seemed to be perfectly confident of acquittal. When Mr. Spencer handed him a legal paper to read, he read it with the utmost calmness, then turned to Mr. Spencer and conversed with him privately.

While the testimony was being taken, some one of the politicians was imitating the

CROWING OF A ROOSTER,

in the hallway. This caused a momentary smile to overspread the countenances of the spectators and others. Almost immediately afterward it seemed as though the ceiling was coming down in consequence of a crowd of politicians rushing rudely out of a room overhead.

TESTIMONY OF GEORGE M. KING.

The first witness called was George M. King, employed in the counting-room of the *Tribune*. He is a resident of Newark, N. J. He dresses with good taste and combs his hair behind his ears. He has a professional countenance. He knew the deceased, also the prisoner; the latter was a flying correspondent of the *Tribune*; also an author; he saw the prisoner many times in the *Tribune* counting-room; sometimes Richardson would be about the office for two or three weeks at a time; then he would be absent for two or three months; during the two or three weeks preceding the late shooting, McFarland was frequently about the *Tribune* office; on the day of the shooting he saw him in the office perhaps four times; he had returned from Chicago and Canada; when he was in the city he generally came to the *Tribune* counting-room about 11 A. M. to get his letters; he sometimes remained ten minutes, and sometimes half an hour; he spent Thanksgiving at Frankfort, Mass.

The witness then described the shooting as it has already been reported.

The first the witness knew that McFarland

meditated shooting Richardson that day—although he had seen McFarland in the counting-room, behind the counter—was when a pistol was thrust in front of his face and fired; he would not swear who fired the pistol, but he saw a pistol in McFarland's right hand; the deceased then turned and walked, or rather ran, to the Nassau street door and staid there for a moment, then went out; he did not see McFarland after he got just outside the counter, because an excited crowd came pouring into the office; neither the deceased nor the prisoner made any exclamation.

TESTIMONY OF DANIEL FROHMAN.

Daniel Frohman was the second witness. He resides at 105 East 5th street. He parts his hair, which curls nicely, in the middle, and combs it behind his ears. He is of a sanguine temperament. His countenance is very pleasing. His duties are performed in the advertising department; he could not swear who fired the pistol; he was stunned by the report; he saw the prisoner speaking that day to the cashier, Mr. John M. Gerow; it was about 11 o'clock in the morning; he was inquiring when the publisher would be in, meaning Mr. Sinclair.

Question by a Juror—Did you observe anything remarkable in the conduct of Mr. McFarland? Witness—No; he seemed very quiet; not at all excited.

Q. Do you usually allow strangers to go behind the counter? A. No; but Mr. McFarland was not a stranger. He had been in the habit of coming to the office for the past two years. He was well acquainted with all the clerks and people there. Persons so come behind the counter who have business with the heads—Mr. Greeley and Mr. Sinclair—and others who want to look at the office and press room.

Mr. Knox (Juror)—Do you know if he had any business with any one in the office that day? Witness could not answer the question.

Mr. Knox—Do you know if ever Mr. McFarland and Mr. Richardson met there before? Ans.—They did.

Q. Did they speak to each other? A. Not that I know of.

Q. How many times did they meet? A. I do not know.

Q. Did they recognize each other? A. Yes.

Q. How? A. They looked at each other.

Q. In what manner did they look at each other? A. By glancing at each other.

Q. How long before the late shooting did they meet in the office? A. I think about two or three months before.

Q. Was there anything ever said between them when they met in your presence? A. Nothing. Mr. Richardson had been out West just before their last meeting.

Q. You spoke of their glancing at each other; was it a familiar glance? A. No, it did not appear to be familiar. Once Mr. Richardson was in the private office talking

with Mr. Sinclair, when McFarland came in. McFarland saw Mr. Richardson inside and at once went away. They did not appear to be on good terms.

TESTIMONY OF GEN. DAVID WATSON.

Gen. David Watson, a tall thin man, was next called to the witness stand; he has small side whiskers and combs his hair behind his ears; he is a resident of Rahway, N. J.; wore a light colored, low cut vest and coat; narrow standing collar and small black tie; has an intellectual face; is employed in the mailing department of the *Tribune*; he did not wish to testify, and told the Coroner he knew nothing about the case.

"Put your hand on that book," said the Coroner. "and we will swear you, and see what you do know."

Mr. Watson put out his left hand.

"The other hand," said the Coroner.

Mr. Watson was then sworn: He was not personally acquainted with the deceased; some five years ago he was personally acquainted with the prisoner, but the acquaintanceship was not kept up; he would not swear who shot Richardson; he saw two men go out of the Nassau street door of the office after he heard the report of the pistol, and ran after them; one was Mr. Richardson and the other was Mr. Wiseman; the latter was affrighted; the witness thought Wiseman had shot Richardson, and hence went after him.

TESTIMONY OF EDWARD J. CARVER.

Edward J. Carver was called upon to testify. He is employed in the mailing department of the *Tribune*; resides at Newark, N. J.; possesses an expansive forehead; has a tapering face; combs his hair beneath his ears; has a long and dark brown beard; he spoke with difficulty, and several times had to place his left hand over his mouth and cough low to clear away the huskiness of his voice; he could not swear that McFarland shot the deceased, but he saw the flash of a pistol, and when McFarland was going out of the office, he saw something in his hand which looked like the butt of a pistol.

Q. Do you know if there was any ill-feeling between the prisoner and deceased? A. I heard it said that there was.

The witness further testified that when his attention was attracted by the report of the pistol, McFarland was standing up, with his hand raised; subsequently, when McFarland was going out, he seemed to be stooping; it was generally understood in the office that there had been ill-feeling between McFarland and Richardson.

Q. Were any of you on the alert to see what would occur when the men met? A. No one that I know of.

Q. Did you ever see the prisoner and the deceased meet in the office previous to the late shooting? A. I believe I did, but I cannot state the time.

TESTIMONY OF CAPT. ALLAIRE.

Capt. Anthony J. Allaire, of the Fourth Police Precinct, was sworn. He testified as follows: "I went to the station-house and was informed by the sergeant behind the desk that there had been a man shot at the *Tribune* office; I went to the *Tribune* office, but [emphatically] got very little information, except that a man by the name of McFarland had shot another by the name of Richardson; I could learn no further particulars there; I went to the Astor House and saw a man in room 115, the deceased; on inquiry I learned that the prisoner lived at 50 East Twenty-sixth street; on going there, I found he had left an hour before; that was all the information I could get there; I afterwards found the prisoner at the Westmoreland Hotel, and I arrested him; I took him in a stage to the Astor House, and took him into the presence of the deceased, placing him at the foot of the bed; he remained in this position a minute or two, during which time I asked the deceased if that was the man who shot him, and he said it was; I then took the prisoner to the station-house and detained him until the next morning; coming down in the stage from the Westmoreland to the Astor, I asked the prisoner why he shot the man; he replied: "That man has broken up my family, and destroyed my peace of mind."

Q. When you arrested the prisoner, did he have a pistol?

A. No; I searched him; I asked him what had become of the pistol, and he said he did not know. While in room 31 at the Westmoreland, and when (Mr. Spencer and the Coroner were in private conversation.—*RRP.*) I asked him where the pistol was, he replied, "Search me, I have no pistol about me;" I then inquired of him, "What did you do with it?" and he replied, "I don't know what I did with it;" I have not been able to find the pistol.

Mr. Knox—Did he speak guardedly or otherwise when you spoke to him? A. No; he spoke freely.

Q. Did he appear excited? A. No; when I went in he smiled. He was apparently conversing with his brother when I knocked; he came and opened the door himself; I said, "Good morning, Mr. McFarland; you are my prisoner." He then inquired, "Well, where are you going to take me?" I answered, "To the Fourth Ward station-house." I was just long enough at the hotel to arrest the prisoner, search him and the beds to try and find the pistol; I found him by following his brother to the hotel; I looked on the hotel register, and McFarland's was the last name registered; this was ten o'clock at night.

TESTIMONY OF DR. SWAN.

Dr. Charles V. Swan, resident physician at the Astor House, was placed on the witness stand. He explained how he was called from the Astor House to the *Tribune* office,

by two messengers from the latter to examine Richardson's wounds. He detailed the subsequent proceedings on the part of the attending physicians.

Mr. Knox—Have you any doubt that the wound the deceased received at the *Tribune* office was the cause of his death?

Dr. Swan—Not the slightest. I have no doubt that the pistol wound was the cause of his death.

THE COURSE OF THE BULLET.

This closed the evidence. Unimportant remarks were made about Dr. Cushman and the post-mortem examination, when Mr. Spencer stood up and read the document on the subject of the latter. The Coroner interposed a slight objection, when Mr. Spencer said firmly: "we have a motive in reading it." Subsequently he said: "The object I had in view was to show that the direction of the wound was downwards."

The Coroner remarked that he had not seen Dr. Cushman since he made the post-mortem, therefore one of the papers in the case remained unsigned.

THE CORONER'S CHARGE—THE VERDICT.

The Coroner said: "Gentlemen, in framing your verdict, and in order to fulfil the ends of justice and to discharge your duty faithfully, it is only necessary for you to determine—first, on the cause of the death of the deceased; second, by whom such death was caused; third, the time and place of such death. That is all there is in this. Now, please retire to the room you came from, and deliberate upon your verdict, and here is the testimony to take with you."

The Jury retired. Messrs. Graham and Spencer had another earnest private conversation with the prisoner. After being absent a short time, the jury returned, bringing in the following verdict:

"That we, the Jury, find that Albert D. Richardson came to his death on Thursday morning, the 2d of December, 1869, from the effects of a pistol ball discharged at him by Daniel McFarland, in the *Tribune* office, November 25, 1869."

EXAMINATION OF M'FARLAND.

The Coroner requested the prisoner to stand up and made the following inquiries:

Coroner—What is your age? A. Over 49.

Q. Where were you born? A. In Ireland.

Q. What is your profession? A. Lawyer.

Q. Have you any statement which you wish to make?

Mr. Graham then read the following:

I am instructed by my counsel that nothing I can now advance will have the effect of changing or checking the regular course of the law. The proceeding which has just terminated is one, I am informed, which has to be adopted in a case like the present. It is, I am advised, in the nature

of the inquest of office, in which, by the usual practice, I am not allowed to interfere by counsel or otherwise, and in the management of which the range of evidence is exclusively within the control of the officer who presides over and directs it. With the knowledge that I cannot at this time have the opportunity of corroborating my statements by the testimony of witnesses, and the belief that any narrative that I might indulge in would be unattended with any benefit in a legal point of view, I await, for my vindication, the impartial trial guaranteed me by the laws of this State. My accusers will then be confronted with me; the forms wisely created for the complete development of the truth will then be observed, and the result will then be declared by a jury of my peers. While I fully appreciate my situation, and regard the future with becoming concern and solicitude, it may be that time will demonstrate that the sanctity and safety of more social and moral interests depend upon the success of my defence, than identify or connect themselves with the maintenance of the prosecution.

The jurymen were dismissed, and the prisoner was conducted back to the Tombs.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

At 12.30 o'clock, on Friday, the funeral services were performed over the remains of the late Albert D. Richardson, at the Astor House, preparatory to their removal to Franklin, Mass., for interment. As it was not desirable that any but the friends and co-laborers of the deceased should be present, and to avoid any gathering of curious persons, no announcement had been made in this relation. Notwithstanding this fact, quite a large gathering were in the corridor leading to room 41, in which were the remains, long before the hour appointed. One of the Messrs. Stetson, acting as usher, prevented the entrance of any but friends. When these had all entered, the restrictions were released until the services had been completed.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE BODY.

The coffin containing the remains was in the centre of the room. It was of highly polished rosewood. On the lid, which was partially removed, was a silver plate, bearing this inscription: "*Albert D. Richardson, died December 2, 1869, aged 36 years 6 months.*" Decorations of wreaths of camellias and tube roses were laid on the coffin, while running entirely around the outside edges of the case were vines of immortelles. The body was arrayed in full dress, the right hand, holding a small bouquet, resting on his bosom. The face was scarcely changed, except being, perhaps, a shade more meagre than in life, with the eyes sunken slightly. It bore no evidence of physical agony endured by the departed man.

The face of the deceased was exposed,

and wore a look of firm calmness. Mr. Richardson, judging from his appearance as he lay in the coffin, was not to say a handsome man, but might have been extremely amiable and winning in his manner. His light blonde beard was trimmed close at the sides and permitted to expand into a tuft at the chin and on the upper lip. He had a large, prominent forehead, overshadowing the face and leaving the eyes shrunk away in their sockets. His mouth was somewhat large, and shut with an expression of determination. After the ceremony a plaster cast was taken of the face. There seemed to be a great deal of interest to hear what Henry Ward Beecher had to say in defence of himself against the attacks that have appeared against him for his celebration of the memorable death-bed marriage. The sentiment of curiosity brought many guests of the house, especially ladies, down into the corridor, and the door of the private parlor was quite extensively surrounded.

THE FUNERAL ASSEMBLAGE.

In the room and surrounding the coffin were all the most intimate friends, male and female, of the deceased. In the group were Horace Greeley, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, Colonel Thomas W. Knox, Junius Henri Brown, Whitelaw Reid, E. C. Stedman; near them deceased's newly married wife, now a widow, and her children, all in dense mourning. A little to the left of these sat Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, while the Rev. Mr. Frothingham sat a little in advance and to the left of them. Scattered around the room were other friends and companions; Mr. Colburn, with whom the deceased suffered captivity during the war; Messrs. Oliver, Johnson, Larned, Wilson, Bradford, Howell, the Messrs. Stetson, and others. The lady friends sat in a group just behind the officiating clergymen. During the services manifestations of grief were general. When the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher uttered his preliminary eulogical remarks, which he did with a most remarkable earnestness and emphasis, tears suffused the eyes of nearly every one present. It was evident that the assemblage were the dead man's friends in every sense of the word—friends whose sympathy and love was not born in a day, and will last while memory survives.

The time fixed having arrived, the funeral services were commenced as arranged.

ADDRESS BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

The following remarks were made by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham:

"DEAR FRIENDS:—We stand here at this moment in the presence of God. The world is not with us in this chamber, only that Great Spirit which searches all hearts, that kind Spirit that never hates, never deserts, never forgets; that infinite forgiveness which smoothes out all the rough places of



ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.



fe, and strengthens everything that is created, and welcomes all at last to the eternal arms. Let us feel that we are in the presence of the All-holy-Eye. Let our thoughts be gentle, all our words be trustful, let our hopes be sweet, and pure, and high. Being asked to say a few words, I shall not trouble you by taking you into the secret of this sad history, so sadly ended. Let us leave the secret of it to Him who alone knows the secret. It is not for any of us to go into the heart of this sorrow; it is not for any of us to probe the wounds, or to sit in judgment on any person. The man whose body lies before us here, stricken down in middle life, in the height of his power and of his usefulness, was a man who asked no favors for himself while he lived. He was clear-sighted, clear-hearted, very strong of purpose, and very brave of spirit. Were he alive he would answer them himself. His sickness, as you know, was painful. He bore it without a murmur, never fearing death, saying that he feared pain, but never showing it. Through all these days, when he was hanging between life and death, no complaint escaped his lips, no harsh words of judgment or of criticism. No reflection upon the deeds, the thoughts, or the motives of others. Nothing severe against his enemy; nothing but tenderness and unspeakable gratitude to all his friends. He was a man of great industry, and his industry (of how few can it be said?) was spent in instructing and helping his fellow-men. His career was one of labor. He welcomed labor; but the labor that he gave, he gave toward those ends that were noble, just, generous, and humane. He was a warm-hearted and consistent friend, liberal with his hand, with his heart, with all his talents. I pass no judgment upon him but in judgment of his friends, and they are those who knew him most intimately—those who knew him longest—they speak the most kindly of him, and say that he needs the thinnest veil of charity, to cover up any faults he may have had. For myself, with all my soul, I believe that he was a pure-hearted, single-minded, earnest and true man. If he committed imprudences, so do we all; if he fell into mistakes, so do we all. But, in my judgment, his imprudences were small considering all things, and his mistake was small. As I know the story, it seems to me that he conducted himself with singular discretion and with great purity of purpose. Let us remember how complicated he is, how surrounded we are, behind and before, with subtle enemies. Let us remember how every time we move, we put our fingers on some spring, and it may be a ring, as in this case, that may cause death; and may we remember, as my friend tried, I believe, to remember that we live in the presence of God, and that, although our eyes are all in the dark, they are in God's light, for He changes and guards and brings things out into a true light in the end;

and let us remember the great hereafter where all secrets shall be disclosed; where all shall read the lessons of our life and his, and the infinite love shall pronounce upon the upshot of what we have done and believed. We believe that we shall all stand before God, and let us believe, humbly and meekly, that we are to stand before this same Christ. For the rest, let our hearts be gentle and our feelings kind toward the unfortunate man who brought this, our friend, to his end. Let us make allowance for human infirmities and passions, and let us spread the broad mantle of our charity over him, judging him as we would wish to be judged. Let us think with the utmost tenderness of the woman who is left now so suddenly a widow so soon after she was a wife. Let us remember her loneliness, her long sorrow, the past that was so hard and so bitter, the future that is to be so lonely and dreary, so much work to do and so little help to do it, beyond what she has in her own heart from the love of God and he who is gone before her. Let us wish from our own hearts that she may be strong, true, like a woman convinced that she has done what she thought, in her human strength and weakness, to be the best. And let us think of those little ones who are left fatherless. Let us think of them tenderly, casting upon them only the sweetest thought as we associate them with their father who lies here dead. Let us learn to share each other's joys and sorrows, to bear each other's burdens, to forgive as we are forgiven, and to do what we may while we live together as brothers and sisters, and children of the same Great Father in Heaven. And may we do our best to allow no bitterness to spring up in our hearts and in the hearts of others to slay convictions, and, perhaps, break up society. And let us, with love and faith, and hope and comfort, help and sustain, remembering that here we are only trying to love them that we may live faithfully and truly in the world beyond. And so may our thoughts follow these friends as they carry these poor remains to mingle with their native dust, remembering that the spirit has always been, and is now, with God.

MR. BEECHER'S DEFENCE.

The following is a true report of Mr. Beecher's speech, in his own defence, at the funeral of A. D. Richardson:

If I believed that this man by whose corpse I stand, had broken down the wall, and plucked the fairest flower in a neighbor's garden, and that he was struck dead for such a crime, surely, I would say no word here to-day. I would offer prayer for the living, but let silence cover him as with a pall. I knew his services to the country, but I was not personally acquainted with him. I derive my information not from feverish paragraphs which fly about, but from true and high-minded men and women, whose word is law to me, and who knew Mr. Richardson, and

knew, from the very first step of that history which has led to this tragedy, his feelings, his motives, and his actions; with whom he consulted from day to day, and to whom he laid bare his very heart, in respect to all the transactions connected with this unhappy history. They bear witness to his singular freedom from deceit, to his childish frankness, to his truth and honor, in not only all the relations of his life, but in the whole of this fatal affection. Upon such abundant testimony of many concurring friends, who well understand human life, and human nature, I believe him to have been upright. That he was imprudent, that his sympathy carried him into ways which a nicer prudence, and a larger worldly wisdom would have eschewed, is hardly to be doubted. But, that he *consciously violated any law of God, or any canon of morality* which human society has thrown around the household, his most familiar friends utterly deny.

When death was drawing near, and I was called to unite him to her who now sits desolate, overwhelmed with multiplied sorrows, *I went with alacrity*. I believed that *she was both legally and morally justified in separation from a brutal husband*, who, to excessive and outrageous personal abuse, had also furnished that *one extreme ground* of divorce which justifies it in the eyes of all Christendom. And the facts and truth are held to be not the less real and morally justifying because she, for her children's sake and for her own, shrank from the odious task of revealing and proving the extreme reasons moving her, and obtained a divorce on a representation of a part only of the reasons that existed for such a separation.

I went often to the throne of grace during the anguish of my country's recent trial for those men who stood by her most faithfully, and I vowed that they should be my brothers, and that as long as I lived, *come what might*, if they carried themselves faithfully toward my native land, then they should never lack a friend in me. There were two classes engaged in fighting that rebellion; those who were in the field, and those who kept up the heart and spirit of the country at home. Among the latter this man occupied a foremost place, and did his work nobly and well. And I am willing to stand by his side in this hour of darkness and disrepute. For, my friends, how strange is this hour! Death settles all enmities in all ordinary cases; death reconciles bitterest foes, but here is a case where death creates enemies, and leaves no peace even in the grave. The lion in his strength and in his own fastnesses is able to defend himself, but no sooner has the cruel arrow of the huntsman laid him low than he is set upon by every vile thing, every earth beetle, every fly, every crawling worm. Now that he is down, flesh flies are all around about him, and death, that is to most men a truce to old enmities, is the very arraying of the battle against him. It is a shame, a sorrow and a disgrace that it should be so.

All the more need is there, therefore, that those who knew him, and knew that *he was a pure and true man*, should in this hour stand fearlessly for his integrity, and should not let her who bears his name go down in the darkness and trouble by reason of the misapprehensions and slanders that have fallen upon him. He cares no more for it himself, but oh! there are children who bear his name; there is the household which must—*loving much—suffer much*; and there are faithful friends who are witnesses of his *integrity*. For their sakes we stand here to day, not as by a felon, but as with *a man worthy to be loved*. In taking my farewell of this corpse, I believe that I take leave of a man whom one need not be ashamed to call a friend.

PRAYER BY MR. BEECHER.

Holy and just Thou art, O God. Thy eye pierces all concealment and obscurity. Thou canst read the secrets which are hidden from men. We must once more draw near to Thee, O Thou that givest liberty, in times of trouble we hear no voice, we reach out and find no hand that we can touch, yet Thou dost come to us, fulfilling the promises Thou hast made. Be pleased in Thy providence to clear away all doubt and darkness that have settled on Thy servant who lies before us. Be pleased to establish truth and justice, and we beseech of Thee, O Lord our God, that Thou wilt spread abroad throughout the community, those agitated and torn with various discordant themes, a blessed mind, a clearer judgment, and more temperate feeling. Especially for that handmaid would we pray who was led by him, and who is now leading. Never leave her, never forsake her, and may there be no day so dark, and no hour so desolate that she may not find that consolation which alone can come from Thee. We pray for those who bear his name. May there be those who will take care of them, and may life bring its blessings to them. We beseech Thee that Thou wilt draw near to all those whose friendship has been grievously wounded. And may they have that divine blessing which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. Oh for the spirit of God among men, and for larger trust; oh for more simplicity and truth. Nor would we forget him who lies imprisoned, and in this hour of our sadness and sorrow, oh God remember him with forgiveness, and graciousness, and kindness, and overrule all events that are yet to transpire for the furtherance of truth and justice. And to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit will be the praise forever. Amen.

IN THE CORRIDORS OF THE ASTOR HOUSE.

After prayer, the persons present slowly dispersed, filing round by the coffin, and taking a farewell glance at the placid face of the deceased. A number of ladies retired to Mrs. McFarland's room, opposite to that where Richardson breathed his last. Mrs.

McFarland received the condolence of her visitors with becoming and dignified sadness. There were a good many led by curiosity to wander along the corridor in hopes of obtaining a glimpse at the lady whose name within the past week has secured such widespread notoriety; but all such were doomed to disappointment, and finally, when Mrs. McFarland, leaning on the arm of Mr. Richardson's brother, passed out of the hotel to take passage in the steamer for Boston, her face was enveloped in a thick black veil, that entirely hid her countenance. It seemed that with the departure of Mrs. McFarland ended the interest for those who lingered about the corridors in this strange chapter of love and murder. The few ladies who remained were occupied in conversation with several male friends of Richardson, and judging by the light and cheerful tone of the conversation, it would appear that the late calamity had no serious phase of character for them at least. A group here and there discussed Henry Ward Beecher's explanation sermon in antagonistic terms. Some of those who thought McFarland as much sinned against as sinning, took exception to the resolution which Mr. Beecher declared he once made—that of being the friend of a Union defender, no matter what his offence, and that if a Union defender seduced a man's wife—for this was the logic of Mr. Beecher's position—he might calculate upon absolution and eulogium from the pastor of Plymouth Church. Others, especially the ladies, were delighted with the brief sermon; but the majority grieved that Beecher should have laid himself open to such a singular and damaging construction of his words as people are sure to place upon them.

STARTING FOR THE BURIAL PLACE.

At 3 p. m. on Friday, December 3d, the coffin was finally closed, the body of Mr. Richardson was removed from the room in which the funeral services were held, and carried through the side passage of the hotel to the door, at which a hearse and some carriages stood waiting. Mrs. Richardson, Mr. Richardson's children, Mrs. Sage, Mr. C. A. Richardson, a brother of the deceased, and some intimate friends, entered the carriages, and were driven to the pier, where the steamboat in which the remains were to be taken to Massachusetts, lay waiting to start. The body was interred at Franklin, Mass., the native place of Mr. Richardson, at 8 p. m. on Saturday the 4th.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

A curious feature in the case is the fact that two of the physicians who attended Mr. Richardson, namely, Drs. Swan and Sayre, knew the course taken by the ball, and that Richardson could not live. Their treatment was grounded on this knowledge, and, as it was impugned by other doctors, Drs. Swan and Sayre wrote out their theories of the

case and placed them in the same envelope, which was sealed up and given to a third party to be read at the time of holding the post-mortem. At the examination the envelope was opened, and both diagnoses read. They proved to be alike and correct.

THE INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

McFarland has obtained John Graham, the eminent criminal lawyer, as his counsel. The letters intercepted by McFarland have been placed in Mr. Graham's hands; but no one is permitted to see them. It is asserted, however, by persons who have seen these letters, that there were a number of persons interested in what they call a plot to alienate the affections of Mrs. McFarland from her husband. Several of these persons are said to occupy high positions in social life, and to be well known in the journalistic and literary circles of the city. Two of the parties are, it is said, married women, and both are referred to by name in Richardson's own handwriting as "capital intriguers, who are helping me."

INTERMENT OF RICHARDSON AT FRANKLIN, MASS.

The remains of Richardson reached Franklin, Mass., about 4 o'clock, a. m., Saturday, December 4th, in charge of his brother. Several of the relatives of the deceased, among them Mrs. McFarland-Richardson, accompanied the remains. About 8 o'clock the body was removed to the Congregational Church, and the final ceremonies took place in the presence of over three hundred persons, most of whom were ladies. The mother, brother and widow of deceased were the chief mourners. Rev. Luther Keene, pastor of the church, conducted the services, which consisted of the singing of a hymn and the reading of passages of Scripture. Rev. Mr. Keene then made some remarks which were designed to be consolatory to the friends, and to beget resignation to the sad event. As he had known the deceased personally, he refrained from entering into the history of his life. He, however, briefly narrated the circumstances of his death, as understood by his friends.

The conclusion from these was that no man's life was so solitary or so isolated as not to produce an effect upon others when it ceased. The brief life terminated so harshly, and which began in Franklin but little over thirty years ago, had been full of interest, noble purposes, and good achievements for men and for his country, such as had strongly attached to him his relatives and professional associates. Mr. Keene then read an obituary, printed in one of the New York papers, with the remarks of Mr. Beecher at the funeral services in the Astor House, and spoke of the current rumors relating to the painful circumstances of Mr. Richardson's death, and concluded with a declaration that God will see that the character of the deceased is vindicated.

cated, and that justice is done to his memory. The services closed with a prayer by Mr. Keene, in which he asked the removal of all wrong, justice for the good name of the departed, that the injured stand right before their fellowmen, and for Divine mercy for the man who raised his hand in vengeance, and that he might repent of his crime and prepare for another life. After those present had looked upon the remains, the casket was closed and removed to the tomb in the burying ground, where it is to remain until Spring, when it will be interred in the City Mill Cemetery, by that of the deceased wife of Mr. Richardson.

We have thus brought Mr. Richardson, with his fatal affection, to his last resting-place, in his native town. But this by no means ends the melancholy story. There is a world of dramatic incident and accessories belonging to it, a portion of which we now proceed to lay before our expectant readers. And the first of this portion of the strange story we will introduce, consists of the evidence taken on the trial of

THE HABEAS CORPUS CASE FOR THE POSSESSION OF ONE OF M'FARLAND'S CHILDREN.

When Mrs. M'Farland left her husband, early in 1867, she took her two children with her. One of these two children was in Massachusetts. The following evidence was taken in the *habeas corpus* case in the matter of the boy Percy, which, two years ago, was brought about by Mr. M'Farland, for the possession of the child. It will be found of interest at the present time, it never having, till quite recently been published. The testimony was taken before J. B. Nones, Commissioner of Massachusetts for the State of New York :

RICHARDSON LEAVES HIS AMITY STREET LODGINGS.

George H. Benedict, real estate broker, residing at No. 40 Washington Square, sworn—I recently removed from No. 61 Amity street, in New York city; I have known Mr. Richardson since November, 1866; he occupied one room in my house, at No. 61 Amity street, from November, 1866, till January, 1867—early part—when I think he removed to some other house in Amity street; he did not leave my house nor cease to occupy his room at my request, nor have I any knowledge of my wife's making to him any such request.

A LANDLADY'S STORY.

Mary Mason sworn—I reside at No. 62 Amity street; I know Mr. and Mrs. M'Farland, and have known them, I think, about five or six months; Mr. M'Farland has lodged at my house with his wife and child; they came about the 6th of January, 1867, at No. 62 Amity street, and lived there until Mrs. M'Farland left her husband; I knew Albert D. Richardson, and have known him four or

five months; Mr. and Mrs. M'Farland began to lodge at my house, No. 62 Amity street, about the 6th of January, 1867—perhaps it might have been earlier; they occupied only one room, the back parlor; Richardson occupied one parlor and closets; I think he began about the middle of January, 1867; he never gave them up till after the shooting affair, and then I requested him to vacate the same, and he never lodged at my house after.

Q. State whether or not, prior to the time when said Richardson hired rooms or a room of you, did you have or hear any conversation with Mrs. M'Farland about Richardson, or about his taking a room in your house? if yes, state when you heard or had such conversation, and where and what was said by her; also what was said to her; be particular and state all of said conversation as nearly as you can, and who took part in the same.

A. Yes; she told me she had a friend boarding at the Astor House and lodging opposite to me in Amity street; that she wanted a room for him in my house, as he was obliged to leave his lodgings; only Mrs. M'Farland and myself were present, I think, at this conversation; Richardson then came in, the evening of the same day, I think, and spoke to me about a room; he said that Mrs. M'Farland told him I'd let him a room in my house; I objected to do so then, and the next morning Mrs. M'Farland spoke to me and urged me to put a drugget over my carpet to preserve it from injury of Richardson's clerk, and to then let it to Richardson, and I let him the room upon her urgent request.

Q. Did you have any conversation with said Richardson during his residence in your house, when Mrs. M'Farland was present, in regard to said rooms?

A. Yes; she came with him to show the room, and we had all of us a conversation about the room.

Q. Did you, while said Mr. and Mrs. M'Farland occupied or hired said rooms of you, notice or observe their manner towards each other?

A. I have observed their conduct; his conduct to her was particularly kind; her conduct to him was equally so; Mr. M'Farland was very domestic; he was never out of the house evenings; he was constantly devoted to teaching his little boy Percy; I never saw a father more devoted; I never knew him while he was at my house use any intoxicating drink, nor knew him to be addicted that way; he never was under the influence of intoxicating drink to my knowledge while he occupied rooms in the house; he always treated his wife with great kindness; he was a perfect slave to her; I had daily means of observing it; I have seen him hold her artificial curls for her while she curled them, and also pick wild fowl for her on several occasions, and she told me that he would every night bring her beer to drink; he was perfectly wrapped up in his boy.

Q. Did you observe the habits and customs of Mrs. M'Farland as to being at home during the days or evenings while she and her husband lived with you?

A. She was frequently out at nights visiting, while Mr. M'Farland stayed at home teaching his boy; she frequently went out with visitors of hers—her acquaintances; she always told me that her husband was very kind to her; she left my house, as near as I can recollect, some two or three weeks before the shooting; she sent me a message to say that she left my house because my daughters had the scarlet fever, and gave that as a reason for leaving.

Q. Prior to her leaving did you hear her speak of her husband or of his treatment of her? if yes, when, and what did she say? state fully.

A. I can only repeat what I have already stated; she said he always treated her kindly; Mr. M'Farland gave up the rooms he had occupied about the 2d of March last; he told me he expected Mrs. M'Farland back to her rooms at my house, she being then absent; when he failed to induce her to come back, he gave up the rooms; Mrs. M'Farland came to the house two or three times soon after Mr. M'Farland gave up his rooms.

Q. State fully what she said to you.

A. Mrs. M'Farland came to my house in company with Miss Gilbert, and she stated to me that the young lady above referred to was engaged to be married to Mr. Albert D. Richardson; she said she had been compelled to leave Mr. Sinclair's house on account of friends expected by Sinclair from Washington, and wanted me to let her have the same room she had at my house for a few days, till her engagement would terminate; I told her no, my husband wanted his rooms when home; she subsequently came to my house and wanted me to let her sleep in Mr. Richardson's bed, and I told her promptly no; I told her that my husband would leave the city in a few days, and then, if she was so badly off, I would let her come till her engagement at the theatre terminated, and she came back and stayed one or two nights before the shooting affair; she also stated to me that her husband's niece would always sleep with her, but she never came.

Q. State whether or not at the time last inquired of Mrs. McFarland said anything about Mr. Richardson (A. D. Richardson); if yes, state fully all she said, and state the whole conversation fully and particularly.

A. She deceived me then by telling me that A. D. Richardson would not be in the city for several days during her stay with me; but in defiance of that statement said Richardson came to my house some time during the night, after I had retired; she stated the next day after she came that she had received a despatch from said Richardson, that he might be here by the midnight train, and asked me not to lock his room; I cannot say who let him in, as he had no night-key, and he sent to me for one the next

morning; that night the shooting occurred; Mr. Richardson occupied a room in my house at the time; Mrs. McFarland told me the morning she came back to let my rooms, in company with Miss Gilbert, that she (Mrs. McFarland) never intended to live with her husband again; I told her I was astonished to hear that; that I believed he loved her dearly, and she replied that she knew he did; at the time I refused to let her a room; she asked to occupy A. D. Richardson's room, and I replied no; Mr. Richardson was not at home, when Mrs. McFarland came to my house to engage a room; he had left and told me he would not be home for a month; he said he was going to Hartford, Ct.; he must have returned in the middle of the night; she came in alone on the night of the shooting, and after it had occurred she came to the door in a carriage with some person or persons, but she alone came in; she went to the desk, and raised the cover, and took therefrom several letters and other things, which she put in her pocket, and tried hard to prevent my seeing what she then did; she also went into Richardson's room and took his night-clothes; took his demijohn to set handy for him, as she told me; I offered her some of my husband's, but she declined, and left the house in the same carriage she came in.

Q. State whether or not you ever saw in the room occupied by Mrs. McFarland, after her husband had left the room, a photograph of Mr. Richardson? A. Yes; I saw it in the bottom of Mrs. McFarland's trunk; I found it bent in a large open trunk, with articles thrown around it; then Mrs. McFarland and Miss Gilbert came in together to the room, and took possession of the picture and took it away.

Q. State whether or not you know of said Richardson visiting Mrs. McFarland in her room at your house at any time while occupied by her, either while she so occupied them with her husband or afterwards; and if so, how often, and at what hours of the day or night? A. I do not know such fact; he came there; he breakfasted with her in her room the morning of the shooting, and I saw him afterwards come out of her room; I never knew of any trouble existing between Mr. and Mrs. McFarland prior to the time she left her husband; I never did hear her say anything but good of him, and that she did often.

Q. Please state any other matters or things known to you which are material to the petitioner's case, as fully and particularly as if the same had been specially inquired of. A. I think that in the fore part of my testimony I said to certain interrogations, and at a certain time, that I had not seen Albert D. Richardson, but subsequently I recollect that I erred, and have stated the fact afterwards, that I did see him; I now say that had I known of any disagreement among the parties, Richardson or Mrs. McFarland should never have returned to

my house; I before omitted to state what I now do, that Mrs. McFarland came to my house and went up to A. D. Richardson's room while he was absent at Hartford, as already stated, and took possession of his room for half a day, arranged all his papers and valuables, and took charge of his closet keys and bookcase keys, or his writing-desk, and went away with them; the day that Mrs. McFarland took possession of Richardson's room she brought the girl Gilbert with her; Richardson had lately, and several times even within a week, called upon me unnecessarily and presented me with the last book he published; he also saw Kate Stevenson, my domestic, and tried to influence us both against McFarland, by saying that we must be careful as to what we swear to for McFarland as against him and Mrs. McFarland; this must have been done to frighten us.

WHAT A WAITER SAW AND HEARD.

William D. Norris, in answer to questions put to him, said:—I am in my sixteenth year, by occupation a waiter to Mr. Sinclair, at Croton, where I reside; I have been so employed since the 2d of October, 1866; I know and have known Mr. Daniel McFarland about seven months, and Mrs. McFarland about the same length of time; I have known Mr. Albert D. Richardson for about six months; Mrs. McFarland came to Mr. Sinclair's, at No. 8 West Washington Place, on Thursday afternoon after she had left her husband; she stayed at the house about two weeks.

Q. Before Mrs. McFarland went back to 72 Amity street, did you see Richardson at Sinclair's house? A. Yes, sir, he came that evening.

Q. How many times did you see him there? A. A good many times; very often; it was my business to attend the door bell at Mr. Sinclair's house; I let Richardson in ever so many times, a good many times before Mrs. McFarland went back to 72 Amity street, after Percy was taken away by Eliza. (Percy was taken away by Eliza Wilson, a servant girl, the day Mrs. McFarland came to Mr. Sinclair's with him after leaving her husband.)

Q. Did Richardson inquire for anybody when you answered the bell and let him in? A. Yes, sir; he always inquired for Mrs. McFarland when I let him in.

Q. How many times did he inquire for her during this time? A. A good many times; too many to remember, a whole lot of times; I know a boy by the name of Joseph, who was at this time employed by Richardson; I knew him about six months. He brought letters to Mr. Sinclair's house to Mrs. McFarland after Percy went off with Eliza, and before she went back to 72 Amity street; I think he brought five or six letters; every time he brought letters he gave them to me, and I gave them to Mrs. McFarland; she gave me an answer to

give Joseph to every letter he brought; her answers were addressed to Mr. A. D. Richardson; while she was at the house she and Mr. Richardson used to go out very often together, and they quite often came to the house together.

Q. Did they come home in the evening together during that time, and, if so, at what time of night? A. Yes, sir; they did so late at night, after ten, near eleven o'clock, from the theatre.

Q. State whether or not Mr. Richardson and Mrs. McFarland came to Mr. Sinclair's, and stopped there after she went back to 72 Amity street, and if yea, how long after? A. Yes, sir; they then went back and stopped quite awhile, often; when he came back he was shot; after this Mr. Richardson stayed at Mr. Sinclair's over a week; he was in the back room, up stairs, while he stayed there; Mrs. McFarland came back to Mr. Sinclair's about two or three days after she had gone back to 72 Amity street.

Q. Did any one else come to Mr. Sinclair's to stop at the same time Mrs. McFarland did, and if yea, who was it?

A. Yes, sir, Mr. Richardson.

Q. What room was Mrs. McFarland in while she stayed at Mr. Sinclair's at the time that Mr. Richardson was stopping there?

A. Middle room, up stairs; all open to Mr. Richardson's room: no doors in the room nor shutters; when you are in one room you are in the other one; I call it all one room.

Q. Where did Mr. Richardson and Mrs. McFarland spend their time during the time they were at Mr. Sinclair's together?

A. In the same room with Mr. Richardson while he lay in bed wounded.

Q. How much of the time were they together?

A. All the time I went up stairs they sat together.

Q. Where did Mr. Richardson have his meals while he was at Mr. Sinclair's?

A. In his bed-room all the time.

Q. Who carried his meals to him?

A. Mrs. McFarland carried them to him.

Q. Where did Mrs. McFarland have her meals during this time?

A. In Mr. Richardson's room, along with him.

Q. Who carried her meals to her?

A. She held the waiter on her lap, at his bedside, and they'd eat together.

Q. Who took care of Mr. Richardson's room while he was at Mr. Sinclair's?

A. Mrs. McFarland made his bed, and arranged things in it, and cleaned up the room to make things look neat and tidy.

Q. State all that you ever saw Mrs. McFarland doing in and about Mr. Richardson's room while he was confined to his bed?

A. I saw her do a lot of things there—making up the bed, dusting and putting things in order, to make it look well and decent while Mr. Richardson laid in the bed wounded; saw them eat together off the same plates; saw her carry up his meals and

sit by his bedside and hold water on her lap for him near the middle of the bed; I have seen Mrs. McFarland throw her arms round Mr. Richardson's neck and kiss him.

HOW THE HUSBAND FELT ABOUT THE SEPARATION.

William C. McFarland, nephew of Daniel McFarland, was examined, and said:— I saw Mrs. McFarland the next day after she left her husband; this was the first time I saw her after she left him; I saw her again on the same evening that Mr. McFarland had an interview with herself, father and mother; she said she was too proud a woman to go back to a man after she had once left him, and when I told her that she must know that her husband loved her very much, she said she knew that he thought the sun rose and set on her head; at a second interview I told her that I hoped things would be arranged satisfactory to both parties, and she said her husband was to meet her that evening, and they would settle it either one way or the other; I first heard Mrs. McFarland complain, in regard to her condition in life, after she had been on the stage; she said that all she wanted to make her an elegant woman and gather around her the elite of New York, was money.

Q. What have you heard her say about Horace Greeley, and others of her gentlemen acquaintances?

A. She has spoken to me, at times, about Messrs. Greeley, Colfax and Richardson, and thought that they admired her, and stated that she was copying for Greeley, over at the Bible House, and that Greeley had sent her \$100; she showed me letters quite frequently, received from Greeley, which I could not read; she has spoken to me about meeting Colfax at dinner at Sinclair's, and has often spoken to me about going out with Richardson to see Julia Dean Hayne, the actress, or told me she was going; she told me, moreover, that she thought Colfax thought a good deal of her—that's about all; the night Mrs. McFarland returned home with me, after dining with Colfax, she made an apology for keeping me so long at the door; she wanted to see Mr. Colfax and ask him if he had received her letter of congratulation on being elected Speaker the second time, saying that she had to see Mr. Colfax privately, as Mrs. Sinclair might be jealous of the attention paid to her; that was in 1866; when I drove her out in New York to meet Mr. Colfax, Richardson, and Greeley, I don't remember whether it was in 1866 or 1865; I think it was in 1865; she was always very affectionate toward McFarland before she went on the stage; for the last two or three months before she left him she seemed rather cool toward him; I saw them together the morning previous to her leaving him, at the room in Amity street, at about nine in the morning; McFarland seemed to be very much troubled, and spoke to me about woman's ingratitude to a poor man, and advised me

never to get married unless I was rich; his wife replied, very gaily, that it was a morbid state for a man to get into, and when I got married, to marry a woman like her; I saw McFarland the day after his wife left him; it was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and I remained with him about an hour; he was sitting in a rocking-chair, with his head between his hands, leaning on the table and crying like a child; he said his wife had left him, and furthermore stated that he had made some objections to Richardson dining in their room in his absence, and that his wife had left him on account of a little misunderstanding they had had; I said to him that I thought Richardson had acted the part of a villain, and had corrupted his wife and broken up his family; the day after she left him, I saw her, and told her she had kicked up a devil of a row, as I expressed it—and that she would ruin herself and children if she left her husband; she said to me that she had had counsel from friends who were older than I; I urged her to go home and have the thing kept quiet; she told me before this that she was exceedingly anxious to go on the stage, and that Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Sinclair, and others of her friends, were anxious to have her go on, and were assisting her, but that her husband was not willing, that he opposed it, and even reading in public.

RICHARDSON AND HIS LETTERS TO MRS. McFARLAND.

Albert D. Richardson sworn:—I know Abby S. McFarland, wife of Daniel McFarland; I have known her since January, 1866.

Q. State whether or not between the 21st day of February, 1867, and the 13th day of March, 1867, you wrote her a letter or letters, and if yea how many, and where the same were written and how sent to her. A. I did write to her several notes and letters, can't say exactly how many; should say from half a dozen to a dozen; most of them were written in New York city, and some of them in Hartford Connecticut; the New York letters and notes were sent by messengers, and those from Hartford by mail; I did receive a number of notes and letters from her, I should think not so many as I wrote to her; most of them I received in New York by messengers; the rest in Hartford by mail; I cannot state more particularly; I have not any of them in my immediate possession at the present time; I may have two or three of them among my papers, some of which are burned and stored in this city, some in Hartford and some in Massachusetts; it is my practice to tear up and throw in my waste basket or to burn all letters not important for business reference when answered, but sometimes when receiving them at my desk, I put them away among other papers, and it is my impression that some of Mrs. McFarland's letters and notes were thus put away, but I am not positive; I remember in a general way tear-

ing up and throwing in my waste basket some at my room in Amity street; I also burned some at Hartford; I can't state more minutely; I think I have never delivered any of them to anybody; I am confident I have not; the last I remember of seeing any of them I have already stated; to the best of my recollection I have never seen any of them since writing and sending them; I do not know whether they were ever destroyed; I don't remember that she ever told me in so many words of receiving any of them, though I presume she may have done so; she acknowledged the receipt of some by answering questions they contained, and sending me books and manuscripts and other articles asked for in my notes; I cannot state positively about dates, but I did write her some letters from Hartford during the early part of the month, and I think some of them were addressed in Mr. Sinclair's care, either at the *Tribune* office or his residence; the letters I wrote I either mailed or caused to be mailed; it is impossible for me to state from memory the contents of any letter which I wrote three months ago; as I have already answered I cannot state that I wrote her any letter on the day particularly mentioned; sometimes my letters are sealed with wax and sometimes not; if I have two or three letters of Mrs. McFarland's in my possession they are not easily available just now; but if needful I will ascertain, and if I have any will produce them; none of the letters written by me to Mrs. McFarland have ever again come into my possession; on the 13th of March, 1867, I called in the morning, about eight or nine o'clock, before going down town, and spent a few minutes with Mrs. McFarland and Miss Lillie Gilbert, and at three or four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, after coming home, went in a short time to see Mrs. McFarland; we had no conversation at either interview on the subject of our letters; she said nothing as to her having received a letter from me, mailed at Hartford on the Saturday previous; I don't know who had the letter, or who now has it, but on the night of the 13th of March last, after McFarland attempted to kill me, he said to me at the Mercer street station house, "I intercepted your letters," a day or two later Samuel Sinclair told me that McFarland had shown him a letter which he (McFarland) claimed to have intercepted from myself to Mrs. McFarland, and since then, first and last, I have been told of McFarland's showing, reading or offering to read to a very large number of persons what he alleged to be a copy of said letter; I don't remember that the date of the letter was ever mentioned to me; on the morning after McFarland attempted to assassinate me I had a conversation with Mr. Sinclair on the subject of marriage with Mrs. McFarland; I stated that after the separation, with which Mr. Sinclair had been familiar in all its details, I had hoped that at some future time the law and the

circumstances would admit of our being married.

Q. Did Mrs. McFarland promise or agree to marry you; if yea, when and where? A. She never did, but she knew my feelings, which I expressed to Mr. Sinclair, and which, as I understand, she acquiesced in.

Q. Did you ever have any conversation with Samuel Bowles, of Springfield, Mass., in relation to said engagement of marriage; if yea, when and where? A. I had a conversation with Mr. Bowles at Hartford about the 1st of April last, and another at Springfield a few days later, touching my relations with Mrs. McFarland, otherwise, no.

Q. Did you not tell said Bowles that you were or had entered into an engagement of marriage with Mrs. McFarland; if yea, when and where? A. Not exactly that; but at the first conversation referred to in my last answer, I gave Mr. Bowles a complete and truthful account of the affair, embracing the facts I have already stated as related to Mr. Sinclair, and some other details about the separation of which Mr. Bowles was ignorant; I told him that at the time, and after the separation my sympathies became very deeply enlisted for Mrs. McFarland, for whose character I had previously acquired the heartiest respect; that then and afterwards she was in a state of great nervousness and apprehension; that her nearest feminine friends were absent from the city, and therefore could not counsel or guide her; that if there was any fault or culpability in my relation and feeling towards her, it was altogether mine, and not in any degree hers, and that I hoped that at some future time, after being legally free, she might become my wife, and had so spoken to her.

WHAT MR. SINCLAIR HAD TO SAY.

Samuel Sinclair, sworn:—I am a publisher by occupation, and reside at Croton, Westchester county, New York; when Mr. Richardson was wounded, and came to my house on the 13th of March, he occupied the second story back room, and Mrs. McFarland occupied mainly or most of the time the room adjoining; they were connected by two openings between said rooms; there were no doors to these rooms; she took her meals with him a portion of the time, and with my family a portion of the time; Mrs. McFarland spoke to me about going to the house in Amity street with Miss Gilbert; Mrs. Mason, the landlady, refused to admit them to Mr. Richardson's room, when one of them said, "Will you not admit the sister of the young lady to whom Mr. Richardson is engaged?" Mrs. Mason then admitted them; in the conversation with me, Mrs. McFarland said that their talk about the sister being engaged to Richardson, etc., was a ruse to gain admission to his room; Mrs. McFarland said that she went there to tie up some papers which Richardson had told her, in a letter, he had left in a loose shape.

Q. Did you ever have any conversation

with Mrs. McFarland as to her being engaged to be married to A. D. Richardson? If yes, state when, how often, who was present at the time, and all that was said in relation thereto? A. We had a conversation about it perhaps more than once; I remarked to her that many of her friends thought it was very imprudent and very strange that she should engage herself to be married so soon after leaving her husband; she replied that she thought herself free, having separated from her husband; was present at an interview between Mr. and Mrs. McFarland at my house on the Sunday evening after she left him; he stated on her refusal to return home with him, that she was taking a step that seriously concerned not only herself, but her children; he finally said that if she persisted in her determination, he would only bow and submit to it the best he could; there was no agreement for a separation further than this.

Q. Did you then hear Mrs. McFarland charge her husband with any acts of violence towards her? A. No, she charged that he was subject to fits and violent paroxysms. Mr. Sage, her father, was one of those present at the interview; he said that he had never before heard of any trouble between them, or anything against Mr. McFarland.

Q. State whether Richardson ever told you, or any one else, in your presence and in the presence of Mrs. McFarland, that he and Mrs. McFarland were engaged to be married? A. He said to me that they were engaged to be married, but I am not positive that Mrs. McFarland was present, though I think she was, at the time; this was in the week he was shot; I think she was then present.

A SERVANT GIRL RELATES A FEW FACTS.

Kate Stevenson sworn:—I am a domestic in the dwelling of Mrs. Mary Mason, in Amity street; Richardson used to spend a portion of his days in his room; I don't recollect what hours of the day; Mrs. McFarland often lunched in her room, and he lunched with her, between twelve and one o'clock; I once saw him and her leave the house, and return together; the night of the shooting in the street, she came in a carriage with a policeman and took away Mr. Richardson's night-clothes and a parcel of letters and papers that she tried hard not to have Mrs. Mason see, but she and I saw it all; I have seen in Mrs. McFarland's room a large picture of Richardson; I did not hear anything about it, but one day I was in her room the same picture lay on the bed; her son, Percy, took it up and asked me if I knew it; I said yes, it was Richardson; then Mrs. McFarland snatched it up and locked it in her large trunk; McFarland's conduct was never, to my knowledge, either violent or abusive to his wife, but always the reverse.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

Kate McFarland, wife of George, sworn:—On the afternoon preceding the night of the affray between Mr. McFarland and Mr. Richardson, I called on the former; I found Mr. Richardson in her company; on my coming they both seemed very much confused; he only remained there a few moments after I came in; before leaving he said he hoped to meet her again before he left tomorrow; she replied that he certainly would if he came around to Mrs. Sinclair's.

Q. How was Mrs. McFarland occupied when you entered the room? A. She was arranging her false curls in Mr. Richardson's presence.

Q. Did Mrs. McFarland appear embarrassed when you entered, and what indication did she give of embarrassment? A. She did appear very much so; she was so much embarrassed that at first she could not speak to me, nor did she introduce me to him.

Q. Did Mr. Richardson show any signs of embarrassment? A. He also showed signs of embarrassment.

After expending \$2,000 Mr. McFarland succeeded in getting possession of his eldest son, Percy.

In addition to the foregoing legal action, on March 13, 1868, Mr. McFarland commenced an action in the Supreme Court in this city, against Richardson, to recover \$40,000 damages on the following grounds: For alienating Mrs. McFarland's affections from him; second, for carnally knowing Mrs. McFarland and debauching her; third, for inducing her to abandon her husband and take up her residence with the defendant; fourth, for enticing the plaintiff's infant son, Percy S. McFarland, and abducting him from his father's residence and concealing him from the plaintiff.

The following is the full transcript of the accusation on

THE CIVIL SUIT FOR DAMAGES.

The following is the affidavit upon which the civil suit for damages was commenced in the Supreme Court of this State by McFarland, and which was to have come up for trial in January next:—

Supreme Court—City and County of New York—Daniel McFarland vs. Albert D. Richardson.—The complaint of the above named plaintiff respectfully shows that Abby S. McFarland is the wife of said plaintiff, and was at the time and times in said complaint hereinafter mentioned. That in the month of February, 1867, and at divers times since and subsequent thereto, and while the said Abby S. McFarland was the wife of said plaintiff, the said defendant, as said plaintiff is informed and believes wrongfully continuing and wickedly and urgently intending to injure said plaintiff, and to deprive him of the comfort, fellowship, society and assistance of the said wife, and to alien-

ate and destroy her affection for him, did maliciously and wickedly and without the consent of said plaintiff and well-knowing her to be the wife of said plaintiff, carnally knew her the wife of said plaintiff, and did debauch and have illicit and criminal intercourse with her, and did thereby alienate the love and affection of her from him, the said plaintiff; and by reason thereof he, the said plaintiff, hath thence hitherto been wholly deprived of the affection, comfort, fellowship, society, aid and assistance of his said wife in and about his domestic affairs and otherwise to which he was entitled, and would have had but for the wrongful act and acts of said defendant as aforesaid, and has moreover suffered great mental and bodily pain, distress and illness to his damage of \$15,000.

Second—And for a second and further cause the said plaintiff says that in the said month of February, 1867, and at divers times prior thereto, and while she, the said Abby S. McFarland was the wife of him, the said plaintiff, and while she and said plaintiff were living and cohabiting happily together, the said defendant, well-knowing her to be the wife of said plaintiff, wrongfully and improperly contriving and wickedly and unjustly intending to injure said plaintiff, and to deprive him of the comfort, fellowship, society and assistance of his said wife, and to alienate and destroy her affection for him, did, by arguments, artifice and entreaty, maliciously endeavor to induce and prevail upon the said Abby S. McFarland, the wife of him, the said plaintiff, to leave and abandon her home and residence, and the home and residence, of him, the said plaintiff, and did finally, to wit, on or about the 21st day of said February, 1867, in pursuance of his long-planned and wicked intent, and by means of his said artifice, entreaty and persuasion, as aforesaid, accomplish his said designs, and did wickedly and maliciously and with like design and intent as aforesaid entice her, the said wife, away from her said home and the home of said plaintiff, then being in said city of New York, and did persuade and induce her to leave her said home and residence and to take up her abode elsewhere, at a place and places provided for her by said defendant, and did then and there with like design and intent as aforesaid harbor and detain her, and induce her to remain away from him, the said plaintiff, against the consent of said plaintiff and in opposition to his utmost peaceable efforts, and endeavor to obtain her from the custody, control and influence of him, the said defendant. That by reason of said promises the said plaintiff has been wrongfully deprived by said defendant of the comfort, society and assistance of his said wife, and has been subjected to great trouble and loss of time in endeavoring to recover her from said defendant and has suffered greatly and distressfully in body and mind to his damage of \$15,000.

Third—And for a further and third cause of action the said plaintiff says that the said

defendant, still further wrongfully contriving and wickedly and unjustly intending to injure the said plaintiff and to deprive him of the comfort, assistance, society and services of his infant son, Percy S. McFarland, did, on said 21st day of February, 1867, wickedly and maliciously, and without the consent or privity of said plaintiff, and well knowing him to be the son of said plaintiff, fraudulently entice and prevail upon him, the said son, to leave and abandon the home and residence of him and of the said plaintiff, then being in the city of New York, and did abduct and remove him therefrom, and did harbor and conceal the said son and cause him to be harbored and concealed away from said plaintiff, and by means of which * * * the plaintiff did incur and pay large sums of money in obtaining the release and return of said child, in all to the damage of \$10,000. Therefore, by reason of the said several premises as aforesaid, the said plaintiff brings suit and demands judgment against said defendant for the sum of \$40,000, with interest from the 21st day of February, 1867, besides the cost of this action.

J. B. ELWOOD, plaintiff's Attorney.

*City and County of New York, ss:—*Daniel McFarland being duly sworn deposes and says—That he is the above named plaintiff; that he has heard the foregoing complaint read and knows the contents thereof, and that the same is true of his own knowledge, except as to the matters therein stated on information and belief, and as to those matters he believes it to be true.

DANIEL McFARLAND.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, March 13, 1868.—FISHER A. BAKER, Notary Public City and County of New York.

But other sections of this remarkable romance still crowd upon us. Every one has heard of

THE INDIANA DIVORCE

recently obtained by Mrs. McFarland against her husband, but applied for some time ago before an Indiana court. An Indianapolis correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, under date of Nov. 30, 1869, thus discourses on that interesting subject:

"Mrs. 'Abby Sage' McFarland resided in this city more than a year. Upon her arrival, she presented letters of introduction to the Hon. Albert G. Porter, of the distinguished law firm of Harrison, Fishback & Porter, and engaged his services to procure a divorce from McFarland, her husband. The letters were from eminent citizens of New York, both ladies and gentlemen, and were entitled to a respectful consideration, which was greatly increased by Mrs. McFarland's dignified and modest demeanor, making only such complaint as would insure the success of her righteous cause. Evidently, by the necessity for the step, it was remarked that she manifested neither anger nor vindictiveness towards her husband.

SPIRITED EVIDENCE.

ed, until Mrs. Calhoun's spirited evidence was given in court, Mrs. McFarland's eyes even had no idea of the extent of wrongs. That noble, talented woman, Calhoun, of the *Tribune*, came West solely to testify in Mrs. McFarland's behalf those who had the good fortune to see her will not soon forget her glowing and impressive manner, as she detailed her act of petty tyranny, and abuse on the part of McFarland towards her wife he had promised to love and cherish. But I anticipate. Mrs. McFarland, in an interview with Mr. Porter, informed that she was engaged in literary pursuits and about compiling a history of the States, for schools, and would like the privilege of access to the State Library; he took pleasure in obtaining her by appointment to the State Librarian.

LODGINGS WITH VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX'S MOTHER.

The next step was to procure lodgings in a family of the highest respectability. Mrs. McFarland enjoyed the society of Mrs. Colfax, mother of Vice-President Colfax, by the way, was a previous acquaintance and devoted friend.

LITERARY LABORS.

She then opened a bank account with Mr. Colfax, through whom remittances from publishers were regularly received. It did not amount to much, say from ten to twenty-five dollars at a time, but were all allowed to depend upon for support, and the active lawyer's fee. Some idea of her industry may be gleaned from the fact that she was a constant contributor to the *Independent*, *Riverside*, and other journals, contributing occasionally for the *New York Tribune*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*. She was employed, also, as book critic by the *Table*, until that periodical was discontinued into the *New York Citizen*, and the work very pleasant and lucrative.

WHAT SHE WROTE.

Mrs. McFarland was the author of those excellent poems, "Westward to the Indies," and "Eastward to the Indies," which appeared in the *Tribune* at the time of the completion of the Pacific Railroad. She wrote "The Artists of the Stage," which at once established her reputation as a writer. Her efforts thereto were confined to "Fairy Stories for Children," and "Tales from Shakespeare and the Old English Poets," but they were distinguished by an exuberance of fancy, delicacy of method, fully developed in "The Hamlet of the Stage." Taking that paper, all for brilliancy, scholarship, and a terse, I may say, courtliness of expression, it was the very best of the year. It was truly the woman who can write that well of the world before her where to choose."

Being a woman, alas! no letter of the law can free her from persecution and misery.

The following is given as a specimen of her poetic talent:

The sun has set, and in the West,
The moon floats like a silver thread;
The sky, the lovely Summer sky,
Is flushed with golden and with red.

We faintly see through sunset glow
The glimmer of the evening star,
While answering back the hues of sky
The silent river gleams afar.

The flowers are shut and bowed with dew,
The trees stand hushed and tall and dim,
As in the soft and tender light,
Two children sing their evening hymn.

One finger's clustering locks are dark,
And one has curls of golden hue;
One looks through black and flashing eyes,
The other's eyes are sweetest blue.

Then joining hands in loving clasp,
They mingle dark and golden hair,
At beading at their mother's knee,
They each repeat an evening prayer.

One asks that o'er her little bed,
The angels gentle watch may keep;
The youngest flaps in reverent tone,
His "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Deep in her heart the mother prays,
While tear-drops dim her lifted eyes;
The listening angels gathered near
May hear her voiceless prayer arise.

She knows how weak are earthly ties,
The mother-love how poor and frail—
And for her helpless little ones,
She seeks the love which cannot fail.

She prays, that, with his watchful care,
The tender Father up in Heaven,
May help her guide to noble ends,
The precious lives His love has given.

Thus from that hushed and holy hour,
Their softened spirits drink repose,
Till gently round their blending forms,
The deeper shades of evening close.

SHE GOES TO CHURCH.

It cannot be said that Mrs. McFarland lived in perfect seclusion. She was regular in her attendance at the Unitarian Church, of which she is a member, and could have been seen frequently, accompanied by her little son, in her daily walks.

INTERESTING, BUT SORROWFUL.

In appearance Mrs. McFarland is what would be called an interesting woman. Her face bears the marks of sorrow. There is something in her uneven, hurried step which expresses tribulation, and she enlists sympathy without uttering a word. Before sorrow came upon her she must have been very beautiful. She has a tall, graceful figure; her features are fine and complexion exquisitely fair. Blue eyes, from which tenderness has departed, look out with a sorrowful expression from under a low, smooth brow, shaded with rifts of hair of the marvellous tint between gold and brown. There is strong will and talent and feeling in the face, but in repose the lips are cold and compressed as with a bitter memory. One cannot behold it without yearning to lift the shadows which darken her fate.

HER SON DANNY.

If Mrs. McFarland's appearance is remarkable, that of her inseparable companion and son, Danny, is positively startling. He does not resemble her save in complexion and hair, which is of a deeper tinge, like burnished gold exactly, and it stands out in a mist from his head, as if each particular fine-spun hair were charged with electricity; and he has such a strange, knowing expression, and his little form is so delicate and weird-like, and his singular devotion to his mother, nearly always grasping her hand tightly, as if to make up for the broken promise of her youth, all combine to attract attention. He is not like other children fond of play, but nestles in her arms, or at her feet, looking at her, as she reads, hour after hour, for his amusement. When she does not read, she invents stories for his diversion. In fact, she was induced to write by a friend, who suggested that her stories would amuse the public. She has two sons, the other one being with his father.

BRAVE, PURE, AND ACCOMPLISHED.

Without courting or avoiding society, Mrs. McFarland became known to a small but select circle of friends, many of whom are tenderly attached to her. She is regarded as a brave, pure, and accomplished woman, whose only mistake was forbearance and long suffering; but any one familiar with the history of divorces is aware that a proud, sensitive nature will submit to any amount of petty and enormous cruelties before seeking redress by the law. It appeared in evidence that she was subjected to every species of degradation that a dissipated, tyrannical man could devise. What made her case hopeless for a long time was Mr. McFarland's studious regard for her in public. Their nearest neighbor could not believe he was "such a man; he was so kind always, and affectionate." It was an unspeakable relief when his true character was revealed to the world.

THE DIVORCE TESTIMONY.

Mrs. McFarland's case was tried before Judge Woolen, of Morgan County. Her witnesses were her father, Mr. Sage, of Charlestown, Mass., and Mrs. Calhoun, before-mentioned. They testified that Mrs. McFarland had supported herself by her efforts on the stage, in the lecture-room, and by her pen for a term of years, or by her influence in getting him employment in the Custom-house or elsewhere; and that, while sustained by her talents, he underrated their value, and abused her abominably. His cruelty was a habit of mind as well as of body. He was, from the description, a phlegmatic Irishman—if such an anomaly can be imagined—given to fits of sullenness and melancholy, and endowed with a special talent for persecution or domestic torture. From all accounts it did not seem possible for him, drunk or sober, to treat any one well, and as utterly impossi-

ble for any one to live with him. He was, in the words of a witness, "a most uncomfortable sort of a person, not fit to live, and not prepared to die."

McFARLAND MIXES HERVEY AND SHAKESPEARE.

A man of very considerable learning, Mr. McFarland's taste for reading was of a peculiar character. He was fond of "Hervey's Meditations," and that class of books. Shakespeare is the only poet he read. After all, the principal evidence upon which Mrs. McFarland's case rested, was furnished by a letter he addressed her after their separation. Expressing the utmost contrition for his acts of cruelty, he besought her forgiveness, and made every promise of amendment, if she would only live with him again. This letter, in his own handwriting, with his proper signature, is an all-sufficient refutation of his slanderous charges against her.

DIVORCED.

The decree of divorce was granted about the 20th of October, and in less than one month has been followed by an almost fatal tragedy. I speak the sentiments of Mrs. McFarland's friends in saying that the news was received with profound regret.

RICHARDSON'S CHIVALRIC DEVOTION.

Aside from the publicity so repugnant to her feelings, Mrs. McFarland must be tortured by conflicting emotions. Accepted lover or not, Mr. Richardson's chivalric devotion claims her unselfish regard, and she cannot forget him either who was once her husband, and is the father of her children. There is no word of sympathy which, in an hour like this, can be any consolation; but if the wishes and prayers of her Western friends avail on High, she will yet find security and happiness.

The foregoing correspondence was evidently written in a friendly spirit towards the lady in question: but we are no special partisans in this complicated story of tragic romance, and aim only to report it on all its sides. Here we give an episode in the life of

MRS. McFARLAND-RICHARDSON.

One snowy afternoon in the winter of 1867, when a storm had taken possession of the good town of Hartford, two persons descended from the train which had just arrived from New York. The snow fell in heavy flakes, and the wind was bitter and keen; so bitter that the people who waited behind the counters of the long, uncouth depot fancied that they would reap a good harvest from the pockets of those who needed hot coffee and pies when the New York train came in.

These two persons who descended from the platform of the rear car, were a man and woman, both nearing the bridge which spans the prime of life and middle age. The man was a tall, erect, fair-complexioned person

er thirty years of age; the woman was three years younger. The man was a ve looking fellow, with a steady eye, had a mixture of blue and hazel in its s. He had ample whiskers, of a ginger and his carriage indicated a life spent igh scenes on the plains, in the field of , and among the lone passages and canons of the ridges of mountains rserve as a spine for the body of the ican continent. The tall, whiskered was A. D. Richardson, now lying stark old in his grave.

e woman whom our readers have seen ing from the railroad train at the Hart- depot was neatly dressed and warmly ed. She was of the ordinary or medium t of woman; fair-skinned, a Saxon n of the old Massachusetts stock, with eatures and *spirituel*, glowing eyes, eemed to expand as the smile deepened r face, when her companion, in his calm way, offered her his arm and went the street.

s woman was the wife of Daniel Mc- nd, now lying in the Tombs Prison, harged with having pistolled Richard- death in the *Tribune* office, some days . In her old school-girl days, when all d bright and fair, the young, blooming with the innocent expression on her und the intellectual light in her eyes, read Shakspeare by moonlight and /son by the light of pine logs, in the ws of the Massachusetts hills, was d Abby Sage.

t few minutes, the man and woman had sed several streets through the beating and were at the door of the house ied by the American Publishing Com-

errand of the fair-faced woman was a large folio of manuscript to a pub- The errand of the tall, fair whiskered was to introduce her to a publisher, y his influence, if possible, to get a aser for her manuscript.

ey walked back between long rows of s, where thousands of huge octavos gilt backs laid reposing, waiting for ds of New England agents to introduce to the reading public.

ere were three men in the back room. was a man with white hair and white ers. His name was Belknap. The was a man in middle life. His name Bliss, the managing man of the firm. third was younger, and wore black ers, with black eyes. He was a brother . Bliss. A fourth man dropped in—a jolly sort of a person. This was the of the establishment, who did the cuts e books of the American Publishing any.

Richardson said briefly, as he took a : r. Bliss this is Mrs. Farland. She has sheets of manuscript which she wants e made into a book. I would like to

have you examine them. I think they will sell among your customers."

Mrs. McFarland took a seat, and unrolled a folio of manuscript.

"Is there any poetry in it?" said Bliss. "Poetry doesn't sell now. There's no market for it."

"I don't know; you will have to examine the manuscript," said Mr. Richardson.

"A good story will sell, I think," said Mr. Belknap, "if it is a good one. Let Mrs. McFarland read some of her composition."

"There ought to be plenty of wood cuts to sell a book," said Cox, the artist.

"Yes, pictures will sell a book when nothing else will," said Mr. Bliss with the black whiskers.

"The title that I think of taking for my book is, 'Pebbles and Pearls,'" said Mrs. McFarland, in a low, womanly, musical voice.

"'Pebbles and Pearls?'" said Mr. Bliss with the sandy tuft, "hasn't that been done before?"

"I think not," said Mrs. McFarland. "It is at least original with me."

"Well, let Mrs. McFarland read some extracts from her manuscript, and then we shall be able to judge of its merit," said Mr. Belknap, who seemed to be the Chesterfield of the firm.

Mrs. McFarland then unrolled the manuscript, and in a tone which delighted so many audiences in Jersey, read the first extract on

PAT, THE NEWS BOY.

Here followed the manuscript extracts on that subject.

"That wouldn't go bad with pictures," said Cox, the artist.

"Well, what do you think about your book? What is it worth?" said Mr. Bliss.

"Let me read further," said Mrs. McFarland. "I have a little poem which I would like you gentlemen to hear. Little Dan is my boy, and I have written this."

LITTLE DAN.

Having read this poem, the artist interrupted: "I can make a nice picture of Little Dan, I think." In this poem the lady lovingly described her child.

"Have you any other nice short sketches?" said Mr. Belknap to Mrs. McFarland.

The lady read a short fairy tale, with a singular charm in her voice. It was about

"THE VOYAGERS."

The reading of this manuscript being concluded, the different members of the firm began to look at each other inquiringly, not knowing exactly what to answer.

Mrs. McFarland waited awhile with the manuscript in her hands, for she had children to support, and bread must be earned for them somehow. Mr. Richardson sat quiet

and collected, with sympathy for the fair authoress, Mr. Belknap finally said:

"Will you be kind enough to read some more, Mrs. McFarland?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bliss, Sr., "be kind enough to read some more of the poems, if you please, and then we shall be better able to decide upon the matter."

Mrs. McFarland then read two poems, the first being a loving description of her two children, described only as a mother could describe them, and headed

IN THE TWILIGHT.

The second poem was calculated to interest those who had dear ones at sea, and entitled

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

"I guess we'll take that book," said Mr. Bliss, Sr., "and we'll print it too. It's not bad."

Mrs. McFarland was satisfied, and seemed much relieved at the decision of the American Publishing Company. The book sold well and it is understood that the lady realized about \$500 as her share of the profits.

In all these short sketches and poems, Mrs. McFarland-Richardson has shown a more than ordinary ability, and has exhibited a peculiar descriptive talent and poetic fancy, which gives promise, when she recovers from her present unfortunate position, of much better things.

This is a short sketch of what proved afterwards to be one of the most eventful periods of Mrs. McFarland's, now Mrs. Richardson's life.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE MAIN QUESTION.

[From the Sun.]

The Astor House, in this city, was the scene, on Tuesday afternoon, of a ceremony which seems to us to set at defiance all those sentiments respecting the relation of marriage, which regard it as anything intrinsically superior to prostitution. The high priest of this occasion was Henry Ward Beecher, assisted by the Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D., and the Rev. O. B. Frothingham. The parties were Albert D. Richardson, lying, wounded by a pistol-shot, upon a bed of illness, and probably death, and Mrs. McFarland, alias Miss Sage, whom Richardson, some time ago, seduced from allegiance to her lawful wedded husband. This husband had been guilty of a crime toward his wife—the crime of poverty. It was even said that, harassed by the loss of his property and the conduct of his wife, he had sometimes taken to his cups to drown care, and had occasionally been exasperated to speak harshly to the partner of his bosom, although, on the other hand, no charge of adultery was ever made against him, and it appears to be uncontradicted that he was

generally so devoted to her that his exceeding conjugal affection attracted attention and elicited frequent remarks from his acquaintances. * * * Who can read the narrative and not wish that Plymouth church were sunk into the ground until the peak of its gable should be beneath the surface of the earth! And Mr. Beecher was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, who blasphemed in a prayer to God which contained these words: "Father, we thank Thee for what these two have been to each other, and for what they may be yet."

IN MEMORY.

[From the Tribune.]

Another journalist is gone. Death reaps close this year. But this loss touches the *Tribune* more nearly than any late parting in the guild has done. For many years Mr. Richardson has been an honored and valued *attache* of this journal. * * * * *

A genial, robust, and singularly sweet nature, he made an atmosphere of good-fellowship wherever he went. Generous to a fault and often rash in judgment, he had a staunch and helpful loyalty about him, which charmed and held all men who knew him well. It is not strange, therefore, that his illness turned toward him such a flood of kindness and sympathy as could have flowed to almost no other man under similar circumstances.

Of those circumstances we do not now intend to speak. But we take this occasion to enter once more our most solemn protest against this murderous taking of the law into his own hands by any assassin who can skulk behind a door to shoot a braver and better man than himself. * * * * *

If this murderer had any provocation for his deed, we insist that it be known. We call for the most rigorous and searching inquiry. We have no wish, as we have no power, to prejudge the case. But there has been more than enough of this business of theatrical vengeance. When an evil-tempered fellow finds that a plea of suspicion of his wife avails him to kill, on sight, any man who happens to be obnoxious to him, no man's life is safe for an hour. In this coming trial it is not alone the State of New York against Daniel McFarland; it is civilization against barbarism. It is the civil code against the code of the assassin.

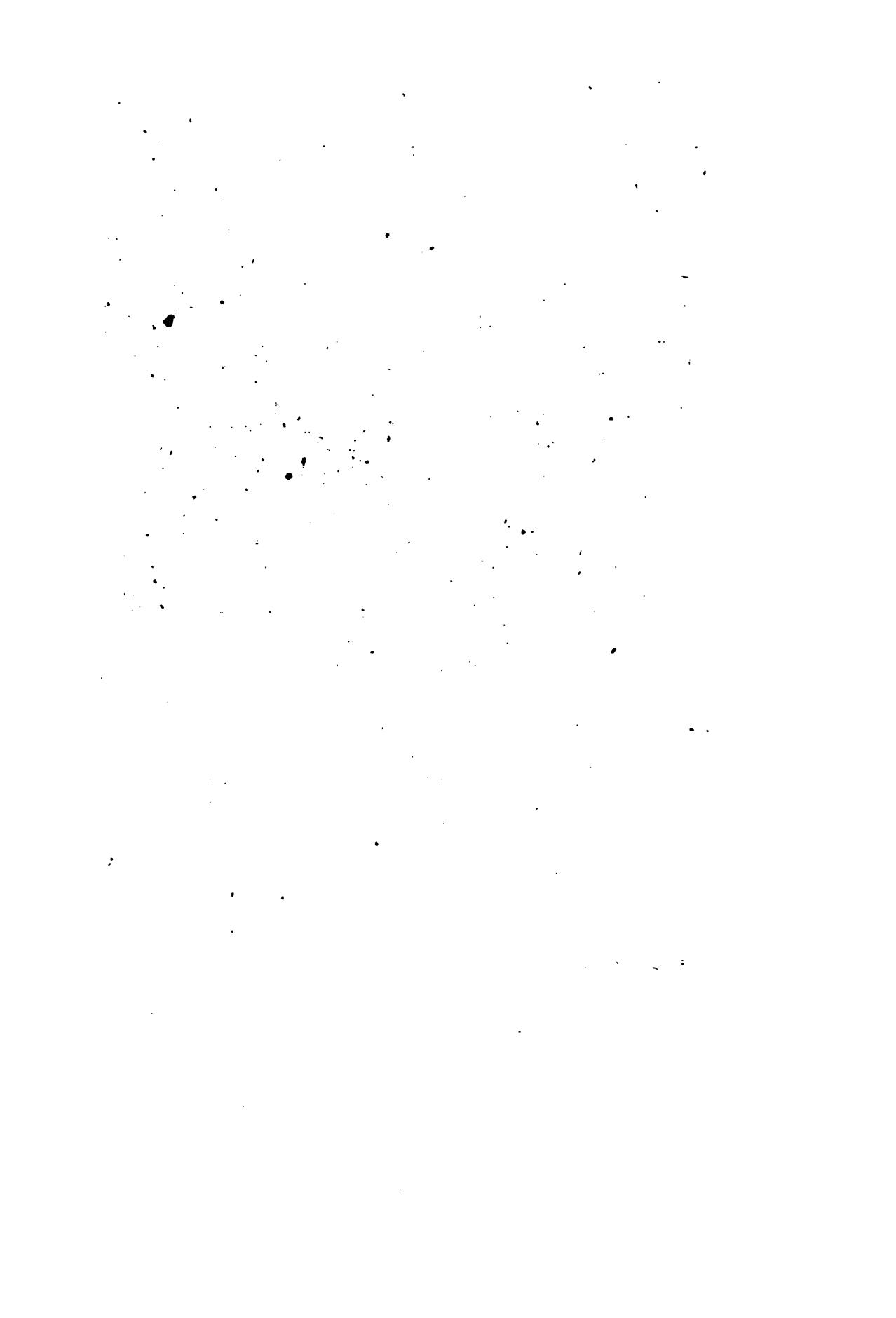
MR. BEECHER'S EXCUSE.

[Interview of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher with Mr. Isaac G. Reed, Jr., of the Sunday Mercury.]

We approached the residence of the holy father and rang the door-bell, was ushered, by a very neat, pretty servant-girl, into one of the cosiest parlors in the world. In a moment Mr. Beecher ascended the stairs from the dinner-table, and politely ushered us into his study, back of the parlor, seated himself on an easy-chair, beside a cosy grate fire, and beckoned us to a seat beside a table, where lay books, papers, MSS., and flowers,



THE SHOOTING



rant confusion. We opened the session by coming directly to the point, and the following dialogue en-

orter—Mr. Beecher, it is stated that you were aware of all the facts of the Richardson-McFarland case before you united with Mr. Richardson to the wife of Mr. McFarland.

H. W. Beecher—I was under the impression that I knew all the material facts of the case at the time of the marriage in which I officiated, and have no reason, up to the present time, to doubt either the truth or accuracy of my information or the propriety of my conduct in the premises.

orter—Were you approached on the subject by the friends of Mr. McFarland, or did you receive your information wholly from the friends of Mr. Richardson?

H. W. Beecher—I was simply told by the parties who were respectable in their own character, influential by their position, and in whom I am in the habit of relying.

orter—May I ask their names?

H. W. Beecher—The parties to which I refer were Horace Greeley, Mr. O. B. Frothingham, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, my friend the Rev. Henry M. Field of the *Register*, and others of a similar calibre.

orter—May I ask the history of your connection with this affair?

H. W. Beecher—It is very simple. I was requested to marry Mr. Richardson and Mrs. McFarland by my intimate friend, Horace Greeley. In order to give his request as much weight as possible, and unable to call upon me, personally, he called on his associate, Mrs. Calhoun, of the *Register*, with a letter of introduction, entreaty on her to the fullest extent, and stating that she was fully cognizant of all the facts of the case. I listened to Mrs. Calhoun attentively, and she not only assured me that Mr. Richardson's conduct had been blameless, but that Mrs. McFarland was a woman whose character was almost mockery to her—a devout, pure, good woman as she was called. She assured me that these friends loved each other dearly, and that there was no reason, earthly or heavenly, that they should not be united, particularly under the circumstances of the case.

orter—What did Mrs. Calhoun mean by "circumstances of the case?"

H. W. Beecher—I understood her to refer to the sad circumstances of the case, the dangerous condition of the mind of the afflicted man, and the agony of mind which was felt by Mrs. McFarland; I knew that there was great misery in the matter; that as going to be yet greater woe in the future for all parties; and I thought it my duty for me, as a minister of the gospel, to administer such consolation as I could to all concerned.

orter—Do you not think that, perhaps unconsciously to yourself, you acted on your

feelings rather than your judgment in this matter?

Rev. H. W. Beecher—I tried to combine both feeling and judgment.

Reporter—May I ask how?

Rev. H. W. Beecher—I made an agreement with the friends of Mr. Richardson. It was understood that if Mr. Richardson was likely to recover, I was not to be sent for, and no marriage between him and Mrs. McFarland was to take place. All was to be then left to time and future developments. But if it was medically pronounced that Mr. Richardson was to die, then I was to be sent for to solemnize the marriage between the afflicted parties.

Reporter—But did you believe the marriage solemnized by you to be, in all respects, legal?

Rev. H. W. Beecher—Of course, I most solemnly did; I do now. I have Mrs. Calhoun's word for it that the lady had procured a full divorce from her former husband.

Reporter—On what grounds?

Rev. H. W. Beecher—On various grounds; what I presume to have been sufficient, or the proper authorities would not have granted the divorce.

Reporter—But adultery is the only ground on which the laws of the State of New York grant a divorce; and as yet Mr. McFarland has not been accused of adultery.

Rev. H. W. Beecher (with emphasis)—But he has been, though. It has been charged against him on various occasions.

Reporter—But no papers were ever served upon Mr. McFarland. He never was made, as he should have been, a party to the divorce. It was conducted in secrecy.

Rev. H. W. Beecher (interrupting)—What you may say may be true. I know nothing about the matter, and believed the statements of my friends; I do so still.

Reporter—Did your friends assure you that Mrs. Richardson's conduct was blameless?

Rev. H. W. Beecher—They assured me so as fully and plainly as one human being could assure another.

Reporter—But do you not read the newspapers?

Rev. H. W. Beecher—Very seldom, and never anything in them that is sensational or horrid. Anything about love-scapes or murders I strenuously avoid. They are not healthy.

Reporter—But, my dear sir, how could Mr. Richardson's friends have told you that the relations of the parties were blameless when the testimony in the habeas corpus case, some two years ago, shows that Mr. Richardson and Mrs. McFarland occupied one room at one time?

Rev. H. W. Beecher—I know nothing of the habeas corpus case to which you allude. Nor do I remember anything of what I hear so much now—the first shooting of Mr. Richardson and Richardson. In fact, all that I remember is a dim sense that there was at

some time or other, some trouble or other between the parties; but I, of course, did not for a moment weigh this dim, vague recollection of mine against the positive statement of responsible parties.

Reporter—But Mr. McFarland states distinctly that you were some time ago made aware of the existence of an intercepted letter—a letter of Mr. Richardson to Mrs. McFarland; that you read this letter yourself.

Rev. H. W. Beecher—I was made aware of the existence of this letter in this way. I wrote a complimentary letter to Mr. Richardson on the publication of his clever little book, "Beyond the Mississippi;" and Mr. Camp, of the *Tribune*, told me that I ought not to write any letter of this kind to such a man, as he had written an improper letter to a man's wife (Mrs. McFarland). I then read the letter, saw that it was about love and all that, and as I never read those things, and was not then particularly interested in Mr. Richardson, and as it had nothing to do with Mr. Richardson's character, as an author or a patriot, I paid no attention to it at the time, and soon afterward forgot all about it.

Reporter—The whole matter appears to be as complicated as it is sad, Mr. Beecher.

Rev. H. W. Beecher—It is a very sad affair. There has been terrible work somewhere. I expected to be blown up by the press when I consented to act to please my old friend Greeley, and I have not been disappointed. I have got used to being blown up by this time. I don't mind it; it rather agrees with me. And there has been a great deal of convenient malice in the newspaper attacks on me. They have been puffing the dead Richardson, and paying off old grudges over my shoulders.

Reporter—What is your opinion of the principal actors in the Richardson tragedy?

Rev. H. W. Beecher—I have no opinion; I know nothing about them; I have never seen McFarland; do not remember seeing Richardson until he was dying; never met Mrs. McFarland till the tragedy. But, sir, though I still believe in the innocence of Albert D. Richardson, and in the integrity of my own course in the matter, I do not hesitate to say that all parties concerned have acted imprudently, IMPRUDENTLY, most IMPRUDENTLY; but as for myself, if I have made a mistake, I will acknowledge it when it is proved that I have made it. Good night.

And the interview was over.

REV. MR. FROTHINGHAM'S DEFENCE.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham, from his pulpit on Sunday last, referring to the part that he and Mr. Beecher had taken in the marriage of Mr. Richardson, said he had nothing to say, to the newspapers that had abused him, but to his congregation—his friends—an explanation was due. Albert D. Richardson was a member of his congregation, and, as

became him as pastor, he tendered him his sympathy and condolence. On Tuesday morning last he received a note conveying a request to attend Mr. Richardson, and on going there he learned that the counsel of the dying man—a man honored and eminent in his profession—had advised that the marriage should take place. He had been assured that a divorce had been obtained regularly and properly, and deeming it his duty to perform the ceremony, he did so, his conscience telling him that he had acted as became him, under the circumstances, both as a man and a minister. In conclusion, he counselled charity toward the dead, charity to the accused assassin, and charity for the stricken woman.

WHAT THE BROTHER OF MR. McFARLAND SAYS.

[From the Evening Republic.]

Reporter—What are the exact facts as to the alleged poverty of your brother compelling his wife to read in public, and take to the stage?

Mr. McFarland—It's all an invention. My brother was always able to support his wife entirely comfortably. She went reading just to get a chance to paint her face, pass for a beauty, and get in with that free-love tribe at Sam Sinclair's. Dan always opposed her going out in public. He opposed it gently, however, because he never could say no to her, and she was so bent on it. Her allegations that she had to support her children and her husband were not true.

Reporter—Was your brother cruel or not to his wife?

Mr. McFarland (with emphasis)—Nothing of the kind, sir, nothing of the kind. They were always so sweet on one another that it disgusted their friends, and me too. It was always, "My love, what will you have?" and "My darling, I would like to have this," and "Pussy, hand me that," all the time. He was and is the tenderest man in his treatment of his wife I ever saw. Even now he loves her, does not blame her, though I do, but puts it all on Richardson.

Reporter—How did these stories and how did this infatuation for Richardson come about.

Mr. McFarland—It was all along of those Gilbert girls (one of them is a Calhoun now), and of the free-love tribe at Sam Sinclair's house. They got around her, and we have got letters to show that the Gilbert girls acted for Richardson in his getting around Dan's wife. When Mrs. McFarland went off with the children, we have found out that he paid Sam Sinclair's servant-girl \$25 to get a carriage round in a back street and drive them to the Boston depot.

Reporter—How about the Sage family's opinion of your brother?

Mr. McFarland—Right after the first shooting two years and more ago, Abby's mother, Mrs. Sage, threw her arms around Dan's neck, and said: "O. Dan! you were

right. You always treated Abby and I love you better than one of my children." Since then, however, they have been worked on by the free-love and are set against Dan. You'd see, sir, by the way they talk that they were some pumpkins. Why, bless them, they are the commonest sort of folks. My father used to carry newspapers, and most of the family took in boarders to get out the income. Dan did all he could for them—helped them on a good deal—and they can't say anything too false about

Abby isn't a bad woman at heart, been demoralized and deceived by those rascals. They have set her up, and that's the matter with her.

Reporter—I hope your brother will have the defence.

McFarland—Yes, sir; he shall. The rascals haven't been wholly picked out yet, but I mean to see to it myself that he is defended. He can do nothing for himself. He's so worked up by this false marriage of his wife, and thinking what'll come of his children, that he's prostrated.

McFARLAND'S VIEW OF MR. BEECHER'S PERFORMANCE.

A *Sun* reporter visited Mr. McFarland in the Tombs. Ascending the narrow iron passage leading to the second tier, he

Mr. McFarland in cell No. 41. A name slate over the cell door had McFarland's name written on it. Mr. McFarland, with a smile, said that the *Sun* had done him justice, and he was heartily thankful for the leader, of the day previous, had educated him deeply, and its effect upon the reporter's mind had been salutary.

Reporter—What means have you of getting Mr. McFarland?

McFarland—Well, sir, since I have been in prison, I have received visits from ladies and gentlemen, all of whom have expressed their sympathy in the best terms. Since yesterday the number of those who have called upon me has been far greater. I have, to-day, received a number of letters from married women, giving their approval of my course. Out of a dozen of those letters are from people well known in our first circles of society. Some come from others who had educated me, but who are sorry. This is pleasing to me, I can assure you, especially as some of the newspapers are just making a target of me. It is pretty hard to attack a man, especially when he is defending himself.

McFarland says that he is treated with kindness by the prison authorities. He is cheerful, but when the name of his wife is mentioned, his eyes moisten and become those of a monomaniac.

But we have an abundance of other "gems of the most rare and serene" in connection with this remarkable event, and we hasten to antic-

pate the reader's desire by laying them before him. In the first place we will give

MR. ISAAC G. REED'S INTERVIEW WITH HORACE GREELEY.

The interest of the Richardson-McFarland tragedy has gradually (in the public estimation, at least,) changed its base, and the principal actors have been lost sight of in the greater importance that attaches to the distinguished names of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and the Hon. Horace Greeley, as these names are presumed to stand as representatives of the religion and the intelligence of the community, which religion and intelligence, for the first time in the history of the country, have been (at least apparently) cast on the side of sensationalism, free love, and adultery.

Having previously waited on the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, at his residence in Columbia street, Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, Dec. 4, and having given our interview with him to the public, we felt in duty bound to call likewise upon the Hon. Horace Greeley, and to hear what he had to say for himself and the organ of the party of moral ideas in the matter.

Accordingly we entered the *Tribune* office about five o'clock last Saturday afternoon, and after being suspiciously eyed by the various clerks and attachés of the establishment, and after having our ears shocked by an imprecation from Ottarson, who, like his illustrious chief, has forgotten all about the third commandment, we contrived to get our card laid before the eyes of the Hon. Horace Greeley, who immediately desired us to be admitted.

Ascending forthwith the winding, narrow, rickety stairs which led to the sanctum, we found Mr. Greeley in his den. "He sat like an editor taking his ease, with his MSS. all around him," and various specimens of his all-but—to the chosen few—undecipherable penmanship, lay on all sides of his desk, above which the lamp light shone full upon his venerable head and upturned spectacles.

As we entered the sanctum of the editor of the *Tribune*, the latter rose and greeted us cordially, and we at once entered into the following conversation:

Reporter—Mr. Greeley, it has been stated that you deny ever having asked Mr. Beecher to marry Albert D. Richardson to Mrs. McFarland.

Mr. Greeley—Certainly. I never asked Mr. Beecher anything of the sort.

Reporter—Then, sir, there must be some misunderstanding, for Mr. Beecher most assuredly told me in his own house that you did ask him, or at least that he was led to understand that you so asked him.

Mr. Greeley—Whom did Mr. Beecher name as representing me in this request, or in leading him to understand that I made it?

Reporter—Mrs. Calhoun.

Mr. Greeley—I can explain that. "I was

not well acquainted or personally intimate with Mr. Richardson, nor did I know Mrs. McFarland, but Mrs. Calhoun said she knew all about them. So I wrote a letter of introduction for her to Mr. Beecher, telling him that she would explain her business, and I presume she did; but I knew very little, next to nothing, about the matter, and I certainly never asked Mr. Beecher or anybody else to marry them, or anybody else, in the whole course of my life. I have other things to think about, besides getting people married. Besides, why didn't you ask Mr. Beecher to show you the letter I wrote to him introducing Mrs. Calhoun? If he told you all the rest, he would have been willing enough, I should think, to show you the letter, if you had asked him for it.

Reporter—Well, all I can say is, Mr. Greeley, that Mr. Beecher certainly must have imagined and believed, from what he told me, that it was your wish that the marriage should be consummated, or he would never have promised Mrs. Calhoun, even conditionally, to solemnize it. He certainly said that he considered Mrs. Calhoun as your representative.

Mr. Greeley—I have not the slightest doubt that Mrs. Calhoun told Mr. Beecher the truth; that you may be sure of. You may depend what she said was true, every word of it; but I gave her no authority to represent me; nobody can represent me.

Reporter—There you are right, Mr. Greeley. No one can adequately represent so wonderful a man. (Mutual bows.)

Mr. Greeley—But I tell you what it is, sir—there are plenty of people who can *mis*-represent me, and they are doing it *just* about all the time.

Reporter—How?

Mr. Greeley—In the newspapers; in the *Herald*, the *Sunday Mercury*—all the papers. They have all told lies about me, and the people believe them—because they want to, or because they don't know any better; just as in the Jeff. Davis case. Why, they have all garbled the evidence in this matter regarding the Sinclairs.

Reporter—In what respects?

Mr. Greeley—Why, they have suppressed in their published reports all the material facts in the testimony. What if Mr. Richardson and Mrs. McFarland did occupy the same room, or about the same room, as they call it, don't they know well enough that Mr. Richardson was a wounded and feeble man? But no, it don't suit the papers to publish THAT. If all the testimony was published, the Sinclairs would be all right, but, no, they must garble it to suit their d—d petty malice. No, the Sinclairs and all the rest of us must be identified with this free-love crowd. By G—d (bringing his venerable fist upon the desk,) there's no such crowd, at least, not around the *Tribune* office. The whole thing has been got up by the enemies of the *Tribune*.

Reporter—I do not exactly understand.

Mr. Greeley—There is the *World*, for instance, talking about the morality of the *Tribune*, when it hasn't any of its own. Why, if it hadn't been that the parties were in some way or another connected with the *Tribune*, there wouldn't have been a mother's son of the whole lot but would have thought it all right that Mrs. McFarland should be called Mrs. Richardson; for, after all, it was only the matter of a name.

Reporter—Only the matter of a name, Mr. Greeley?

Mr. Greeley—Yes, whether a woman should be called Richardson, or whether she should be called McFarland, nothing more. Because, as Mr. Beecher says, it was understood that the marriage was not to be consummated unless Richardson was about to die. In that case nobody could be hurt by the marriage. It was only a matter of benefiting the children. No, they had a protector—at least they had their father. But Richardson's children I mean. It was to leave *his* children with a parent—it was for Richardson's children that the thing was done. Mind, I don't back out of it (emphatically); not a bit of it. I think it was rightly done—that this woman should be called Mrs. Richardson, not Mrs. McFarland.

Reporter—But what had Mr. Richardson's dying got to do with his right to McFarland's wife?

Greeley—Why, as I understand it, though I haven't given the subject much attention, there was a divorce between the original parties, which seems to me to have been all right enough in justice—though I don't know about the technicalities of the case; and besides all this, Mr. McFarland had given up all his right in his wife long ago.

Reporter—Indeed?

Mr. Greeley—Yes, it will go against Mac at the trial, I know it will; but I will have to testify to it all the same. I don't want to hurt Mac, but I will have to tell them all about it.

Reporter—About his relinquishing all his right in his wife?

Mr. Greeley—Yes; he told me so himself. You see, I didn't know about the case in any particular way until some time before the first shooting. Mac called upon me personally, one day, when I was busied with some American Institute matter, and told me distinctly, "Mr. Greeley, I don't care about the woman; I don't want to get her back again. I wouldn't take her back. I do not want to live with her again; but that man has treated me badly," or some words meaning the same thing. I listened to him, and tried to comfort him; and then the villain—the dirty, deliberate, d—d villain—shot this Richardson; and then he called on me again, and I told him I wouldn't have any more to do with him. You're a bad man, Mac. Yes, I told him that he was a bad man; and so he is—a very bad man. And then (excitedly) just look at that rascally Recorder. What a d—d pretty Judge

he is, to talk in that style. He is a disgrace, by G—d. But the whole thing will be a nine-days' wonder, and then the people will forget all about it, or else they will learn the truth about it; and for my part, I do hope the matter will be well ventilated, for I do believe that the marriage of Albert D. Richardson and that woman was a just and true one, under the circumstances, and I think that the people, when they know all about it, will think so too.

Reporter (rising)—Well, Mr. Greeley, it looks to me as if somebody had been roping in such influential and good men as Mr. Beecher and yourself to serve their own purposes; in fact making cat's paws of you and Mr. Beecher, through your well-known benevolence of feeling and good heart. People after this will believe you are a free-lover, whether you will or no.

Mr. Greeley—Well, I can't help it if they do. Every body knows I have always defended marriage, in all my writings and speeches and controversies, and all those sorts of things, but it don't matter much to me; like the eels, I have got used to skinning; but they do tell some outrageous lies in the papers though—some outrageous lies.

Here a lady entered the room, and with thanks to Mr. Greeley for the polite frankness with which he had treated us, we retired.

ISAAC G. REED, JR.

Having thus listened to the Chief of the *Tribune*, let us now turn to

H. W. BEECHER'S DEFENCE. HIS EXPLANATION, DELIVERED AT THE CHURCH LECTURE-ROOM.

The weekly evening lecture was held on Friday evening at the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. The ordinary service, including the "Lecture Room Talk," was conducted and given by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. In announcing at its close that it was the night for the annual meeting of the members, Mr. Beecher took occasion to speak of the prosperous condition of Plymouth Church, and that that night "found both people and and pastor on a higher spiritual plane."

Upon this a gentleman connected with the church got up, and said that it was but proper and just that a public matter, in which their pastor had been recently prominently connected, should receive attention at once, in order that the church should occupy no longer the half-hearted and uncertain position assigned to it almost unanimously by the public in regard to the Richardson tragedy. He believed that when the facts were thoroughly known, Mr. Beecher would be justified by the public in his action. Considering the limited information he had received, and also his want of knowledge in certain matters in connection with this affair, he was inclined to think that Mr. Beecher had acted as he might have been expected to act under circumstances that required a charitable and merciful consideration.

Upon this gentleman taking his seat, other persons got up in succession, and expressed similar sentiments. There were, however, a few dissentients who spoke out, and said that Mr. Beecher had made a mistake, and that the reputation of the church, they were afraid, had permanently suffered.

There was a little light skirmishing on both sides, which Mr. Beecher watched, and listened to calmly and defiantly enough, but with a manifest nervousness that was shown in the lifting, ever and anon, of the hymn book, the playing in his fingers with a little scrap of paper, and a sly twinkle in the eye, as some of the speakers floundered about when trying to polish off the angles of a stern reproof of their pastor's conduct.

At length Mr. Beecher arose and stepped to the front of the platform, and prepared himself for a deliverance. There was a crowded congregation, for the lecture hall was well filled, and there was an audible hush of expectation.

Mr. Beecher said he was waited upon by Mrs. Calhoun, who was a gifted and eloquent writer for the *Tribune*.

A gentleman here interposed, and said that Mrs. Calhoun's late husband was a deputy collector, and a man of great respectability.

Mr. Beecher resumed—Mrs. Calhoun showed him a note from Mr. Greeley which commended her to Mr. Beecher, but did not ask him (Mr. Beecher,) to perform the marriage. In conversation, she said that she had known Mrs. McFarland, and believed her to be a woman of respectability, and that the divorce from her husband was a legal one. She also knew nothing that would hinder a proper marriage. Mr. Beecher went on to say that he had not heard of the first shooting by McFarland of Richardson. Men occupied as he was occupied, and absorbed in his ministerial and literary work, had not time for extensive reading of newspapers, and therefore it was not surprising that he should be ignorant of that which now was a matter of history. The first time that he remembered hearing anything about Mr. Richardson and Mrs. McFarland was when he was shown a letter, a long time ago, by Mr. Henry Camp, the leader of the choir, that had passed between Mrs. McFarland and Richardson. He saw at a glance it was a love letter, and he did that which he should do if there were a million such letters before him, and no human eye to see him—put it away and not read it. Mr. Camp had, however, properly thought it his duty to show it to Mr. Beecher, because he felt very strongly against Richardson's conduct towards Mrs. McFarland, and thought Mr. Beecher would not have written so commendatory a note about Richardson's book did he know his character as well as Mr. Camp seemed to know it. That book—"Beyond the Mississippi"—had delighted him, and of his own free will he had written the letter to Mr. Richardson about that book, which had been

published, but not until Mr. Richardson had written to him and asked his permission. That permission he promptly and cheerfully gave. Mr. Richardson he had never seen until the night of the marriage.

On that evening he had been spending two or three hours with Father Hyacinthe at Mr. Frothingham's house, and while there he was called to the Astor House. There he found a corridor full of friends, and a weeping group around the bed. The surgeons told him that Mr. Richardson was under the influence of opiates, and that after their effect was over he would gradually sink and die. Mr. Frothingham, at whose church Mr. Richardson was an occasional attendant, and went there whenever he was in the city, was present. Mr. Frothingham offered the prayer, and he (Mr. Beecher) performed the ceremony, and in doing so simply acted as a magistrate—not in the semi-orthodox fashion of a magistrates and minister merged into one office. When two parties came to him for marriage he could not summon witnesses, he could not act as judge, but simply confine himself to that which was purely magisterial. At the time of the marriage at the Astor House he did not understand that the laws of New York declared null and void a divorce obtained in Indiana. Had he known that Richardson had acted as a serpent—had stolen away the affections and partner in life of Mr. McFarland, he would sooner have cut off his right hand a hundred times than have performed the ceremony. Once a couple had come to his house to be married, and he was about to unite them in the marriage bonds, when a police officer came in and told him that he was about to marry the young lady to a notorious offender, and thought it was probable that she had been beguiled from her home in Philadelphia. The officer thought she ought to be made aware of the fact. Mr. Beecher told her what the officer had said and she replied, "well, I guess I know what I want," (Great laughter.) Mr. Beecher said he supposed she did, and, therefore, he married them. (At this Mr. Beecher inquired whether fourteen and twelve are not the ages at which persons could be legally married, and their several responses were in the affirmative). He then said if the parties were of a legal age for marriage and presented themselves before him and required him to marry them, his duty in that regard was simply a magisterial one, and he was bound to fulfil it. He had looked through the civil code of the State, and he had been unable to discover any definition of the duties of a minister in respect to marriage. It seemed to him that there was no defined law about it in the revised code. After the marriage and before the funeral of Mr. Richardson, he had asked a responsible party as to the legality of the divorce, and it was stated to him that the divorce was quite correct. He inquired also of another person whether the divorce had been obtained on more than legal grounds,

and it was stated in reply that it was granted, not only upon legal, but also upon moral grounds. The question had been asked during this discussion why Mrs. McFarland had not sought the divorce from her husband in the State of New York. He had been told in reply to this that Mrs. McFarland had resided in Indiana eighteen months, and that she had gone there to seek the divorce to save her children from the stain and annoyance which the seeking of the divorce in that State would bring upon them. Mr. Beecher said that he felt he was an honest man. There was another motive that actuated him in this affair which he would just put before them. When he came to be the pastor of Plymouth church it was not for the purpose of self-seeking or for obtaining popularity. When he came there he was "ankle deep," he was "knee deep," he was "thigh deep," he was "shoulder deep," and he was over the head in the slavery question. Then, when he thought the time was reached, he wrote his Cleveland letter. He was not sorry for the writing of that letter at the time; neither was he sorry now. According to the present style of judging him by public writers he had only made four or five mistakes in his life. He was one of those men who, when a cause appealed to his sympathy and to his heart, he was drawn almost irresistibly to it. From the very manner in which Mrs. Calhoun presented the matter to him it seemed to him that he was needed to defend the cause of the weak against the strong. There was something to be done that risked a great amount of unpopularity, and that required that some one strong enough to bear it should throw himself into the breach. Such a cause, such an appeal, and such a state of circumstances raised within him all that appeals to that which is combative and tender within him. His idea of a minister was not a man who had never had a spot on his collar, a spot on his cuffs or upon his bosom. He expected to come out of this fight muddied and spotted. He thought he had a heart like his great Master, and feeling like that he had not felt guilty in what he had done. Knowing what he had done in the question, he now asked himself, would he do it again? In answer to that, as the Dutchman once said, "If my foresight was as good as my hindsight, I should do a good many things better than I do." Mr. Beecher then said he did not wish his church to apologize for their pastor as having done a wrong thing. If they did not agree with him in this matter let them rise and say so.

Mr. Beecher then sat down, after which there were general expressions of sorrow and regret very kindly and gently put before the audience by prominent members of the church that Mr. Beecher had placed himself in the false position he had. Amid it all, however, there seemed to be a general feeling and expression of forgiveness.

Mr. Beecher again rose and said that he

was able to stand up for himself, if there was any occasion for him to come out and declare himself more than he had already done. Symptoms of impatience began to develop themselves on the part of the audience, amid which the announcement was made that the annual business meeting would take place at the conclusion of the service. The benediction was then pronounced and all those who were not members retired.

We have, in the preceding pages, given to our readers the whole of the particulars of this unfortunate affair, from its commencement in 1867 to its sad termination in 1869. Richardson is dead. He has paid the penalty of his folly, there we are content to let him rest with as little comment as possible. There can be now no doubt of his guilty connections with Mrs. McFarland, he is simply a hypocrite or worse who disputes it. McFarland is now lying in his prison awaiting his trial before a jury of his countrymen for a charge of assassination, committed, no doubt, whilst under the influence of temporary insanity. We cannot think that a man possessed of such talents as he, would, whilst in his right mind, wantonly take the life of his fellow creature. His love for his wife was intense, and often has the writer of this heard him, when speaking of her, quote the following passages from Othello:

"For know Iago
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth."

Often, also, has he said:

"She hath been
My pondered thought by day, my dream by night,
My prayer, my vow, my offering, my praise,
My sweet companion."

His love must now be turned to anguish, and he is now more an object of pity than of scorn.

At last driven to frenzy by the loss of his more than life, and by the contemplation of his wife, the mother of his children, reposing in the arms of her seducer, he shot that seducer—who was armed at the time to receive him. We use the word seducer in its exact sense; we mean the man who led this woman from herself; for he who crawls, like the serpent in Eden, into a household and estranges from a husband the affections of a wife, is equally her seducer, whether he himself has marital relations with her before or after a mock religious ceremony. As the great and eloquent John Whipple said: "He who enters the dwelling of a friend, and under the shelter and protection of friendship and hospitality, corrupts the integrity of his wife or daughter, by the common consent of mankind, ought to be consigned to an immediate gallows."

An easily misguided woman, led on by Richardson, and cheered and encouraged by his Free-love allies, this wife and mother resorted to Indiana, where, forgetting her

early plighted faith, by the loose and easy process there in vogue, she procured a legal divorce.

"With bold irreverent brow,
And loose, free step, her perilous way she trod,
Downward and on till she deated her God,
And broke the marriage vow."

For had she not vowed to take McFarland for her husband, for better, for worse, until death—nothing else—should part them?

But it is said that her husband was poor, and sometimes harsh! And so the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher comes and marries her to another man, to wit, this man Richardson.

If it be said that poverty was not the only crime of McFarland, then rest easy, husbands and fathers, at least all of you who never, in any moment of trial and vexation, have uttered one impatient or petulant word.

For our part we stand up for the maintenance of law and order. We don't believe in any man's right to take the law into his own hands. And yet there are cases in which the law cannot possibly afford atonement for private wrongs.

It is easy enough for us to reason, with our hearts unwrung, in the most philosophical manner. But outrage our feelings—sting us to the quick—tear the very heart, as it were, out of our bosoms—make a sudden Pandemonium of our domestic Paradise with its Eve gone off in a friend's embrace—and what becomes of our philosophy?

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands."

but he who steals away your wife's affections first, and then her person, robs you of what was yours and yours only—robs you of all you hold precious—next to life itself. And the law!—yes, the indulgent law—permits you to vindictively pursue the wretch and—sue him for the value of her clothes! It is good, it is wise, it is noble, to talk of the "vengeance of the law" to a man whose radiant home has been polluted, whose happy hearth has been abased, whose bleeding heart has been cast out into the moral gutter to be trampled and spit upon by dogs. It is a lovely thing to talk to him of money as a cement for his broken happiness; of "damages" to enable him to bridge over the fathomless depths of misery into which his aching eyes gaze whenever he thinks of his stolen treasure. But, after all, we would shoot down impromptu the heartless libertine who had so fully wronged us; and so would any man possessing the ordinary feelings of his nature. The traitor who invades a man's sanctuary—who steals into his Holy of Holies—thus to pollute it, expects nothing short of death if he is detected, and it would be a great pity to disappoint him.

THE TRIAL.

As early as 10 o'clock, April 4th, the corridors of the Court of General Sessions were densely thronged by a curious crowd, eager by some means to gain admission to the court-room. The throng in the halls of the Court was very differently composed from that which is usually seen there.

After 10 o'clock Captain McClosky, of the Court of General Sessions, arrived at the Tombs, where the warden handed over to his custody the prisoner. McFarland was neatly dressed in black, his face smoothly shaved, and his general demeanor cool and collected.

In custody of McClosky, McFarland arrived at the Court unrecognized by the dense crowd waiting to catch a glimpse of him. Soon after the arrival of the prisoner, he was joined by his little son Percy, when they kissed each other and entered into conversation.

McFarland then addressed others, and said he was prepared to meet the verdict, whatever it was, but was confident it would be favorable. He was cool, and in much better health than when confined four months ago.

The Court opened at 11 o'clock, Recorder Hackett and Judge Bedford on the Bench. Messrs. Graham, Spencer, and Geary, the prisoner's counsel, and District Attorney Garvin, Assistant District Attorney Fellows, and Noah Davis for the prosecution. The case of the people against McFarland was immediately taken up, and Mr. Garvin said he was ready to proceed. Mr. Graham, on the part of the prisoner, suggested the propriety of appointing tryers for the jury. The Recorder said Mr. Graham and the District Attorney could settle that. The latter said he had no objection to the plan.

A considerable interval elapsed before the work of nominating tryers commenced, during which McFarland conversed with his little boy, while his counsel engaged in earnest conference.

Among the celebrities in the Court, were Mayor Hall, Henry Bergh, and Count Joannes. Richardson's brother was also present, as well as Mr. Sage, Mrs. Richardson's father.

William Eddleson and Henry Morrison were appointed tryers by the Court.

After some days of dry and uninteresting work, a jury was finally impanelled, and the real work of the trial commenced on Thursday, April 7th.

Some time before the Court opened the eager and interested spectators began to crowd the stairways and fill the halls. When the Court opened, at about 11, the room was as full as it well could be, while outside the

door two officers labored in vain to keep the passage-way clear for the favored ones, who, in consideration of their profession, either as lawyers or representatives of the press, were permitted to enter the room with which was connected so much of interest. The prisoner was in his place long before the necessary time, and sat with his little son, Percy, quietly reading the newspaper, or conversing with his counsel, Mr. Spencer. The press representation was very large, two long tables being specially arranged for their use, and messengers were continually running out and in with "manifold," which was furnished with almost miraculous quickness by the busy reporters.

A short time before 11 o'clock, District-Attorney Garvin and Judge Davis entered the room, followed shortly by Mr. Graham, counsel for the defence. Promptly at 11, Recorder Hackett took his seat, the Court was called to order; and the District-Attorney proceeded to open the case for the prosecution. He said:

In regard to the facts of this case, gentlemen, we shall show you that on the 25th of November, 1869, in the City of New York, in the office of the New York *Tribune*, the prisoner at the bar stood waiting for the coming of some one. While he stood there peering out, looking directly toward the door through which Albert D. Richardson entered, as he (the latter) came up and inquired for his mail, this prisoner leaned forward, a pistol in his hand, and fired the fatal shot which carried Albert D. Richardson into his grave. Now, gentlemen, from that day Albert D. Richardson lived and lingered in untold agony until the 2d day of December, 1869, when he yielded up his spirit to God. Now, gentlemen, if it appears that when this prisoner did that act he knew what he did, and he lay there and waited for this man, and deliberately performed that act, in the eye of the law it is murder—and murder in the first degree, and, gentlemen, your verdict must be guilty. If he shows a legal reason why he did it, then he is to be acquitted.

The first witness examined was George M. King. He testified that he resided in Jersey, and on the 25th of November last was employed at the *Tribune* office; was acquainted with deceased and prisoner; saw McFarland at the office that day, about fifteen minutes after six o'clock; he stood at the desk at the end of the counter near Spruce street; Albert D. Richardson entered and came towards the desk; the first he knew of the shooting was hearing the report and seeing McFarland's arm and hand over his shoulder. Rich-

ardson was about four feet off, asking the clerk for his mail; Richardson then went out of the crowd, came into the office, and I lost sight of both parties; did not see McFarland go out; previous to the firing McFarland was leaning forward on the desk, a plate glass frame was in front of him, and he was looking towards the door, as if expecting somebody; I saw a pistol in McFarland's hand at the time of firing; Richardson, after being shot, went up to the editorial rooms.

Cross-examined.—A diagram of the publication office of the *Tribune* was exhibited to witness by Mr. Graham, and he indicated the position occupied respectively by himself, deceased, and the prisoner at the time of the shooting.

He stated that Richardson was accustomed, when in town, to come down for his mail; did not remember whether it was dusk when he first saw McFarland, as the gas was lighted; he had seen Richardson on the day before and on the preceding Sunday; did not remember seeing a piece of paper before McFarland; witness spoke to him; could not say that he had not seen the piece of paper before the prisoner, on the desk; McFarland was in the habit of coming to the office; was familiar with the place, and was allowed to go behind the counter when he pleased; a similar privilege would not be accorded to a stranger; McFarland was dressed in black clothes; he had on a low round-top hat; had not seen since the occurrence the piece of paper used by McFarland that day; know nothing of such paper having been subsequently destroyed; did not see the pistol in Richardson's hand; was aware that he had arrived; could not remember having seen Richardson make any motion that indicated any intention to use a weapon; saw Richardson's pistol afterwards at the Astor House; never heard Richardson boast of his skill with the pistol; there were in the *Tribune* office at the time Mr. Frohman, Mr. E. J. Carver, Mr. Jerome, and Mr. David Watson; there was also a gentleman in the office that he did not know, who was examining a file of the *Tribune*; saw that gentleman subsequently several times at the office; spoke to him once; could swear positively that the pistol in McFarland's hand was fired; did not know before the shooting that what he saw in McFarland's hand was a pistol; his best belief was that it was a pistol; no one tried to prevent McFarland going away; did not hear Richardson make any remark; witness was somewhat excited.

To a juror.—There was only one shot fired.

Re-direct.—Of his own knowledge he could not say that Richardson was armed; the force of the explosion extinguished the nearest gaslight.

To a juror.—Could not tell how McFarland got away.

To Mr. Graham.—Could not explain how it was that he did not summon assistance; perhaps it was from his excitement; did not see McFarland enter the office.

The other witnesses examined were Daniel Frohman, advertising clerk of the *Tribune*, Edwin J. Carver, an employe of the *Tribune*, Capt. Allaire, who arrested the prisoner, and Dr. Swan, who first dressed Richardson's wound. The testimony was important only in establishing the shooting and death of Mr. Richardson, and the prosecution here announced that they would rest. The case was then adjourned till Friday.

At the opening of the Court on Friday morning, Mr. Charles S. Spencer opened the case for the defence.

He alluded to the action of the District Attorney in calling to his aid Judge Davis, as a proof of the weakness of his course, saying that he (Judge Davis) "might much better be in his place in the halls of Congress, representing his constituents, and earning the money of the people which is being paid to him for every hour that he is passing here, taking part in the discussion of those great questions which are agitating Congress, instead of staying here for a few miserable dollars, to compel this man to follow in the footsteps of the miserable murderer that within an hour of the time I am addressing you upon the scaffold has gone from time to eternity."*

He stated that their defence would be: *At the time Albert D. Richardson was pistolled by Daniel McFarland, Daniel McFarland was not responsible for his action either in the eye of God or by the laws of man.* He then proceeded to give a history of the case as seen from the side of the defence, claiming that Richardson, with the help of others, had won McFarland's wife away from him after he had done all and more than one in his circumstances could have been expected to do to render her happy. He closed as follows:

And now it is the 25th of November, half an hour before the homicide. An old friend, a member of the bar, meets him in the street, takes hold of his hand, and asks him, "What's the matter with you, Mac? You look doubled-up and queer. Go home." In the air he still sees the semblance of Richardson and his wife; the hand of fate beckoned him, and he went into the *Tribune* office.

He saw two eyes glancing upon him, and from that moment he recollected nothing else. He was arrested, and told that Richardson was shot, and he exclaimed: "My God! it must have been me." There was but one thing now left to complete this infamy. A woman clothed with a flimsy veil of a fraudulent divorce is married to this opium-drugged and dying man, and while angels wept and devils laughed, a man named Frothingham pronounced the benediction, and said: "We thank Thee, Lord, for what these two have been to one another."

Did this servant of God forget what was

* Sylvester Breen, better known as Jack Reynolds, the murderer of William Townsend, who was hanged to-day in the Tombs Prison yard. The execution was conducted quietly, and witnessed by about three hundred people.

written by the finger of God on the tables of stone amid the thunders of Sinai?—"Thou shalt not commit adultery." A proof that McFarland was insane at the time he committed the deed was that he had often met Richardson before and not taken his life. It was not his (counsel's) intention to discuss the several forms of insanity. He had told them a plain story of facts, facts of which the jury were to judge.

The defendant sat with his little boy awaiting their verdict. He no longer loves his wife, but a sacred memory of what she was lingers with him still. He can never expect to be happy again. The sunny smile of a pure wife, the chubby face of a beloved child, may smile upon him in his dreams, but he will wake to the knowledge that in this world for him there will be no more happiness.

All good and virtuous men and women wish for the acquittal of the prisoner, and he asked the jury, as they loved their wives, as they valued the purity of their daughters and sisters, and as they honored the gray hairs of their mothers to stand by the defendant and build up an impregnable wall around the virtue of every home. Let the verdict tell here in our city that upon the felon footsteps of those who prostitute our sisters, and mothers, and wives, shall surely follow with avenging tread and stern resolve the relentless fury of an avenging Nemesis.

The first witness called was James McFarland, brother of the prisoner. His testimony was unimportant. The next witnesses were Lillie Grau, in whose mother's house the prisoner roomed, and Anna Burns of Boston. George A. Simmons, an officer of Blackwell's Island, was called to prove that Francis McFarland, a first cousin of Daniel, had been confined there as a lunatic. Dr. Morris, who attended him in his illness, considered his trouble caused by softening of the brain. After the examination of a few more unimportant witnesses, the prisoner's counsel read to the jury the following letter. It is a copy of the letter which accidentally fell into McFarland's hands, having been written three or four weeks after the final separation of Mr. and Mrs. McFarland:

THAT LETTER!

"MARCH 9, 4:50 P. M.

"I received two hours ago yours of yesterday.

"At noon I mailed you the *Atlantic* for March to No. 72. This I send in care of Mr. S., hoping that you may get it to-morrow.

"Don't be disturbed about your family, little girl. Families always respect accomplished facts (my hobby, you know). I once outraged mine a great deal worse than you ever can yours, and they are the strictest sect of Puritans, but time made it all correct.

"So you couldn't go to Mrs. M.'s till Monday, and couldn't have my room. Be patient, little girl, and you shall have to give, not take, orders about my room.

"Funny about Lillie and the young lady I am engaged to! It only confirms my theory that you and Mollie are first-class intriguers."

"Will order your scrap-book on Monday.

"Learn all you can about the material and contents of the new book within the next few weeks, for we may want to announce it in my book. Please remember that it *ought to have* plenty of humor, and that it must have some horrors. If you recoil from them, you shall not do them.

"Darling, I smiled at my being pining and hurt. Why, I am like a man who has got rid of his elephant. I weigh 258, and am lighter-hearted than I have been for years. Indeed, I feel as if a weight had been lifted from me where before your sweet love came to sweeten and bless my life. All the trouble was that she thought she could not let me go. Long ago, when she and I first came together, I said to her we will make no vows to love each other always. Of that we cannot tell.

"I will only exact that you will tell me the perfect truth, whether it keeps us together or separates us, and she replied: 'God helping me, I will.' She tried to, but the leopard could not change its spots, and she did the best, and was very tender and loving, and I have nothing in the world to complain of. If you had not come to me, little girl, it would have made no difference then: that scene was ended long ago. It will rather startle Mrs. S., won't it? I think she will like it in the end.

"Rose's letter is very grave and kind, and I am now very glad you go, for it will do you much good. It is a great, breezy, restful place.

"What a goosie it is about my coming home. Of course I shall come whenever my business compels, or will let me. What judgment shall you fear, doing no wrong? The circumstances make it right and unnoticeable, and I will not stay away for forty thousand Mrs. Grundys. I will not neglect work to come next week. I have not been waiting for you, darling, all these long years to wear hair-cloth and serve seven years. Now I want you always. A hundred times a day my arms seem to stretch out toward you.

"I never seek my pillow without wanting to fold you in my arms for a good-night kiss and blessing, and the few months before you can openly be mine will be long enough at best. No grass shall grow under my feet, but I never let public opinion bully me a bit, and never mean to. So, sunbeam, I shall come whenever I can, and stay as long as business will permit. I will decide about the Summer just as soon as I can, darling; can probably surmise by Monday or Tuesday.

"Darling, I should be afraid if you had fascinated me in a day or week. The trees which grow in an hour have no deep root. Ours I believe to be no love of a noonday hour, but for all time. Only *one* love ever grew so

slowly into my heart as yours has, and that was so tender and blessed that heaven needed and took it.

"My Darling, you are all I would have you—exactly what I would have you in mind, body and estate; and my tired heart finds in you infinite rest, and richness, and sweetness. Good night, my love, my own, my wife.

"Burn this, will you not?"

The Court then adjourned to Monday at 11 A. M.

The evidence on Monday was uninteresting, its only object being to establish the insanity of the prisoner.

The seventh day of the McFarland trial attracted an immense crowd, although fewer succeeded in gaining admission than on the previous day, efficient arrangements having been made to exclude all who had no special business there. Enough were present, however, to fill all the seats. Several ladies were among the number. Mr. McFarland arrived at an early hour, and was soon afterward joined by his little boy Percy, who has been present every day since the commencement of the trial.

Seven witnesses were examined, among them three physicians, their testimony going to show that McFarland was laboring under great mental excitement before the shooting occurred.

John B. Elwood was then called to the stand.

Q. What is your profession? A. Attorney-at-law.

Q. In this city? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you know McFarland? A. Quite well; since the fall of 1867.

Q. Do you remember when you last saw him previous to this occurrence? A. The Monday or Tuesday preceding; the 22d or 23d of November.

Q. Where did you see him? A. At my office.

Q. Describe his appearance. A. He appeared as I had frequently seen him—quite excited about this matter; I had a short conversation with him; his manner always on speaking of his domestic matters, as he would continue in conversation, grew furious. His excitement would increase till it finally culminated in a state of frenzy.

Q. Did you then have any conversation with him? A. I presume I had, but he was in my office so often, I can't distinguish now between one conversation and another.

Q. What was the subject of the conversation? A. He always spoke of the one—his family; it was the theme on which his mind would run.

Q. Did he say anything about the divorce of his wife—had he heard of it? A. He told me she was endeavoring to get a divorce; he had not heard of it when I last saw him, I think.

Q. Did his manner impress you as to rationality or irrationality? A. I cannot say I discovered any evidence of insanity upon any subject but that of his family

troubles; on these he would get into a monomaniacal state, certainly.

Q. Would it culminate in tears? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And then. A. When he came to speak of Richardson, he would become frenzied, often uncontrollable; he evinced great feeling for his wife and children.

Q. By whom was he first introduced to you? A. By Mr. LeBarron.

Q. When? A. In 1867.

Q. Did he call to see you professionally? A. Yes.

Q. Relative to his habeas corpus suit? A. No; in regard to commencing a suit against Richardson.

Q. What was the nature of that action—how many counts had it? A. Three, sir.

Q. What were they? A. First, for criminal conversation with his wife; second, for abducting his wife; and, third, for abducting his infant son Danny.

Q. State what conversation you had with him. A. He told me the history of his troubles—the manner in which he and his wife had lived together, which he said was always pleasant.

Q. This was in August, 1867? A. Yes; he said they were exceedingly fond of each other—never separated without her kissing him as he went out; how, in the evening, they would walk together in the garden picking flowers; he said even the servants had observed how happily they lived together; he said they always addressed each other as "My darling" and my "My dear."

Q. What did he say about her leaving him? A. He said it was after Richardson had become acquainted with them, and that he had been the means of getting her away by his machinations; he told me the manner in which Danny was taken from him—how his wife kissed him in the morning with her arms around his neck, and how, when he came back, he found the child was taken away.

Q. Did you hear him in the Fall of 1869 express his determination to get back his boy Danny? A. He often spoke of it; he told me he had been to Jersey watching for his child, stopped at a neighboring house, and was trying to get the boy if he could; this was in August or September, 1869; I do not remember the name of the house he was watching.

Q. Do you remember his showing you these letters and saying where he got them? [Eleven letters were here shown the witness, and identified by him as letters previously shown him by McFarland.] A. Yes, he said in his wife's trunk; he was much excited about them.

Cross-examination—Q. You say you first saw the prisoner in 1867? A. Yes.

Q. How long after that was it you saw the letters? A. A very few days after.

Q. Was he on this occasion as much excited as usual? A. He was furiously indignant, though I have seen him when he exhibited more rage:

Q. Were you acquainted with Richardson? A. No.

Q. Did you ever see him? A. No.

Q. Had you any acquaintance with Mrs. McFarland? A. Not that I know of.

Q. Who were the attorneys on the other side? A. Bangs appeared on the record; John Sedgwick is a member of the same firm.

Q. Do you recollect how much was claimed on the bill of damages? A. Forty thousand dollars.

Re-direct.—Q. In the conversations previous to the suit or after it, did he say anything about his motives in bringing it? A. He said he wanted the thing told right, set right before the public; he said that as to the idea of his accepting money to settle the suit, he could not think of it; he desired me to write and ascertain from every county in the State whether his wife had applied for a divorce.

Re-cross-examination.—Q. Was there ever any talk about settling this suit? A. He came in and told me one day that he had received an offer from Mr. Cleveland of \$10,000, and a consulship to Ireland, if he would drop the suit.

Q. What did he say about it? A. He said he wouldn't take it.

Q. Did you ever receive an offer of that nature? A. Yes, sir.

Q. When? A. I once had a very general proposition from Mr. Sedgwick.

Q. Did you ever make any offer? A. Never.

LETTER FROM MRS. SAMUEL SINCLAIR TO MRS. McFARLAND.

At this point Mr. Gerry read the following letter from Mrs. Sinclair to Mrs. McFarland, marked Exhibit "A.":

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21st.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND: Mrs. C. read your letter to me this morning, and I am almost heart-broken for you. My dear, what are you going to do? Whatever you decide upon, of course your friend—your *true* friend, will accept. But I do hope you will act with firmness and decision. It seems to me that that one great effort is only a question of time, and the sooner it is made the better for you and your children. Do not for one moment longer entertain that morbid idea that you are responsible for the life of one who is sure to break you down completely, and ruin perhaps your children if they continue to live with him. It will kill you to live this way, and you must not do it. Those dear little boys must be taken care of, and who can do it but their own dear mother.

"My dear Abby—I love you like a sister, or I should not write this. Anything that I can do for you I will, cheerfully. Do not despair. You have health, youth, and good friends—and all your friends, without an exception, will support you. I have no doubt of your success on the stage; but should you find that too trying for your health, you can do

equally well by writing. I think you are very modest in your own estimation. I think you *write* better than almost any one I know, and should you give your time to it, I have no doubt of your exceeding any American female writer in a very short time.

"I must suggest one thing, and that is to get Percy away from his father as soon as possible. You know Percy now believes in him, and the longer he remains with him the more intensified will this feeling become, and of course the longer it will take to erase it.

"It seems a long time since I left you, and I am quite ashamed of not having written to you before, but my time has been wonderfully filled with Washington gayety, and I am very apt, as you know, to neglect writing to my friends when I feel certain that all is well. I have not been jealous, although you have written to Mrs. C. several times. I love her too much not to be willing to give her more than half of what I would receive. Is she not good and charming? How is dear little Danny? I wish he could come to Mary's birthday, the 9th of March. You cannot come and bring Percy? We may not be home before the 8th, but I don't dare write that home. Remember that Fear is your friend. I hope you will not neglect her in my absence. Now, my darling, do write soon. I shall hope for something definite. Your devoted friend,
C. A. S."

This was followed by Exhibit "G," which was a letter from Mrs. Calhoun to Mrs. McFarland:

MRS. CALHOUN TO MRS. McFARLAND.

"FRIDAY MORNING, Feb. 22.

"MY DARLING CHILD: What can I say to comfort thee? My heart bleeds over thee. Would I could enfold thee forever more. My darling, if it were not for Percy, I should take thee away and keep thee, as soon as I go home. I do not suppose Mr. C. would let me keep him. My precious, you *must* make your decision. It is profanation for you to stay with that man. You *shall* not. No woman ought to put her womanhood to open shame, as you have been forced to do for years. It is most cruel, most devilish. You cannot work, you cannot advance, you can make certain of no future for yourself and the children while you stay. There is no justice, no reason, no hope in your doing it. My darling, you will leave him scatheless—the world is more generous than we think about these things. Every thoughtful man or woman will justify you, and you can shake off the shackles, and work with free hands. It is dreadful to have you fight against such odds. I think you could live, yourself and Percy, for what you earn now, and if you can only be free, so that you can improve, your salary will be increased. It is wonderful that you have been able to do anything with your disabilities, and I do think that now you may do so much. O, do leave him, my darling. It is so wrong that you should stay with him.

"FRIDAY EVENING.—My darling, we have just received Mr. R.'s letter. I am so glad that you have left M——. Do not, I beseech you, return. Do not let any meekness of mercy possess you. It is happy that the stroke has fallen, no matter what heart-break come with it. I could be glad that you suffer, if your suffering could keep you away from him. My darling, for whom I would die, do not so wrong your womanhood as to go back. You *must* not, *shall* not. When I come back you shall come straight to me and *stay*. I will have it so. I will come to-morrow if you need me. Write me, my darling—all things. Even if you are distracted, write; it will calm you and help you. All my heart flows to you. I would help you, guard you, heal you, if I could. My darling, you cannot be misunderstood. I, a proud woman, tell you that only by leaving him can you justify yourself to yourself—and to the world of noble people. My darling, my money and purse and roof are yours forever; you will not hesitate to come to me for you love me. *This* is a poor note. I have had to scrawl in pencil what I have not had time to say in ink—to-morrow, when if you're better, I shall write you a better letter. All my heart is yours. Let Mr. R. help you. He is good and strong. Stay where you are *till* I come. Then come to me, my darling. I love you and sorrow for you. Thine ever, Lu."

LETTER FROM MRS. CALHOUN TO MRS. McFARLAND.

Mr. Gerry then read the following letter from Mrs. Calhoun to Mrs. McFarland, being Exhibit "H.:"

"MY DARLING: I suppose you must be now bound as I am—and I send a good-morning. Lillie and Junius pronounced your "Lucy Capulet" better than Madame St. Juliet.

"There is *incense* for *genius*. I shall work all day and be ready to help you to-morrow. Sacrifice yourself by going to Hennessy's, or in any other way.

"My fate cries out and informs me that I wish to know him. I am quite sure there is something behind his gray eyes and mobile face. I don't like knowing people indifferently. Husks are such dry fare.

"But people with cares and fruit within draw me so. There are just three persons who are much to me in the flesh—J. R. Y.—and you can guess the other two.

"But my dream friends are numerous. Booth is one of them. Spiritually, he is my intimate. He would be amazed to see with what I have endowed him, and how confidential he is with me. Do you have any such *whims*?

"My novel will be a study of Psychology, I fancy. A strange story. The boy waits. I begin to say that I loved you dearly—always shall—always must.

"That you are heroic and high and a gospel to me who need one. Some day, or

rather some night, I shall tell you such a story of my turbulent existence. I would rather write it, but I shall never have time.

"Suppose I wrote my novel in letters to you? How much we have to say to each other that we never shall utter till the leisure of the New Jerusalem offers opportunity. Ever my darling, yours, Lu."

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MRS. CALHOUN.

The following letter from Mrs. Calhoun to Mrs. McFarland was not read in full on account of its length, but Mr. Gerry read the latter part commencing with "I hope you will study *towards* the stage," etc., leaving the rest to be ready by the prosecution if they chose:

"No. 77 CLINTON-PLACE, NEW YORK. }

SUNDAY EVENING, 24th June, 1866. }

"MY DEAR MRS. McFARLAND: It was a good inspiration which led you to write me, and to believe that I wanted to hear from you. A dozen times since you went away I have sat down, with the express and absolute purpose of writing you, and then some dreary manuscript interposed and my interesting pen labored till it was so tired that it had no power of purpose left. Now that consumes time and patience, and exhausts the forces without building any monuments of progress.

"Revising, correcting, and mending, comparing, regretting. Eminently useful, greatly easier than writing, of which I'm not fond, but rather dreary. I have not written so very much since you went away. Besides my work for the *Tribune*, I do a certain class of book reviews for the *Independent*, and go about with hands so very full that I have seldom opportunity to take up private letters. For, as I daresay you know already, but as it is the central fact of the universe it will bear repetition. I am housekeeping! I attained that blissful condition; to my extreme surprise, on the 1st of May. We heard of the house but two days before, took it, and bought one tea-kettle at once. For myself, I am most pleased.

"I enjoy the freedom and largeness and hospitality of home, and as we must live in shell through all this mortal pilgrimage, it is so much more comfortable to have them of the largest and pleasantest. Our house is very pleasant, as you shall see when you come back. But for this ignorant present I center with myself with you in the smallest farm-house that ever took root in a cleft of hills. For know, O Mountain Nymph, that the weather is terrific. Doors and windows swing wide, the generous palm-leaf is plied; but we, carried over the ghostliest breeze from Northern peak or Western lake or Eastern ocean. June in the country with a wreath of roses and white hands scattering dews, and June in town in the brassy helmet of August, with sunbrown fingers shading blinded eyes, are no kin together.

"Last week the *Tribune* sent me on a flying visit to Saratoga, Lake George, and

Lake Champlain, the fruits whereof you shall have when they become immortal in Tuesday's issue. Saratoga is dreadful, but the Lakes and the far-away hills filled me with delight. You know I am a Cockney of Cockneys; know nothing of the heart and wonder of country-life; never have seen the mountains in my life save a scattered peak or two, and yet to me they are wonderful. Things not to talk about; unless the dweller be very fine, constant companionship with nature belittles him I think. Men grow blind and deaf to the glory that is above their heads and beneath their feet. *Don't they?*

"I walk in the dark, but it seems to me that meadow and mountain roses and river are more to me than to the man of whose estate they are a part. And as art and culture must teach me the wonderful secrets and charms of nature, so I fancy must city life train me into country uses. I have no taste for wigwams, but all through the soft spring and passionate summer an eagerness for woods and waters possesses me. Just now I am imprisoned in the loop of the editorial scissors, and am so base that I shall doubtless continue to be a bondman all the season, save when the *Tribune* lets me out to do its journalistic warbling, keeping a string about me that I may not fly too far. If it should believe in the vital element of the success of the paper to have two or three letters from the White Mountains, I am the person to sacrifice my ease in its interest, and I shall find some practicable route through Shelburne that I may take a peep at you.

"Everybody is out of town. Mrs. Ward has gone, and the Sinclairs went last week, and everybody else whom I knew had gone before, except Mr. Richardson, who has a room here, and is so delightfully agreeable and good-natured that not even this dreadful weather makes him cross, which is saying a great deal for his Christian discipline. Mr. Greeley has almost finished his book, and then he is going away. Probably to Saratoga to trip the light, fantastic toe! Mrs. Greeley has had a hemorrhage, and is very feeble. For myself, I am very well, rather tired, having made my jaunt in three days, and written three letters, and very anxious of the dryads and hamadryads.

"I hope you will study *toward* the stage, if not *for* the stage, this summer. That goal seems to me so inevitable, and so desirable, if you cultivate your very great gift at all, that whenever I think of you, I wish you were in your rightful place. The Diana is the beautiful art, and you are worthy to be its prophet. My own dreams of serving it will never be hopes now, but whenever I see brave young feet set toward it, and thoughtful brows bent thitherward, I say, 'God speed,' from my inward soul.

"I am so weary to-night, and so warm and uncomfortable that I have written a most stupid letter, but I would not longer let your dear note go unanswered. I have

no doubt that we met in this great high-road because each had something for the other, and we will know what it is. Write at the office or here, and be assured of answers as speedy as my tired pen can write. Ever and always believe me, affectionately yours,

"LU. G. CALHOUN."

When Mr. Gerry came to the J. R. Y. in the above letter, Mr. Davis, who was holding the original, exclaimed:—

"J. R. Y. That's J. R. U."

"No, it is not," replied Mr. Graham; "we have held a microscope upon it, and it is J. R. Y. It means John Russell Young."

This manifestly opened a very pretty subject for gossip. In order to do our share towards making the crooked straight and causing the desert to bloom like the rose, our reporter called upon Mr. Young, who is now staying, with his wife, at the Bingham House, in this city. Mr. Young was confined to his room with a temporary illness, and only saw the allusion to him in the New York papers for the first time when shown to him by our reporter.

Reporter—There seems to have been some dispute about the reading, Mr. Young. What is your opinion?

Mr. Young—(Reading the letter aloud and smiling)—Explanation! It is as much of a riddle to me as the Rosetta Stone. It makes nonsense, and Mrs. Calhoun never wrote nonsense. Her English, in the old *Tribune* times, was as clear as crystal. It is evident that some of those New York people have put my name in as a sensation. Still, it makes no difference. I am very glad to know that Mrs. Calhoun had so high an opinion of me. To be singled out of all that brilliant company as a "core and fruit" man is a good deal more than I deserve.

Reporter—What brilliant company?

Mr. Young—I mean the brilliant company that clustered around the *Tribune*. There were some of the highest men and women of the country. Mrs. Calhoun had too much sense to distinguish me in this extraordinary manner. There can be nothing more improbable. Mrs. Calhoun was on the *Tribune* staff, and it was in my power, as Managing Editor, to give her the aid and encouragement which her genius demanded. It is quite probable she may have expressed herself extravagantly, as she was always enthusiastic in her opinions.

Reporter—Was she your appointment?

Mr. Young—No; my recollection is that Mr. Greeley appointed her. He always esteemed Mrs. Calhoun very highly, and he has said over and over again she was the best writer on the *Tribune*. In some classes of work we had no stronger pen.

Reporter—Who is Hennessey?

Mr. Young—The artist, and an extremely pleasant gentleman.

Reporter—Was Booth one of the "brilliant company?"

Mr. Young—No. I fancy no one about

the *Tribune* knew Booth but myself. I am sure Mrs. Calhoun did not. Stuart may have introduced her later. Booth is a good deal of a recluse, knows few people, and confines himself to his business.

Reporter—Who are the three persons Mrs. Calhoun refers to?

Mr. Young—I really cannot say. I fancy she refers to Mr. Calhoun, whom I knew very well, and who was a clever, amiable gentleman. He lived very happily with his wife, as far as I ever saw or heard. She was always regarded as a devoted wife. He died shortly after this letter was written.

Reporter—Do you know McFarland?

Mr. Young—Oh yes, very well. He is insane. I would acquit him as a totally irresponsible being. I have always felt a deep pity and sympathy for him. He used to come and talk to me about his troubles, and I always treated him with respect and sympathy as a man of sorrows and misery, so burdened with grief that his reason was overthrown. There can be no doubt of this.

Reporter—I presume that opinion will acquit him.

Mr. Young—No doubt; and justly, too. But in the effort to acquit him his counsel seem disposed to destroy every man who knew Mr. Richardson or mourned his death. That is terribly unfair.

Reporter—You of course knew Richardson?

Mr. Young—Oh yes, very well. His death was a sad tragedy. He was beginning a life of effort and of promise, and had many noble qualities. I knew nothing at all of his connection with this business, except what was always in the air. I shall ever think of him as I knew him, and do not feel that I or any one should cast the first stone.

Reporter—When will the McFarland trial end?

Mr. Young—This is not the McFarland trial. The *Tribune* is on trial. Mr. McFarland has been acquitted from the beginning. But this is meant to destroy the *Tribune*. One of the lawyers is Mr. Dana's attorney. The idea of Greeley or Sam Sinclair being Free Lovers! Why there are no two men on Manhattan Island so free from any sympathy with the movement. They take the Roman Catholic theory of marriage. Greeley quarrelled with Richardson because he criticised his conduct, and he did criticise it over and over again to me. The day after Richardson was shot, Mr. Greeley dined with Mrs. Young and myself, and was as earnest in his condemnation of poor Richardson as he could well be. These people are crowding Greeley, but he will pay them back again. He never forgets. The war upon him and upon Sinclair is simply an outrage, and is meant for the *Tribune*.

Reporter—Why don't the *Tribune* fight?

Mr. Young—That annoys me. The *Tribune*, however, is eccentric in its wars. It would not let me make any war upon Dana, and didn't even print my card to the *Evening Post*. Still that was not Greeley's fault.

Reporter—Whose was it?

Mr. Young—Well, we won't talk about that. Time will show. I'm rather afraid of you gentlemen reporters. In this present business I have no connection. I never had anything to do with it. If I've said anything that will help you, you can sift it out. I don't intend to bother with it.

Thanking Mr. Young for his courtesy we bade him adieu. In his replies to our questions he was free and prompt, speaking in his usual rapid style, and with that ease for which he is remarkable.

The following letters were read on Wednesday:

LETTER FROM MRS. CALHOUN TO MRS. McFARLAND.

"No. 77 CLINTON-PLACE, Aug. 16, 1866, }
Sunday afternoon.

"MY BELOVED FRIEND:—It is after dinner, and I am bilious; so expect a soporific. Do you know I have almost decided to lecture this winter, if I can persuade anybody to hear me, which is problematical. I am going to work at my lectures at all events, and shall resume my elocution lessons to strengthen my voice. I know there is as much in me as in Anna Dickinson, and I mean to coin my heart for drachms, if it be possible. If I can arrange to earn \$75 by doing extra work these next two weeks, look for me. You know I shall have just double bills to pay, but I want mother to have a nice time, and be able to go just where she likes. Father used to be rich, and now they are poor, but mother has never been reconciled, and I want to give her all the pleasure within my very narrow grasp. So, my darling, I have told you all my disappointments. When I thought I should be able to go by this time my bills had not come in, and I did not know how difficult it would be for me to arrange them; and I have so many persons beside myself to consider. My heart has gone to you ever so many times, and I shall follow in the body, if it be possible. And now to leave this miserable *Ledger* business for something better. For myself, I have avowed my immediate future. All this fall and winter I shall do my exceeding utmost to make money. It is the one potent servant, the comforter and consoler and helper. In its uses, I mean; of course, not in itself. And you—I hope your desire and purpose for the stage has not faded or been trampled out by hard hoofs of necessity. Have you had any encouragement? I am very useless in that way, having no direct theatrical influence, but I'll try to obtain some. I know that you would succeed, and I fully believe it to be your best and noblest work. Nothing so much as the stage needs good lives and good heads. I know I could help you in the direction of your wardrobe, but I feel there is not much that I can do.

"However, my dear child, the helpers will come. Of course I know that the life is by no means an easy one. I know that I coun-

sel you to discouragement and toil, and contact with coarse people and sights. But if I had half the confidence in *my* powers that I have in yours, I should have been on the stage months ago; and I know that I should not have failed; I think you have so many, gifts, your beautiful voice, your changing color, your varying, soulful face, your earnestness and freshness of nature, your love for your art—and in your love for your art, and your love for your children, you have also the highest incentive. Dear child, I wish I could make your path straight and smooth to the highest success, but only that success is highest to which we make our way with pain and toil. When you come back we will have a long talk about this matter, and see if we cannot make one eager ambition give place to excellent doing. J. Stuart might be induced to place you on the staff. They have absolutely no lady at Winter Garden. That Miss Johnson is a chambermaid of the most hopeless order, and how Edwin Booth can play with her passes my understanding. Now, if ever, women of power are needed on the stage; and I believe way can be made. You know Stuart loves the *Tribune*. I'll write to Mr. Gay and persuade him to use his influence, if it will do any good. A Mr. Long would help me. Write me everything; all your hopes and fears and troubles. Meanwhile, I shall indulge a lovely dream of seeing a fitting Desdemona, and Juliet, and Ophelia and Maritana, to an Othello long unmatched though often dreadfully wedded, a doting but incomprehensible Richelieu, a Hamlet who must have been made to love such a maiden as the stage has long cursed him with, and a Don Cæsar whose one unpardonable crime was the admiration of the abominable gipsy, he is compelled to make love to.

"When are you coming home? We must see much of each other this winter. We cannot afford to miss that, I think. I need you, and I am sure you want me. My dear, I don't quite suppose we shall be able to set the world right, but we may do something toward keeping each other right. I get dreadfully tired and discouraged, and the mistakes of my life well nigh overwhelm me at times; and if I can catch somebody to preach to I always find myself wonderfully improved in temper and cheerfulness. I perceive that you have a beautiful patience which fits you to be a victim, and I dare say I shall make you one. I must stop for the charming interruption of correcting an endless proof. This worthless letter must go, because I shall not have time to write another. Let me hear very soon from you, please. And remember that whether I am so happy as to come or remain here and await you, I am ever freely yours,

"Lu G. C.——."

"Did you ask me once what was my name? It is the pretty Italian name Lu-ci-a. But everybody mispronounces it, so I like the diminutive better. Please use it."

LETTER FROM MRS. CALHOUN TO MRS. McFARLAND.

The next letter offered by the defence was from the same to the same, and was marked Exhibit "A."

"No. 77 CLINTON-PLACE, Saturday, 1st.

"MY DEAREST CHILD: Do you know what is my panacea for all my woes? Mr. Richardson. No body is half so kind and unselfish as he; and when I am 'stuck,' as the newsboys say, I just tell him, and his clear common sense and kind heart always find a way into smooth paths again. Therefore, if I and he were here I should just trust him with the whole story, and send him to see Stuart, whom he knows very well. Alas, he left for Kansas on Wednesday, and my right hand is wanting; so I must even do the next best thing—I cannot at this moment tell what, but my inspiration will come in the course of the day. It always does. I never met Stuart but once, when he was very courteous. He would not remember me now; but if it is the best thing for me to go and see him, I shall go. I shall just find out all his ways from one or two Bohemians who know him intimately, and then visit him, and ask him to come and take luncheon with me, as will most propitiate his lordship. My dear, this thing is going to be done. I *know* it *can* be, and I *mean* it shall. I shall set about it to-day, and have progress to report when you come back.

"Mrs. Mowatt is a shining exception to Mr. Stuart's theory. Mr. Vandenhoff is another. Charlotte Cushman went on the stage to sing, not to play. Madeline Henriques, to her admirers, and Mrs. Jennings, are two more. But it is for us to establish precedents, not to follow them. What did our fathers die for, else? Actresses are born, not made, and if most of our actors were trained for the stage, it is quite time we had some who were not. We may hope for decency, if not for genius. Think of that dreadful Johnson at Winter Garden as one of the trained school? Or, indeed, of all Booth's support for that matter. I know that we can do this thing and we must. Of course you can take a feigned name for your country engagement; and when you are commenced here they can say 'her first appearance at this theatre.' I should do it by all means. Of course it is no *previous reputation* that Stuart wants, but only the assurance that on the stage you will know your right hand from your left. It vexes me, when he has such materials in use, that he should interpose objections to better. But I suppose it is necessary.

"Well, my darling, there is more glory in plucking bright honor from the pale-faced moon than being petted with sugar-plums of ease—isn't there? The very effort will make the fruit better worth. We'll see; but don't have one doubt of the end. It is perseverance and will that win in the end; and you have talent for fifty actresses as at present rated.

"Your letter has but just come, and I dashed off this sheet that you might not be kept waiting. I'll write again when I have news to tell. I want you, and I am starving for the living bread of rocks and hills and rivers, but I must e'en feed myself with paving-stones, I fear. I don't suppose it will be possible for you to come. If any kind fate should bequeath me a lottery-ticket of value in the brief interim, I will be with you on that Good Friday. I am the scribbling Sisyphea whose rock rolls down faster than she can bring it up again. I fear I don't sing at the endless task like my antitype.

"Ah! well, life is nothing but the use we make of it, and it is better to get false teeth for people who need them than to gather apples of Olympus for one's self. What will be your Salem address? Come to me as soon as you are back, and let me know the New York number. We must gather what gold we can in town, if the millions and Aaron's rods did have to fall into melancholy graves without the benediction of my smile. You will be very good indeed to let me read with you. I shall enjoy it, and profit by it immensely. My voice is penetrating when in best condition, but strong only in the low notes, and they are rusty now. What I want is fullness of tone, and I think I can gain that by diligent work. I must stop. I hope you can read this crooked scrawl.

"Ever and always, my beloved, yours fully,
"Lu."

"Write often."

ANOTHER LETTER.

"CLINTON-PLACE, Thursday, 27th.

"Hurrah, my darling! All my wheels are turning the right way, and the world moves. Mr. Stuart has just gone. He *did* answer your second letter at length. Booth was with him when it reached him, and he read it to that divine man, who feels interested in you. I quote the words of the potentate, and if you will play such parts as the Queen in Hamlet, and others, at first, you can have an engagement with the miracle here!!! this winter!!! under an assumed name!!!! Or, if you don't want to do that, Mr. Stuart will give you an engagement in the country; but I advise here first by all means.

"My darling, I could not be happier if I had discovered a gold mine. Maybe we have. Think of playing with Booth. I believe I should die of that rose in aromatic pain if such a privilege were mine. My dear, this is such a good omen. Youth, and hope, and beauty, as poor Miss Flite used to say, but there is no sad moral in this case. I hope this will reach you in Boston, it will comfort you so much; but if it does not, it will be only because you will be here where I can tell you all the wire-pulling I have done. I am really good for something, I believe, after all, and when you succeed I shall felicitate myself as none other.

I pray you pardon this incoherent scrawl. I am so delighted. I know not how to be

consecutive. In all my prayers hereafter I shall name Mr. Stuart by name. Nobody could be kinder than he, and he wants you to come and see him as soon as you are here. 'Such larks, Pip,' and Booth! he has talked about you, and himself proposed to bring you out. See Naples and then die.

"I must stop to catch the mail.

"My darling, I put two loving arms about you, and give you the heartiest and hopefulest blessing you ever had in your life. Come at once. If you should come on Saturday, and don't have time to come and see me, go to church—Mr. Frothingham's, Fortieth st., near Sixth ave.—on Sunday morning, and sit with me, pew No. 89, and we will talk it all over afterward. Ever devotedly,
"Lu."

TENTH DAY.

The trial was continued on Monday in Part I. of the Supreme Court. The tenth day of the trial came in, bringing with it no abatement of the interest which has from the first characterized the case. As early as 10 o'clock the people began to throng the New Court-House and to gravitate toward the doors of the room in which the trial was to come on. At 11 o'clock the stairs were lined with curious individuals, and from thence to the particular door, a small, very small passage, was kept clear for the officers of the Court and the few privileged to enter.

TESTIMONY OF MRS. MARY MASON.

Examined by Mr. Graham—In March, 1867, I resided at No. 72 Amity st.; I live now at No. 62 Amity st.; I lived at No. 72 one year; I know Daniel McFarland, the prisoner; he had a room at my house; he lived there from three to four months in 1867; his wife was with him; she is the person indicated by these pictures; they had the back parlor and extension on the first floor; the ground floor; it was a two-story house with an attic, between Laurens and Thompson sts., on the right as you go from Sixth av. toward Broadway; they had a back room on the floor as you go through the street door; I knew Albert D. Richardson; that is a picture of him; he came to my house to live some time after Mr. and Mrs. McFarland came; I should think about two weeks afterward, may be less; he had the front room and closets; the first room as you go in from the street door.

Q. What separated the front from the back room? A. Folding doors.

Q. How were those doors fastened, if they were fastened, after Mr. Richardson came there? They were not at all fastened, just pulled to.

Q. That was the only fastening? A. That was the only fastening.

Q. How came Mr. Richardson to come to your house? A. Mrs. McFarland told me she had a friend who lived across the way, and had to leave there and would like to hire my parlor; she told me that two weeks,

I think, before he came; Mrs. McFarland told me what he desired and I said he wanted an office and my furniture was too costly, but Mr. Richardson helped the servant girl to take out the furniture and put in some that was less costly and the parlor carpet was covered with a drugget; the inferior furniture I furnished; I think Mr. Richardson brought a rocking-chair only, and a large writing desk of his own; he came there to live about a week or two after Mrs. McFarland spoke about "her friend;" she did not tell his name until he came to the house and she introduced him; I think he came to take possession the third day after I first saw him; on the first day he just came in, in the morning, I think, and saw the parlor and talked with Mrs. McFarland and me about it; I didn't consent to let him the room in the morning, and he returned in the afternoon and said he would take it; the things were moved the morning he came.

Mr. Graham—Richardson, according to our calculation, came there about the 20th of January, 1867.

Direct—Q. Did Mr. Richardson sleep there nights? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What kind of a bed did he lie on, and in what part of the room was it? A. The head of it was toward the folding doors.

Q. So he could hear everything that went on in the back room? A. Yes, sir.

Mr. Graham—That was the way he amused himself?

Direct—It was a regular bed; Mr. Richardson was out evenings, but I never knew Mr. McFarland to be out in the evening; in the morning Mr. McFarland would go away soon after 10 o'clock; I frequently saw him back between 2 and 3, or about 4 o'clock; his family consisted of his wife and his son Percy; after Mr. McFarland came home he would sometimes go out, as if to market, but he would come right back.

Q. Where would Mrs. McFarland be? A. I don't know exactly; she was engaged at the theatre; I have known her to go out frequently during the day; I have seen her come in at 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Q. Did you ever see Mr. McFarland in liquor while he was there? A. No, sir; never.

Q. How did he treat his wife; A. I thought very kindly.

Q. Did you ever know of any cruel treatment on his part to her? A. I never did; I was home all the time, so, if anything had occurred, I should certainly have seen or known of it; their manner was very kind; I have seen Mr. McFarland wait on Mrs. McFarland a great deal; I remember the day she went away with Percy; I think it was the 21st of February; Mr. McFarland, on that morning, left about 9 o'clock; I knew of no trouble between them before he left; I never heard her make a complaint against him; she told me he treated her always kindly; I don't think I saw him that day until 4 o'clock; when he left that morning,

she and Percy were his family; they had no servant girl; she went away the day before he returned; I saw her go; I think she went about 2 or 2½ o'clock; she went with Percy; I saw no one else with her; she did not tell me where she was going; I had not the slightest idea that she meant to abscond from her husband when she went out; I had a Mrs. Kate Stevenson in the house at the time, who was the only servant; she lived there all the time Mr. and Mrs. McFarland were there; Richardson was there the morning she left; he slept there that night; I heard of his being away two or three nights, but with that exception he was there every night; he was generally home early in the evening, writing.

Q. Did you ever see Mr. Richardson in Mrs. McFarland's room? A. Yes, sir.

Q. There was a bed in it? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you ever see Richardson in that room? A. I have.

Q. How often? A. I don't know, but I saw him three times one afternoon there.

Q. How long was that before Mrs. McFarland absconded? A. It may have been a week before.

Q. What did you see on these three occasions in the same afternoon? A. I went to borrow an ink-bottle; I think Mrs. McFarland gave it to me; Mr. Richardson sat in the rocking-chair, rocking; Mrs. McFarland was sitting right by him; their chairs were facing each other; when they were sitting down they were a yard or two apart; they were not very close; on the second occasion, about an hour after, I went for a stamp, and Mrs. McFarland gave it to me; Mr. Richardson was there; he evinced embarrassment very plainly; I didn't notice if she was embarrassed; half an hour afterward a young lady called, a relative of Mr. McFarland's, and I knocked at the door to tell Mrs. McFarland that some one had come; on that occasion I found Mr. Richardson there also; I could not see how he was seated, because the young lady passed in; I heard Mrs. McFarland introduce her to Mr. Richardson; I did not see whether Mrs. McFarland was dressing or doing anything connected with her wardrobe; Mr. McFarland remained about three days after Mrs. McFarland left; it may have been longer; Mr. Richardson continued to have that room until about the middle of March; Mrs. McFarland came back after Mr. McFarland left; she asked me to give her the back parlor again, as the gentleman's family with whom she was staying were coming home from Washington, and if I would let her stay a week and finish her engagement at the theatre she would then go to her father in Boston; she had a lady with her, whom she introduced as Miss Gilbert, Mr. Richardson's intended; I told her my husband was occupying the back room, and then she wanted to go into Mr. Richardson's room; I told her no, she could not have it; Mr. Richardson, at that time, was publishing a book in Hartford, and paying

for the room during his absence; she told me this young lady was Mr. Richardson's intended, when she introduced me; Mrs. McFarland did not get into Mr. Richardson's room, but she wanted to sleep there for a week; she told me Mr. McFarland's niece would sleep with her—the young lady, I think, who came in on the third occasion I have spoken of.

ELEVENTH DAY.

The Court opened a little later than usual, owing to the non-appearance of Recorder Hackett. The room rapidly filled, a larger number of ladies being present than on any previous day.

The first witness called was Mrs. Mary Mason, whose direct testimony was not concluded the previous day, on account of the lateness of the hour. Her examination was continued by Mr. Graham, as follows:

Q. Mrs. Mason, we were at the point of your stating that your husband was occupying the back room when Mrs. McFarland came to your house, and of her asking if she could be allowed to occupy Mr. Richardson's room with her niece. Did she get into your house at that time? A. No, sir; not for three days afterward; my husband had then vacated the back room.

Q. Did you see her during those three days? A. Yes, sir; about twice, when she came for letters; I saw the letters.

Q. Where were they from? A. From Hartford.

Q. That was where Richardson was? A. Yes, sir; his initials were on the letters.

Q. How long after she got possession of the back room did Richardson come? A. Very soon after; sooner than she said he would return.

Q. Did he telegraph her when he would come? A. He sent word not to lock his door.

Q. Did you see Mr. Richardson when he came in, or when did you discover that he had returned? A. The girl told me he was in the room the next morning; that was the first I knew of it; when I went to bed the night before, he was not there; when I got up in the morning he was; he sent to me that morning for a night-key.

Q. Some person must have let him in? A. Yes, sir; I don't know who it was.

Q. Do you remember Mrs. McFarland's ever saying to you that she did not intend to live with her husband again? A. I think she did say something to that effect; I told her I was surprised; I thought Mr. McFarland was very devoted to her; she said she knew he was.

Q. Did you remember her coming in one night and carrying out some things? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did she return to the house to sleep after that night? A. No, sir.

Q. What time did she come in? A. Between 9 and 10 o'clock.

Q. What did she take out? A. Several letters, and put them in her pocket, and also endeavored to secrete them from the girl; she afterward went into Mr. Richardson's room and took his night-clothes and a demi-john that was there; I saw her do this.

Q. When did McFarland come to the house after that? A. The next day or day after.

Q. Did he go into this back room? A. He did, and I was with him; he examined the trunk and found a bundle of letters; there was one from Mrs. Calhoun and one from Mrs. Sinclair; I don't know whether there were more than one from Mrs. Calhoun; Mr. McFarland read one from Mrs. Calhoun and one from Mrs. Sinclair.

Q. Did he discover a likeness of Richardson in the trunk? A. Yes, sir.

[Counsel showed witness a picture of Richardson, which she said was not the one found in the trunk, which was much larger.]

Q. Did he leave that in the trunk? A. Yes, sir; he was there about three-quarters of an hour, and was very much agitated.

Q. Did you tell McFarland about your having seen Richardson three times in one afternoon in Mrs. McFarland's room? A. Yes, sir; I told him the whole story as I have told it here.

Q. Do you remember Richardson's coming to breakfast with Mrs. McFarland at that house? A. The girl told me so; I sent up extra dishes for breakfast; I saw Richardson after the breakfast, about 10½ o'clock; this was three days after Mrs. McFarland had taken possession of the back room.

Q. Who cooked the breakfast? A. Mrs. McFarland.

Q. Do you remember the day the washerwoman brought some clothes there? A. Yes, sir.

[Mr. Graham shows witness a piece of paper.] Q. Was this piece of paper left on the clothes by the washerwoman? A. It looks like the paper.

Q. Did you see Mr. McFarland take that paper in his hands? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Mrs. McFarland's clean clothes were in that basket? A. Yes, sir.

[Mr. Graham then read what the paper contained. It was a list of the clothes cleaned. It consisted of three dozen and four pieces for Mrs. McFarland, and one dozen and two pieces for Mr. Richardson.]

Mr. Graham—I want to show that their washing went to the washerwoman, and came back clean, in the same basket.

Q. How often did Mr. McFarland come to see you after that? A. A good many times.

Q. Was he not in a state of great excitement? A. He was.

Q. When was this trunk removed in which he found the letters? A. I don't remember; three or four days; it was removed by Miss Gilbert, Miss Gilbert's father, and Mrs. McFarland in the morning.

TESTIMONY OF ANN McCOMMAT.

Examined by Mr. Graham.

I reside at No. 127 Amity street; I was living there in March, 1867, and have lived there seven years.

Q. Did you wash any clothes in the month of March, 1867, or about that time, that came from and were returned to No. 72 Amity street? A. Yes, sir.

Q. For whom? A. Mrs. McFarland and Mr. Richardson.

Q. Did you wash for Mrs. McFarland after she went away from No. 72 Amity street? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you remember this paper? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What clothes did you attach that paper to? A. To Mr. Richardson's and Mr. McFarland's and Mrs. McFarland's; Mrs. McFarland's clothing was by itself; my little girl got the clothes.

Q. Now all the clothes mentioned on this paper in pencil writing were sent home to No. 72 Amity street at one time? A. Yes, sir.

TESTIMONY OF DAVID SUARR.

Mr. David Suarr was then called and examined by Mr. Graham.

I live at No. 72 Amity street, and have owned the house about five years; I lived there while Mr. and Mrs. Mason lived there; I rented it to them; I retained the second floor; it is a good house and clean; I have seen Mr. McFarland once in a while; I remember when he and his wife and child lived in the house; I saw them once in a while, and also saw Mr. Richardson.

Q. Now, did you ever see Mrs. McFarland going into Mr. Richardson's room, and he going into her room? A. Yes, sir; I saw it every time I saw her.

Q. How soon after Mr. Richardson came into the house did you see that? A. I think right off.

Q. Have you seen it more than once in a day? A. Once or twice; I have seen them writing together in the front room; I have seen them alone talking together.

Q. Well, where was Mr. McFarland upon the occasion when you saw Richardson and his wife together as you have stated? A. I do not know.

Did you see him when you saw Richardson going into her room? A. No, sir, of course not; he was not there at this time.

Q. You saw Percy then? A. I saw him in the yard.

To Judge Garvin—I have owned that house five years and three months; Mrs. Mason occupied that house one year; I do not know how many men Mr. Richardson had writing for him; I saw them going in and out; I never called upon him or upon Mr. McFarland; I was not acquainted with any of them except to know them by sight; I knew that Mr. Richardson was writing for the newspapers and writing books.

Q. All you know is what you saw as you

passed through the hall? A. Going up and coming down stairs.

TESTIMONY OF WM. D. NORRIS, COLORED.

Examined by Mr. Graham—I live in Georgetown now; I came on to be a witness upon this trial; I know Daniel McFarland the prisoner; I lived in the house of Mr. Sinclair when he resided at No. 8 West Washington-place; I was there in February, 1867 when Mrs. McFarland came there to live; I first saw Mr. Richardson in this house some time during that Winter; I lived from October 7, 1866, to March 17, 1869, at Mr. Sinclair's; I know Mrs. McFarland; I saw her at the house at the time I knew Richardson to visit there; before this I knew Mr. Richardson and Mrs. McFarland to be in the house together two or three times; I think I first saw them together about the holidays; I saw them there together a good many times; I have known them to be frequently in one another's company about an hour; think they came and lunched together once or twice there; on other occasions I saw them in the parlor; they were sitting close together; it was generally in the afternoon Mrs. McFarland would come first and the Mr. Richardson would come.

Q. Have you ever seen any liberties passed between them? You know what liberties are, don't you? A. Do you mean letters [laughter.]

Q. Have you ever seen them put their hands on one another? A. Yes; I have seen them shake hands.

Q. Anything else? A. I have seen them kissing.

Q. Who kissed? A. She kissed him.

Q. On how many occasions did you see that? A. I saw it once.

Q. When was that? A. That was the time she was leaving for Boston.

Q. Don't you remember having seen it before that? A. No, sir.

Q. Did you never see her put her arm around his neck? A. Not before that.

Cross-examined—He was in the back parlor at the time; Mrs. Sinclair and her sister were there, too, but no one else; she went off to Boston on that day; Mr. Sinclair was not there; it was March 17, 1867.

Q. Had Mr. Richardson been laid up in bed before that? [Objected to, and excluded.]

Cross-examined—This was about 2 in the afternoon; I was not in the room but could see as well as if I was there; the carriage was at the door; Mrs. McFarland, Mr. Sinclair and I went in it; I rode with the driver; I didn't go to take care of the trunk but just for the ride.

Re-direct—We went to the New Haven depot.

TESTIMONY OF CHARITY ANDERMAN.

Examined by Mr. Graham—I live in Newark, New Jersey, at No. 437 Washington-st.; in the Spring and Summer of 1868



H. H. SMITH - SC
O. B. FROTHINGHAM



HORACE GREELEY



HENRY WARD BEECHER

s living in Elizabeth av. ; I knew a family the name of Gilbert ; I could not say whether or not the father's name is Arad ; his business was to peddle books ; I have seen Mrs. McFarland there ; she had a child with her, a little boy called Danny ; these pictures represent her ; she was stopping here ; I lived about 200 hundred yards from the house ; Mr. Gilbert's family moved there in May, 1868, and she came with them ; I think she remained there three or four months ; I saw Mr. Richardson there ; the first I noticed of him I used to see her frequently meeting him ; I saw them one day when he had a bouquet in his hand ; Mrs. McFarland was right behind me, and as Mr. Richardson passed me, I turned around ; he gave Mrs. McFarland the bouquet and they kissed each other ; I never saw them meet but that one time in that way ; I saw her nearly every evening between four and five go by on the sidewalk, and in ten or fifteen minutes she and Mr. Richardson would come back together ; this lasted three or four months ; I never saw Mr. Richardson away in the morning, to my recollection ; I never saw him leave at all ; I saw him go to the house, but I never saw him come out that I recollect.

Frank B. Carpenter, Edwin Booth, and William Stuart were called for, but were not present.

TESTIMONY OF ANNA BURDOCK.

Examined by Mr. Gerry—In the Fall of 1866, I was attached to the Winter Garden Theatre as general dresser for the ladies ; I knew Mrs. McFarland as Miss Cushing ; she first came there in November, 1866 ; I have seen Mr. Richardson come there for Mrs. McFarland at the close of the performance ; I have seen him three or four times waiting for her ; I think I first saw him there about the middle of March ; Mrs. McFarland appeared as Nerissa the first time I dressed her ; she had played the Queen in Hamlet during two weeks that I was away ; Mr. Richardson came for her the last night she played, in March, 1867 ; I was a witness on the habeas corpus, and communicated this to Mr. McFarland.

Cross-examined by Judge Davis—I have no recollection of ever seeing Mr. Richardson there until about the middle of March, 1867.

Re-direct—I didn't see him more than three or four times altogether ; he was waiting for her when the curtain fell, and went away with her ; Mrs. McFarland said to me that her husband was very good and kind to her ; there was a great difference in their ages, but that made no difference ; she told me that several times.

RICHARDSON'S LIFE INSURANCE POLICY.

Charles A. Hopkins, cashier of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, was sworn, and produced an identified Policy, No. 254, issued by that Company January 13,

1868, for \$3,000, in favor of Albert D. Richardson, assigned to Mrs. Abbie S. McFarland, and paid February 25, 1870, to Mrs. Abbie S. Richardson. This was offered in evidence and objected to.

Mr. Graham—I propose to show that this is competent under evidence that Mr. Nones gave that he had a conversation with Mr. Richardson on the 7th of January, 1867, in which Richardson said that he (not Mrs. McFarland, but he himself) meant to get a divorce and to marry her as soon as he could, and meant that she should never live with her husband again. I mean to show that from that hour he fulfilled the threat to the letter. He averted from that woman pecuniary need and put her in diamonds and silks far beyond her means. He tempted her with life insurance in her favor, and with every species of gew-gaw that could possibly attract her. I doubt whether walls and bars would have kept this woman from her husband as effectually as the pecuniary temptations with which this libertine surrounded her. Richardson was the villain that held her in the palm of his hand. When a man goes to a well-earned tomb as Richardson did, it would be impiety, when justice calls, to speak of his acts in any other terms than they demand. I have no right to call him a saint if the evidence shows him to be a devil. His very body now desecrates the grave. There is no man that carries a heart in his bosom that wants to lie under the ground if it covers such a body as Richardson carried in his life.

Recorder Hackett, after quietly remarking that "Richardson unfortunately is not here to defend himself," decided that the insurance policy was not material to the case and could not be allowed.

TWELFTH DAY.

The twelfth day of the McFarland trial showed no diminution in the numbers who clamored for admission, while the number who succeeded in getting in was larger than usual.

The first witness called was Mr. Carpenter, the artist and author of "Six Months in the White House," who was examined by Mr. Gerry :

I am an artist by profession, and was acquainted with Mr. Richardson ; I also know Mr. McFarland, the prisoner, and his wife ; I first knew Mr. Richardson in 1865—I think in January or February ; I do not remember ever seeing Mr. Richardson and Mrs. McFarland at my house together at an entertainment ; I remember an occasion when Mr. Richardson was present at my house at an entertainment ; I saw them together once in February, 1867, at my studio ; I do not remember the day of the month ; I should say that they called about 12 o'clock, in the middle of the day ; they called by invitation to see one of my paintings ; I invited Mr. Richardson, and he asked if he might bring

one or two friends; I said certainly; this was previous to the 23d of February; they did not remain but a short time.

THE ESTATE OF ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.

Mr. Augustus W. Olliver was then called to testify as to whether any letters of administration had been granted on the estate of Albert D. Richardson in this city, but the testimony was excluded by Recorder Hackett, the defence taking an exception to his ruling, and to all subsequent rulings against them on documentary evidence.

TESTIMONY OF JOHN H. CHAUNCEY.

Mr. John H. Chauncey was then called, and examined by Mr. Graham.

I reside at No. 228 Spring st., and am an Attorney-at-Law employed in the Register's office; I made searches in the office of the Register relative to real estate standing in the name of Daniel McFarland, and find the record of a deed from Thomas C. Stone to Daniel McFarland, dated June 3, 1858, conveying a house and lot, No. 389 Greenwich st., the consideration being \$20,000; I also find recorded a deed from Wm. Hagerdon to Daniel McFarland, dated April 22, 1859, of the lots Nos. 244, 246, 254 and 256 East Fourteenth st., for \$20,000.

Mr. Gerry—I offer in evidence an exemplified copy of a deed of a house made the 15th of April, 1869, from Miles Janson and Jane his wife, of the township of Woodside, to Albert D. Richardson for the consideration of \$9,000. [Excluded.]

Mr. Graham—The object of that is to show, Sir, that Richardson was making provision for this marriage, supposed to take place as soon as a fraudulent divorce was procured.

I offer next in evidence, under the seal of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, the diploma of Daniel McFarland allowing him to practice law in the Supreme Court of that State. [Excluded as irrelevant.]

Mr. Graham—That is competent, if your Honor please, as showing his occupation. He has a right to practice in three States—Massachusetts, this State and Wisconsin.

Recorder Hackett—If you press it, it is admitted.

Mr. Graham—He could not get a respectable lawyer to move his admission unless he was a respectable man.

Recorder Hackett—I think Mr. McFarland's character has been fully proved.

Mr. Gerry—I offer further a letter from Samuel Sinclair, bearing date Jan. 11, 1867, to Mr. McElrath.

We will by this show that the friendship between them extended down to 1869. This evidence is important, as showing the friendship between him and Mr. Sinclair. [Admitted.]

Mr. Gerry then read the letter, as follows:

OFFICE OF THE TRIBUNE.

DEAR SIR: I have known Mr. Daniel McFarland for many years, and know him

to be an honest, capable and worthy man, and worthy of your confidence, I ask you to give him an appointment in your department.

Very respectfully,
SAMUEL SINCLAIR.

I offer next a letter from Samuel Sinclair, bearing date 9th of March, 1867, to the Hon Salmon P. Chase. [Objected to.]

Recorder Hackett—Why don't you subpoena Mr. Sinclair?

Mr. Graham—Your Honor knows as well as I do that we would be unworthy of our position if we went into the camp of our enemy for witnesses.

Recorder Hackett—The letter is excluded.

The deposition of Prof. Wm. Russell, of Lancaster, Mass., was next read, as follows: I know Daniel McFarland, he having come to me, from Dartmouth College in the year 1849, for special instruction in elocution; when he came to me he was a cultivated man in person, manners, and intellect; when he left me his character in these particulars was the same; he was a gentleman always; he was held in good estimation by myself and by the other instructors and students; I do not think I have seen him since he left in 1850; he was always, while with me, a good student, gentlemanly in his deportment, a favorite with his fellow students, and with a high ambition to succeed in life; he was always respected.

The deposition of ex-Governor Farwell, of Wisconsin was next read. He testifies to having known Mr. McFarland during the years 1854, 1859, and 1860, and that he respected him as a lawyer, and as a man; he had been friendly with him, but not intimate; he also knew Mrs. McFarland; they seemed devoted to each other.

TESTIMONY OF DR. AUSTIN FLINT.

Dr. Austin Flint was then called and examined by Mr. Gerry.

I am a Professor of Medicine in Bellevue Hospital, and also Consulting Physician to the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island, and the Foundling Hospital on Ward's Island, and to the Department of Out-Door Poor of Bellevue Hospital; my speciality is disease of the heart and lungs, and I have written several works on these specialities; I visited Daniel McFarland at the Toombs, the first Sunday of the present month, and made an examination of him, physically, with reference to diseases of the lungs and heart. The action of the heart is active above what is known; the causes of functional disorder of the heart are various; impoverished condition of the blood is one; long mental anxiety is another; those are the more important ones; organic diseases have their special signs, and we find that it is not organic by the absence of these signs.

Q. Do you discover any functional disorder of the heart? A. Nothing more than the increased frequency; I do not at this moment remember the exact frequency of the pulse; I think it was over 100, but I do

ot remember exactly; I should say it was abnormal; the frequency of the pulse varies; they vary from about 40 to 90; 72 is usually stated as the mean frequency; I made no other examination of him; I remember that his pulse was above 100.

ILLNESS OF RECORDER HACKETT.

At the conclusion of Dr. Flint's testimony, Mr. Graham moved that the Court adjourn on account of the illness of Recorder Hackett. District-Attorney Garvin concurred in the motion, and the Court adjourned until Monday, 25th.

APRIL 25.—Trial resumed. The Recorder being quite well. The court room was crowded with both sexes. The first witness John Orr, Assistant Warden at the City Prison, testified that the prisoner could not sleep, and used to read in his cell at night.

Reuben A. Vance, Out-door Physician of the Bellevue Hospital, testified that he examined the prisoner's condition, and found congestion of the brain developed.

This witness further testified that he believed the prisoner absolutely insane when he fired the pistol at Richardson.

Mr. Graham at this point stood up and said that some city papers had reproduced an article from some Western paper, which stated that he (Graham) had gone to the District Attorney and disavowed his conduct in the trial with regard to Mrs. Calhoun. He wished to state that neither to the District Attorney nor to any other human being did he make such statement.

The District Attorney corroborated Mr. Graham's statement. The court then adjourned.

APRIL 26.—The court-room was crowded. Dr. Vance was again examined, and testified to the irrational manner of the prisoner. To the question, What is the particular form of insanity with which the prisoner was suffering at the time of the shooting, he replied, "A perversion of mind on all subjects—a mania." During the examination the witness said he was called by the defence and testified for the prosecution; also testified in the Chambers case, and said that Chambers was not insane. Chambers said he had triumphed over all the doctors but witness.

Dr. Parsons, physician to the New York City Lunatic Asylum since 1837, testified that expressions of a desire to commit suicide would indicate the existence of insanity under certain circumstances. He thought the love of a man for his wife, and her leaving him for another, would be very likely to lead to insanity. A pulse beating from 110 to 120 would lead to the disease of the brain.

At three o'clock, the District Attorney announced the death of Judge Russell, whereupon, after the usual eulogies from the leading counsel, the Court adjourned.

APRIL 27.—The court opened at 11 A.M. The insanity business being under consideration, one of the jurymen compared it to a

long and tedious sermon of which every body was tired.

Edward P. Niver, night watchman at the city prison, testified to the general sleeplessness of the prisoner. Frequently saw a light burning late at night in the cell of the prisoner; often complained that he could not sleep.

Dr. Hammond came to the conclusion that the congestion of the brain with which the prisoner suffered was the cause of his having committed the deed. All the indications of the prisoner's case led witness to the opinion that McFarland was insane at the time, and he thought that if he kept away from the *Tribune* office he would not be likely to explode as he did.

APRIL 28.—Horace Greeley was in the witness box, testifying to various conversations which he had had with the prisoner concerning his domestic troubles, previous to the shooting of Richardson. Mr. Greeley said he first met Richardson in Kansas, in May, 1859, and that he became connected with the *Tribune* the following winter.

Counsel for the prisoner put certain leading questions as to the Astor House wedding, but the Recorder ruled them out as irrelevant. Counsel said they proposed to show that the witness had used blasphemous language both as to the prisoner and the Recorder, also, that the witness and certain other parties were all united in a common bond, and were biassed to exculpate themselves by inculpating others.

Mr. Greeley admitted having written an editorial in the *Tribune* on this subject, headed "Revenge," but denied that he had ever used profane language in an interview which a certain newspaper reporter (Isaac G. Reed) had put into his mouth as the result of an interview. The witness, in reply to another question, said he had understood from McFarland, that after the first shooting affair he had resigned all ownership of his wife.

Witness admitted having given prisoner letters of recommendation at various times. He also admitted writing the Calhoun letter to Rev. Mr. Beecher, while Richardson was at the Astor House. Counsel asked with what view was that letter written, but the District Attorney objected, and the objection was sustained by the Court.

Mr. Samuel Sinclair, publisher of the *Tribune*, was next placed on the stand. His testimony related chiefly to his acquaintance with the prisoner, and to various interviews with him, in the presence of his wife, Oliver Johnson and other parties, in the spring of 1857. Counsel for defence objected to going so far back. The defence claimed that the prisoner was maddened by the intercepted letter, March 10th, 1867, whereas these interviews preceded that.

The District Attorney, on the other hand, contended that they had the right to follow the life of the prisoner through those years, to show that he was not insane and had no

predisposing symptoms of insanity. Mr. Graham characterized this as "weak, flimsy, disreputable logic," and as showing the weakness of the prosecution in their efforts to tie the defence down, and then trying to leap the limits themselves had laid down.

The District Attorney said they proposed to show that, in this conversation, an agreement was entered into by husband and wife. As the other side had travelled over the prisoner's whole life, they could not be cut off from going into some portion of his life also in rebuttal.

Finally the question was allowed, and then Mr. Sinclair proceeded to give the details of the verbal agreement between the prisoner and his wife to separate, with which our readers are already sufficiently familiar. The prisoner, after the separation had frequently said to him he was determined that Richardson should never live with Mrs. McFarland. Even if married, they would not live together, as he would shoot him.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENES AT THE TRIAL—THE RELENTING OF WITNESSES UPSET BY COUNSEL FOR DEFENCE—SINGULAR REVELATIONS—A RENCONTRE BETWEEN OPPOSING COUNSEL—ALMOST A FIGHT—THE COMBATANTS SEPARATED BY MCFARLAND.

APRIL 29.—The trial was adjourned at an early hour to-day owing to the funeral of City Judge Russell, which took place from Grace Church at three o'clock. But the few hours during which the trial progressed were significant for the scenes and byplay, which added more than usual interest to the proceedings. The idea of

REBUTTING TESTIMONY

is to overthrow the theory of the defence and to disprove in this case, at least, the insanity under which McFarland is said to have labored when he shot Richardson. In order to upset the voluminous testimony of the defence on that point, it needs very respectable witnesses, and men whose testimony cannot be undervalued, much less overthrown. The value of the testimony of one of these rebutting witnesses was shown to-day by Mr. Graham's cross-examination of Mr. Howell. He was asked in how many different businesses he had been.

Graham. We want to show whether you are a shiftless man or not.

The witness replied that he had been a dentist, hair-pin manufacturer, a daguerreotypist, newspaper editor, farm hand, drug clerk, selling patent rights, inspector of customs, and in other government employment.

Mr. Graham. What do you call yourself? (a giggle.) Do you consider yourself a jack-of-all-trades, or do you have any particular trade? What do you call yourself?

Howell. I call myself an inventor.

Graham. So should I, (a titter.)

Holdridge Dewery, a clerk in the Custom-house, was next examined. The moment this man came upon the stand, the District

Attorney, whose witness he was, complained that he could not hear him.

Graham. We'll make him speak so you'll hear him in a few minutes. He'll say something you won't want to hear.

And really Graham was right. The moment witness was turned over to the defence, Mr. Graham asked him, "How often have you abandoned your wife?" There was an immediate change in the voice of the witness, when he replied, "Only once," and then stated that Justice Ledwith had signed the warrant for his arrest.

Charles G. Stone, of Hartford, testified that he knew McFarland since 1863; knew him to be a drinking man; under the influence of liquor he was morose, unpleasant, and irritable; McFarland came to my office and showed me a letter, saying if he saw any more such letters he would shoot Richardson.

To Mr. Graham. I was clerk in the enrolment office under McFarland; I was discharged, and considered him the cause of my displacement; I avowed publicly my hostility to him; McFarland did not drink more than other men in respectable positions.

ANOTHER SCENE.

A woman of fifty-three years of age was placed on the stand, who swore that she had seen McFarland drunk. Counsel for defence nearly worried that woman's life out on cross-examination. She was asked how she knew it was liquor.

Mrs. Lane. It makes no difference what I know, I know it was liquor.

Mr. Graham. Can't you try and remember when that was?

Mrs. Lane. I've remembered all I'm going to remember.

Judge Davis then handed in as evidence for the prosecution the certified decree in the *habeas corpus* case for the possession of the children.

Mr. Graham then remarked that the prosecution were

BAKING ALL THE GUTTERS

of New York to furnish evidence against McFarland—when Mr. Davis, who assists in the prosecution, got up excitedly and said: This is an interruption, an outrage. The time will come when we will lose our patience.

Mr. Graham. Why not lose it now?

Mr. Davis then characterized the conduct of the counsel for the defence as infamous, as something never heard of before in a Court of Law, where witnesses the most innocent were so bitterly assaulted and slandered.

This was said only a few minutes before the adjournment of the Court, and left Graham no opportunity to reply. But the moment the Judge had left the court-room Graham walked excitedly up to Mr. Davis and

SHOOK HIS FIST

right under the nose of the prosecuting officer, and told him that he was a "mean coward." Graham continued, "I'll lick you u

five minutes. Let us settle it now." It would have come to blows between opposing counsel, had they not been interfered with by the prisoner, McFarland, who separated the combatants. Extraordinary coincidence! A man on trial for his life preventing bloodshed! The affair has created intense excitement around the City Hall, and this afternoon is the great talk of the town. Fortunately, it occurred after the Court had adjourned.

MAY 2.—This was a field-day in the trial. The morning hours passed by rather slowly, as the expectation was great all the time, it being well-known that two of the leading actors in this extraordinary drama were to be in Court, and to be placed on the stand. The only important testimony in the morning was that of Mr. Pomeroy, who swore that McFarland offered to sell the evidence of his wife's debauchery for \$100, as a sensation for the *Democrat* to offset the ravings of the *Tribune*. Mr. Pomeroy, however, on cross-examination could not swear when the prisoner was pointed out to him that he was the same man who offered him the copy. After recess, the great sensation of the trial came off. Three witnesses of no great importance had given their testimony, when suddenly the name of Mrs. Runkle (Mrs. Calhoun) was called. She at once came out of a corner of the court-room and walked firmly up to the witness stand. She was dressed in a dark dress with black velvet cloak, and a hat with feather. She made at once a very favorable impression upon the audience, all of whom stared at her sufficiently long to throw her into fits, as was the case with another woman on this trial not many days since. But Mrs. Calhoun was well composed on the stand. She did not speak loud, nor did she say too much; answered all the questions very readily, and seemed to rely for protection on the Court, should counsel attempt to brow-beat her. But counsel did not. She constantly looked up to the Judge, and watched particularly what he had to say. Whether she did so to escape the glances of the prisoner or those of the lawyers for the defence, is difficult to say. Certain it is, that she turned her head constantly to Recorder Hackett, as if exploring him to stand by her. Her testimony given in a straightforward manner proved that McFarland was delighted with the idea at the time that his wife went on the stage; that not only did he consent to her earning her livelihood in that manner, but he formed part of those who were constantly consulted in regard to this new mode of life laid out for Mrs. McFarland. There was a long argument between counsel whether the witness should be permitted to explain in the letter believed to contain the letters J. R. Y., and when the question was finally admitted, she said audibly after glancing at the letter, "you." A sort of titter ran through the court-room when the answer was made.

On cross-examination, Mr. Graham was

rather gentle with her. She apparently was a match for him. Only once he called her "woman," when he immediately apologized, and said "lady." Still the answers he obtained were unsatisfactory to the defence. To the question, how often she had seen the District Attorney, she replied, "Not at all." Neither had she seen Mrs. McFarland for some time past. Graham was nonplussed entirely, and made her cross-examination very short. Mr. Davis made a speech alluding to the manner in which the lady on the stand had been spoken of by the defence, during which Mrs. Runkle (Calhoun) wept bitterly. It was reported in Court that Mrs. McFarland was in the court-room, but it was denied by those who ought to know.

CONCLUSION OF TESTIMONY.

MAY 3.—The prosecution continued to examine witnesses for rebutting testimony to-day, but did not conclude. The witnesses examined were nearly all ladies, among whom was Mrs. McFarland's mother, Mrs. Sage, Mrs. Calhoun's sister, and her mother, Mrs. Gilbert; also, Miss Lizzie Sinclair. They all testified to the prisoner's brutal and extraordinary conduct toward his wife, and not any of them appears to have read the newspapers; at least Mrs. McFarland's mother said she never heard of the intercepted letter before. Dr. Echeverria was examined to prove that McFarland was not insane, but the prosecution did not make much out of him. The counsel for defence constantly objected, and so worried him that he did not establish much. There were a very large number of ladies in court to-day. Some of them, it is said, waiting with anxiety to know the result of this trial, as they intend to follow Mrs. McFarland's example, and leave their husbands. Some of the reporters at the trial appear to be aware of these facts, and point out some of these candidates for notoriety to any inquiring visitor.

MAY 4.—Some new points were brought out at the trial to-day. Mrs. Sinclair, for instance, swore that she knew of the marriage engagement between Richardson and Mrs. McFarland a day before the first shooting took place. This first shooting business was, for the first time, gone into at length to-day. An officer testified that when he made the arrest, at the time, he found Richardson and McFarland fighting together and rolling in the gutter, with Richardson on the top, holding McFarland's arm, so as to prevent him from shooting. Another officer, who accompanied Richardson to his home in Washington place, stated that Mrs. McFarland at that time came in, put her hands on Richardson's thigh and addressed him as "my dear," asking him how he was getting along. The prosecution closed the rebutting testimony, and the defence immediately called for rebuttal witnesses to disprove the fact that McFarland was a drunkard. They brought on the stand a large number of

boarding-house keepers and others, who have known the prisoner for years. All of them swore that they saw him take a drink now and then, but never saw him under the influence of liquor. One of these witnesses said that his conduct toward his wife appeared to him always more like that of a lover than that of a husband; there appeared to be extraordinary good feeling between the two at all times, and his conduct was for years that of a gentleman and scholar. Some very interesting letters written by the prisoner, one to his "dear wife," were handed in as evidence.

The last day's testimony was quite spicy, and in some respects important in so far as it showed that Richardson did have a pistol with him at the time he was shot. Mr. Nichols swore he took it away from him after the shooting. This has all along been denied by the witnesses from the *Tribune* office, and Mr. Graham to-day called attention to the fact that they had not heard the truth from those witnesses. Fitzhugh Ludlow testified, on being recalled, as follows: "I remember the prisoner showing me a letter from Mrs. Calhoun, without date; but that appeared to be written in 1867; McFarland, in reading that letter, came to the letters 'J. R. Y.,' and remarked at the time, 'that means John Russell Young.'" Isaac G. Reed, the champion interviewer, who, it will be remembered, interviewed Horace Greeley shortly after the Astor House marriage, was on the stand, and cross-examined as to his interviews with the *Tribune* philosopher. His testimony was very funny, in so far as it shows what a profane man this great and good Greeley really is. Mr. Reed said Mr. Greeley used almost the exact words I have used as to Mr. McFarland having given up all right to his wife, and as to his having to testify against him, and the phrase as to his being a dirty d——d villain.

To the Recorder—His exact words as to the Recorder were, he was a "G—d——d little Judge."

To Mr. Davis—I am not sure of the exact month; I only know it was a day or two days after my interview with Mr. Beecher; when I went in I did not represent myself as from any paper; I did not go there to get it for the *Sun*; I intended to publish it in the *Sun*, but if circumstances had been different I should have given it to any other paper; I got forty dollars, I think, for it from the *Sun*; I think it was rather cheap; Mr. Greeley talked to me most freely; I so published in a card; I emasculated the oaths; I think he swore five times to my statement of one; if I had left out the oaths, no journalist would have believed it was a true account.

SEVERAL LETTERS

were introduced to-day, one by Mrs. McFarland to her "darling husband," as follows:

MANCHESTER, November 21, 1859.

"MY DARLING HUSBAND:—I received your letter of yesterday, to-day. Why is it that

I get your letter so soon, and you are so long getting mine? I cannot account for it. I am very particular about marking them, and yet they are so long reaching you. I received the \$50 inclosed. I shall give mother \$6 of it for last week and this, and then I guess I shall order a bonnet. I shall try and get one you like, and I almost always suit you, don't I? The little, or great (I don't know which) cadeau has not arrived. It will to-night, and I am all anxiety to see what my dear husband has sent as a new proof of his love to me. I shall doubtless be delighted, and shall write soon to tell you all my impressions. I feel quite worried about your cold. I have every time you write me, although it is quite common for these obstinate colds to hang on all winter. I wish you would go immediately to Dr. Gunnesey. He is a gentleman of intelligence, and certainly has more experience in colds than you have. Will you, as a personal favor to me, go and see him if it gets no better in a week or so? You must do one or two things. Either go on a little trip to Philadelphia or Virginia, where it is warmer, or else I shall come on and nurse you. This taking a wet sheet by yourself, without any one to tuck you up in bed, is ruinous. You will tell me exactly how it is the next time you write, won't you? I shall feel very anxious if you are not frank with me. I was very deeply affected by your letter; and all you said about our misunderstandings was very painful to me. Not violently painful; but it grieved me to think that in the midst of so much anxiety you have been suffering, that you should have had those things to trouble you, too. Believe me, even if I had not known how much I loved you, separation would have taught me. I find all my philosophy tried to the utmost to support the thought of so long an absence from you.

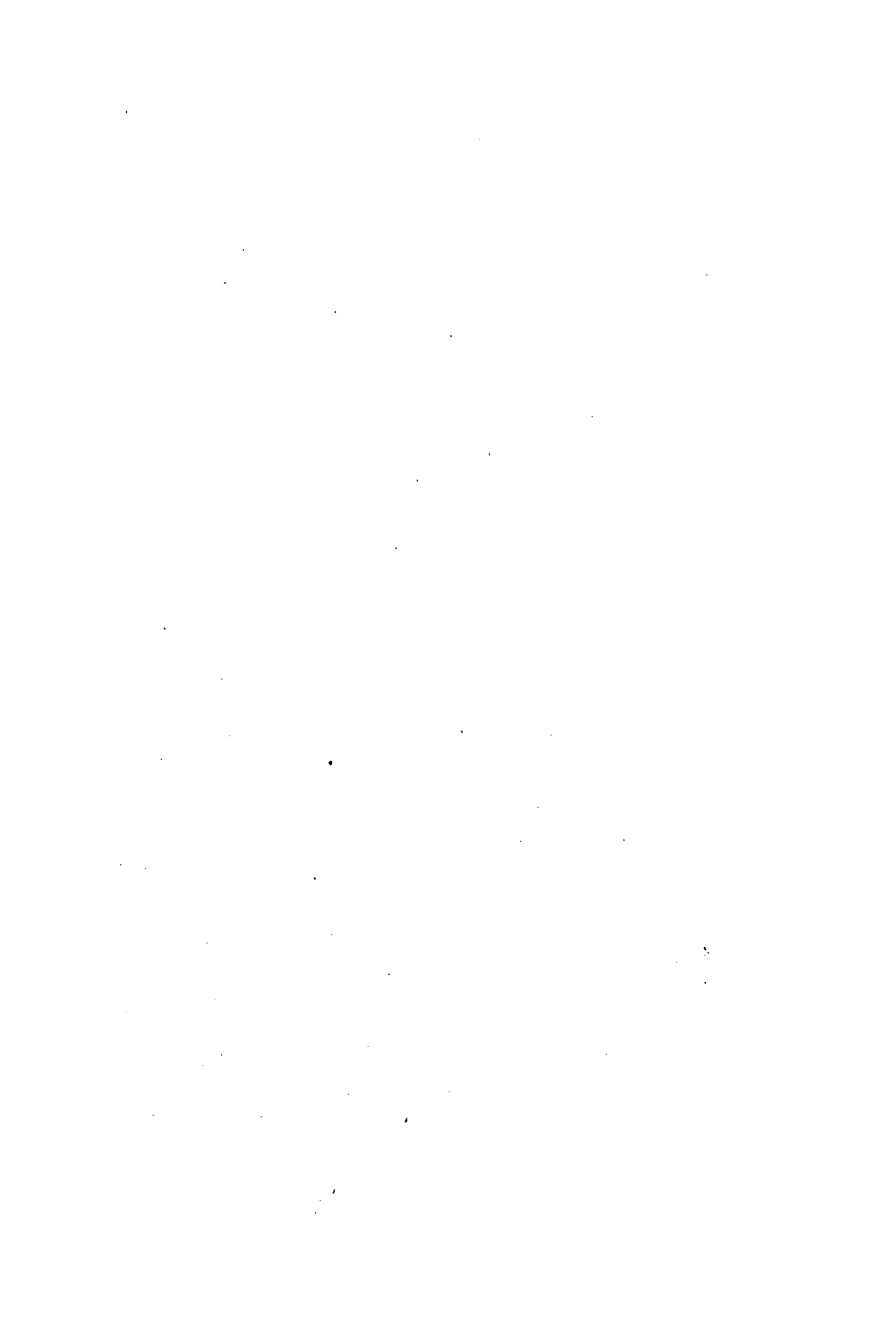
"You don't know how many lonely hours I spend, how much I worry about you, and how much I regret that I ever was perverse or obstinate. It is impossible perhaps that two persons should never do each other wrong often. That is the bane of all love and affection; the impossibility of a perfect understanding; but there are always atonements as compensation, and there is nothing that cannot become forgotten, or so well forgiven that it is hardly remembered. Don't mistrust my affection, and believe I love you as dearly, a thousand times more so, than two years ago. Write me particularly, exactly when you receive this. It is mailed at a quarter of four, Monday afternoon. Write exactly respecting your cold, won't you? or I shall be very uneasy.

"Your loving wife.

"ABBIE McFARLAND."

"P. S.—Mother sends her love. She is sitting in her room making my carpet."

Letters were also read written by Mrs. Sage to Percy and to McFarland, showing anxiety to have Percy go to Massachusetts





THE CAUTION PLEADING FOR MRS. MCFARLAND BEFORE THE INDIANA DIVORCE COURT.

GRAHAM'S SUMMING UP—THE DIVINE, THE LEGAL VIEW, AND THE COMMON SENSE VIEW OF THE CASE.

rush to hear Mr. Graham's summing up the case, began at an early hour and ended long after all hope of getting into court-room must have been abandoned by the most sanguine rusher. The presence of ladies was overwhelming; and the *attaches* of the General Sessions. Under express orders to admit no one without a pass, unable to withstand assaults of the much-jostled fair ones, fell in a technicality which would have done credit to the subtlest intellect that ever existed itself at the criminal bar, and added the entire feminine throng, on the ground that their orders only related to men, and did not operate against celestial beings.

New York bar was out in force. Scores of legal heads "that all men know" were pressed among the audience. The meditation was also largely represented by distinguished members.

JUDGE DAVIS LEAVES THE CASE.

Graham did not arrive till 11:08. Garvin, Davis, and Gerry were in place when Mr. Graham came in, and a moment later Mr. Davis stepped to the bench to bid Judge Hackett farewell, and to give of the case, to the great surprise of those present.

Things being in readiness, Judge Davis bowed to Mr. Graham; who, amid a profound silence, arose to begin the final address before the Court and jury for the life of McFarland's life. The eminent counsel, notwithstanding all his strength, sensitive and emotional as a girl, was deeply moved, and his voice thrilled with noble pathos, as he said:

"It please the Court, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: How consoling to me this day to this afflicted, sorrowing, heart-broken man! He is at last where there is no cause to dread to be, before a jury of his peers, the highest social privilege guaranteed to him by the laws of his country. In his bosom for many a dreary hour he carried a heart of anguish, likened to the nether mill-stone, figuratively speaking, may be almost said to be light as [Emotion.] Death, stripped of the terrors and odium sought to be attached to it in his case, might be to him a relief of repose. Long enough has he en-

DECLARATION OF THE MERCILESS STORM.

"I do not now trust that he will find mercy in your justice, and that that justice will be tempered with mercy, as you all expect to be forgiven? [Great emotion, several of the jurors weeping.] You, my fellow-men, through me, his friend and undeserving advocate, he turns, arbiters of his worldly hope and his

earthly destiny. In him are united the wrongs of a dishonored husband and an injured and outraged father.

His story can be briefly told. He has loved not wisely, but too well. You have heard some of the particulars of his sad career, and have they not gone to the very depths of your souls? Has not each one of you, during the developments of this unnatural investigation, asked yourselves over and over again the question, should I have done less than he did, or might I not have done even more? Who can tell the capacity of the human mind to withstand or resist those pressures against which it may have to contend. Who can overturn the work of Omnipotence? Who can altar or reverse its fiat? If we turn our eyes to those

TRACKLESS, UNMEASURED REALMS OF SPACE

which abound with the evidences of the vastness, power, and wisdom of the Author of All, how are we overwhelmed by the grandeur of the contemplation, and shrivelled by a sense of our own meanness! Which of us could be found irreligious enough to question or seek to interfere with the laws which regulate and control the movements of those countless systems, compared to which our own sphere is as a speck, and with which it has not any ascertainable connection. Who can check the light, or restrain the heat which issues from

THE SUN!

Who can return to the queen of night her silvery whiteness, or despoil her of any of her procreant fulness? Who can appoint the time for the blowing of the wind, or order the appearance of the lightnings, or the advent of the day? These are not within the scope of human power; these are not among the human prerogatives. It is to this category we assign the human mind. It is the breath of the Deity, it is a fire of his kindling. It is the immortal soul, bound on its way to eternity. It contains the elements communicated to it from its Divine source. It is as impracticable for us to extinguish it ultimately as to create it anew, or to endow it with a different character. There is a point up to which its operations may be said to be vicious or criminal, but beyond that point its action is suspended for secular purposes, leaving its possessor an involuntary agent in the execution and

INFLECTION OF DIVINE VENGEANCE.

What is the allegation in this prosecution? Not, may it please the Court, and you, gentlemen of the jury, that the individual who has passed to his grave has met an unmerited doom at the hands of this defendant, not that if he sullied the marital honor of his neighbor, he didn't disentitle himself to live; but merely this, that however just or righteous his reward, he received it at the hands of an unauthorized instrumentality. [Sensation.] That must depend upon the mental

CONDITION OF THE SLAYER

at the time of the commission of his act. This, and this alone, is the consideration which meets you at the threshold, and is not to leave you until you reach the close of this solemn proceeding.

And here I may be permitted to return the thanks of myself and my learned brother associated with me in this defence to the Court for the amenity we have experienced at its hands from the first morning of this trial to the close of this investigation. Your Honor's responsibility (turning and bowing to the Court) has been great, and your trust has been most sacred. Many important questions have arisen here, which had to be decided upon

THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

They have had to be summarily disposed of to enable the wheels of this trial to roll on; every decision you have made has been prompted by humanity of motive, by purity of intuition, and by an unquestionable spirit of impartiality.

But, gentlemen of the jury (turning to the jurors), our obligations to you are overwhelming. We have taxed your patience and time beyond all precedent. We know not how to thank you. Your sacrifices have been great. Remembering the great moral as well as social duty of this occasion, in later life, it may be a gratification to you to revert to the incidents of this trial.

GOD GRANT YOU MAY BE SPARED

to see the good results which may issue from your verdict on this solemn occasion, and that your reflections, as your memory reverts to the incidents of this unexampled trial, will prove to you some compensation for the loss you have been compelled to sustain.

This is the third occasion, within twelve years, although a single man myself, that I have had the distinguished honor conferred upon me of upholding and defending the

SACREDNESS OF THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

Within that period three of the most exciting trials that ever occurred in this country, and that have ever occurred, have taken place, and it has been my distinguished privilege to appear in every one of these trials. Why it is, when I cannot practically enter into sympathy with such a relation, that I have been subjected to appear in these cases, I cannot tell. I desire on this occasion, as I have on other occasions, to say that I regard marriage as sacred; and perhaps if I had entertained a less regard for the relation I might have contracted it. But the veneration with which I regard it is such as to induce me to maintain on all occasions the sacredness of the relation.

The portraiture of woman's nature transcends the powers of any individual, no matter how great his genius. To do justice to her charms, to exhibit fairly her affection, and present her as she is, has challenged

and exercised the brightest imaginings of the orator, the greatest exertions of the author, the pen of the poet, the brush of the painter, and the chisel of the sculptor. The extreme delicacy and

SENSITIVENESS OF WOMAN'S CONSTITUTION

never intended her for masculine pursuits which are so well adapted to the sturdy attributes of man. What more power does she desire, what more can she have, than is her in the marriage relation? There, within the home, the exercise of her power is unlimited in forming and moulding a husband's devotion. The potter cannot have more power over the clay, in forming one vessel unto honor and another to dishonor, than has the wife over the attributes of her husband. If there is unhappiness in the domestic circle she can cause it to disappear. Poverty ceases to be felt amid the consolations of home and all

SORROW CEASES

in the presence of her smiles. But let the words of King Lemuel in praise of his queen in Scriptures, describe the attributes of the virtuous wife:

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. Her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdle to the merchant.

STRENGTH AND HONOR ARE HER CLOTHING,

and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband shall and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them a Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but

A WOMAN THAT FEARETH THE LORD she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

Mr. Graham delivered this quotation amid absolute silence, with surpassing elocutionary effect, and it made a deep impression upon the jury and the audience, more especially the ladies, to whom it seemed to come as revelation. When the excitement which followed the delivery of this Scriptural passage had somewhat subsided, Mr. Graham proceeded to comment on this as a case of

MURDER OR NOTHING.

(Sensation.) There must be no compromise verdict here. [Renewed sensation.] If McFarland is guilty at all, he is guilty murder, and the juror who would comp

mise him into a State Prison would violate his oath. If he is not convicted of murder, then he is not guilty; there is no medium joint here. And so I place this man before his jury. We want no strategy in this case. We want no such diplomacy as is sometimes called into requisition by the prosecution, then, wanting to get a man into State Prison, they indict him for murder, and then propose to exercise humanity, and suggest a conviction for manslaughter. Juries are sometimes misled in this way, I repeat it; his is a case of murder, or nothing, and I so put it. The beloved James T. Brady, on the

TRIAL OF COLE FOR MURDER,

scorned the idea of asking a charge for convicting his client of manslaughter; and finally, upon that position taken by this distinguished counsel, the jury rendered a verdict of acquittal. There must be no compromise here. That would be a violation of your oaths. This case has got to be looked straight in the face. If this prisoner is responsible for his act at all, he is responsible for the highest crime known to the law. If his mental condition was such as to shield him from responsibility, he is entitled to acquittal.

Another principle is, if there is any doubt—and you will presently hear me present this question to the Court, for it is still matter of contest as to whether it is law—if you entertain any reasonable doubt as to whether Daniel McFarland was sane or insane at the time of this shooting, you have got to give this doubt in his favor,

AND ACQUIT HIM.

Because, in convicting him of murder, you sustain the allegation in this indictment that he shot Albert D. Richardson with malice aforethought.

Another principle is this, and I shall refer to it during this argument again, that a man may be insane as to one man, and perfectly sane as to all the rest of the world; that he can be

DEPRIVED OF HIS MIND

on one subject and as to one man, and as to everything else, be entirely sane.

Another principle to which I wish to call your attention, and which I shall elaborate more fully hereafter, is that men of science differ in respect to diseases of the mind; as to whether insanity is a disease of the soul or of the body. You will readily perceive that if you consider the human mind to exist only through some chemical influence acting on the brain, you at once

DESTROY THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Until after his death the state of a man's brain can never be ascertained. Before that it is merely matter of speculation. But there are three theories among alienists. One class insists that the soul is independent of the body, and that insanity is a disease of

the soul; this is the psychological theory. Another class holds the somatic theory—that insanity is a corporal disease; a disability of the physical substance of the brain. A third class takes an intermediate ground, and holds that the soul is supreme, and can impart and does impart disease to the body, But this is one of

THESE GREAT MYSTERIES

which men of science cannot fathom, but only speculate about. It will be for you to exercise your judgment as to the condition of the prisoner at the time he committed the act.

For the purpose of enabling you to judge how strong the feeling is that is aroused in a man's breast when his honor as a husband is compromised, I desire to call your attention to the marriage relation as exhibited in the Scriptures. To judge as to the effect of such a feeling, you cannot refer to any human book. That would be an absurdity; for the Deity created the marriage relation, and you have got to go to His book to find what importance He attached to it. It would be an absurdity for me to read to you a human book, when the Bible tells you what marriage was created for. I will read Scripture here as I would read an ordinary book, to show what a man's feelings ought to be towards the wife he loves. Being of Divine creation, its sacredness was imparted to marriage when Eve was formed from

THE RIB OF ADAM,

and Adam said, "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. She shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh."

Now, gentlemen to be one flesh is to have one set of feelings. If they are properly mated, they both feel the same. When the feelings of one are outraged, the other's feelings are outraged also. They are no more twain, but one flesh. Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. This furnishes us with an idea of how intensely husband and wife are to love one another. They are

ONE IN SPIRIT AS IN BODY.

Their hearts are to beat in unison, and they are to reciprocate one another's love.

But, if a woman don't love a man, and the man loves the woman, the man's feelings are just as strong as if the woman returned his love, and any outrage upon his feelings or upon his honor through her is just as serious as if the hearts of the husband and wife beat in unison.

I desire to call your attention to a passage in Proverbs, recited by Mr. Brady on

THE TRIAL OF MR. SICKLES,

in Washington, because it is only from the Bible that you can understand what mar-

riage is. This is going to the source from which it emanated. The feelings of a man at the idea of a wife's infidelity are significantly portrayed in Proverbs, 6th chap., from the 27th to the 35th verse:

"Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals and his feet not be burned? So he that goeth into his neighbor's wife: whoso toucheth her shall not be innocent. But whoso committeth adultery with a woman lacketh understanding; he that doeth it destroys his own soul. A wound and dishonor shall he get"—that is what the Scriptures say—"and his reproach shall not be wiped away, for

JEALOUSY IS THE RAGE OF A MAN.

Therefore he will not spare in the day of vengeance. He will not regard any ransom, neither will he rest content, though thou givest many gifts."

Yes, continued Mr. Graham, the dishonored husband will not spare in the day of vengeance. This destiny is a certainty; the wisdom of Solomon, which was inspired, said it, and so it must be, and so it will be until human nature is changed, and different feelings and impulses are bestowed upon it. [Sensation.] Jealousy

VIVIFIES THE ANGUISH OF A MAN;

the very consciousness of having been compromised in his connubial relations is the rage of a man. Rage signifies something ungovernable; whether it be what we call insanity or not, it is akin to it; it enslaves the injured husband; it seems to be unavoidable and inevitable. The meaning of the Scripture is that when jealousy takes possession of a man's heart he will not spare in the day of vengeance; that is, he cannot spare; for the Deity did not make humanity strong enough to withstand provocation like that. We thus have a definite expression upon the subject of a husband's rage at the idea of dishonor.

Take the Scriptural view of adultery in the Seventh Commandment, and you will perceive this Mr. Richardson, not satisfied with violating one Commandment, breaking two. The Seventh Commandment is, "Thou shalt not commit adultery;" the Tenth Commandment is, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." A man may commit adultery with a woman, and yet not covet her, as against her husband. This man was not satisfied with going to the point of adultery, but he meant to take this woman from her husband.

Now let us see what the Bible doctrine is in regard to the punishment of the adulterer. In Leviticus, 20th chapter, 10th verse, it is enacted:

"And the man that committeth adultery with another man's wife, even he that committeth adultery with his neighbor's wife, the adulterer and the adulteress shall surely be

PUT TO DEATH."

In Deuteronomy, chapter 22, verse 22 written:

"If a man be found lying with a woman married to a husband, then they shall of them die, both the man that lay with woman and the woman: so shalt thou away evil from Israel."

Mr. Graham next proceeded to the proposition, and asked the Court to be mind that no person from the

TRIBUNE OFFICE

was asked whether Mr. McFarland was at the time of the shooting; nor was an produced from the station house to that he became sane during the night that he was not insane the following mor

How do the prosecution expect to go if they concede this case to us? They not put upon the stand a single witness prove, from the two days previous to shooting on the 25th of November, who left his place of business, until a long after, that he was in a state of sanity.

[Sensation.] The reason was, that when Allaire put his hand upon him, he was as deranged as at any time afterward the prosecution had not known the and been afraid to produce the witness whole station house could have been entered into the court room to prove that McFarland, when he reached the station house was as

COOL AS AN ICEBERG.

[Sensation.] And the reason for this being done, is the fact that for several after the 25th of November, though he locked up in prison, he was just as hot the day of the commission of the act. I concede that it is out of their power to fit a single portion of the testimony covering this case from the time Mr. Coughlin him last in his office on the 23d of November down to half-past 8 o'clock on the eve of the 25th of November; and that is reason why I had determined not to sue this case, until the learned patriarch (Hon. Hugh Maxwell), whom I met yesterday, licensed as a lawyer in 1809, told "I am older than you; your duty is to this case before the jury. Though you them and tax their patience, you must sider that as a burden put upon their oaths. If I was in your place, my age and superior wisdom, I would form that duty this day."

THE LEGAL VIEW.

Proceeding more directly to the legal Mr. Graham called the attention of the Court to the following requests to charge:

As to the (alleged) shooting of the decedent by the defendant on March 13, 1867, cannot be taken by the jury as evidence of malice; unless the prosecution have satisfied them by proof beyond all peradventure that shooting was felonious, and that it was not done in a state of insanity

Graham requested the Court also to that if the jury found that the shooting on the 25th of November, 1869, was done by an insane man, then that the shooting of the 13th must be eliminated altogether from the case in the making up of their ver-

dict that the same principles applied to the facts alleged to have been made by the jury to shoot the deceased.

Graham also asked the Court to charge, "in malicious purpose, the depravity of the defendant is sufficient understanding and will to do so, however, actually exist;" in other words, the jury are to be told that before they can find McFarland guilty of murder, they must find that at the instant of the shooting the pistol he had a malicious purpose, that his heart was inhabited by devil, and with a sufficient amount of understanding and will to make him conscious of what he was doing, that the Court of Appeals held that if there was any evidence to sustain

THE DEFENCE OF INSANITY, amalgamated with the whole case, and is to be disproved by the prosecution. [Sensation.]

The prosecution had attempted in this case to put their witnesses were scarcely a majority's guard in number, while the defence called forty-four witnesses, Dr. Vance and Dr. Vance among them, that the result is instantly beyond a doubt.

The statute says if a man's mind is disturbed at the time of the commission of a crime, it is ground of exoneration. The jury know that if a man conceives a malicious intention, and executes it on the spot,

TO GO TO THE GALLOWS
 stating that intention. Why does not the law work both ways? and, if a man's mind is wiped out on the spot, why is not the result ground of exoneration? [Sensation.] The wisdom of the common law is deep—the greatest system of human wisdom known to the world. The common law does not excuse the man who makes himself mad and slays his neighbor; he has no right to set up his immorality against his neighbor. So, if a man make his neighbor mad and his neighbor slay him, he but the consequence of his own wrong. The slayer is not responsible. And, Albert D.

DR. VANCE MADE THIS PRISONER DRUNK, slew Richardson, why should he be given the penalty of his life for his irrationality? The man who lays a slow poison to the unhappiness of his neighbor, who seduces and frenzies him, ought to be held to take the consequences of what he does. McFarland did not madden himself, he was maddened by the combination of facts unveiled and exhibited in the evi-

Mr. Graham then referred to the case of Amelia Norman, indicted in the Court of General Sessions in 1846, for assault with intent to kill. The ladies listened to the narrative of this case with indescribable interest.

The facts were, that Amelia Norman had been led astray by a man who deserted her after he had ruined her, and who appeared determined to turn her over to the fate which almost inevitably awaits a fallen woman. She was willing to give him up, but wanted some assistance from him to start her in respectable life; he refused, although she tried to soften him in every way. She surrendered herself to absolute despair, and, in a moment of frenzy, as he was entering the Astor House to take his dinner, she approached him on the step, appealing to him in piteous tones, and finding him inexorable,

PLUNGED A KNIFE IN HIS BREAST,

which nearly took his life. She was tried, and acquitted on the ground of moral insanity; and when the verdict was rendered, the air was rent with cheers loud enough to be heard blocks away from the court-room. My brother, now in his grave, was Amelia Norman's counsel; the defence was moral insanity, but not a witness was called to prove the fact; it was left to the common sense of the jury whether, under the circumstances, she was frenzied when the knife was used. Nor was evidence upon that point called in the Sickles case; but it was left to the

COMMON SENSE OF THE JURY

whether a man could be other than frenzied under the provocation.

You do not want doctors, gentlemen of the jury, or anybody else, to tell you how you would feel if you went home this day, and found your moral household in ruin. [Sensation.] A tear moistens the public eye when a structure built by man's hands falls and buries its inmates; how much greater is the calamity when the moral household falls?

In the case of Freeman, a colored man, tried in Cayuga county, in July, 1846, defended by the Hon. William H. Seward, upon the ground that he was an idiot or insane. The death of the prisoner occurred pending a new trial, which had been ordered after his conviction by the jury, and a post-mortem examination of his brain proved that it was diseased—a most solemn

WARNING TO JURIES FOR TIME TO COME.

I refer also to the case of Cole, which was tried in Albany, in 1868. On the first trial, before Justice Ingraham, the jury disagreed, but on the second, before Justice Hogeboom, he was acquitted. (7 Abbot, Pr. Rep. N. S., 321.) In that case, Cole was indicted for the homicide of Hiscock, a member of the Assembly, who had destroyed the honor of his wife, a fact which was made known to Cole a day or two before the act. In that case the

first time he met the betrayer of his wife he drew a pistol and shot. The question arose whether his meeting Hiscock produced such an effect upon his mind as to render him unaccountable for his acts. In that case the period of adultery had long since passed, and the knowledge of the facts had been communicated to Cole several days before, so that a sufficient time, in the judgment of the law, had elapsed for his passions to cool and for his reasoning powers to regain their sway. But, notwithstanding this lapse of time, the crushing weight of this domestic tragedy was such that the presence of the man

DETHRONED HIS REASON.

Now, although the wife of Daniel McFarland was almost in cohabitation with Mr. Richardson from the time of the desertion down to 1869, yet the principal maddening cause at the time of the act, was the fact that they had possession of one of his sons, and if they carried out their programme in reference to that son, it would transfer him from his natural parent to an artificial parent who would take from him the name of his natural father, and substitute that of the adulterer. And these circumstances, and his inability to discover that youngest son, brought before his mind, in all their original freshness, those maddening causes which had occurred nearly three years before. In the case of Cole, Mr. Brady, whose name can never be mentioned without the most melancholy reflections that we should have lost him, nor without the most pleasurable recollections that he ever should have existed, declined to accept for the prisoner the verdict of manslaughter, for he would rather die than be sentenced to the State prison. The jury retired, and came into Court, stating that they had found Cole sane the moment before and

THE MOMENT AFTER THE KILLING,

but were in doubt about the moment of the homicide. Under the directions of the Court that if they had any reasonable doubt of his sanity at the moment of the killing, they should give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt, they acquitted him.

I now ask your Honor to charge the jury in accordance with the charge of Judge Hogebron in that case, which I have modified merely by substituting the words "Tribune Office" for "Stanwix Hall," to make the language applicable to this case.

If the jury believe that at the very time of the commission of the act alleged against him, from causes operating for a considerable length of time beforehand, or recently, or suddenly occurring, the defendant was mentally unconscious of the nature of the act in which he was engaged, he must and is legally irresponsible for it.—[*Id.*]

If the defendant was deprived of his reason at the time the act alleged was committed, resulting either from a settled and well-established mental alienation, or from the pressure of overpowering weight of the cir-

cumstances occurring at the time, he is legally irresponsible for what he did.—[*Id.*]

If the jury believe that when the deceased entered the *Tribune* office he did not expect to see the defendant, nor the defendant him, and that, after he entered, the defendant was moved to the commission of the act alleged against him by the sudden access and irresistible pressure of excited and overwhelming passion, roused by the sudden and unexpected sight of the destroyer of his domestic peace, or him whom he supposed to be such, dethroning his reason, and pressing him on to the commission of this act under the influence of an ungovernable frenzy, unsettling for the time his faculties and enthroning insanity in their place, he is not responsible for the act.—[*Id.*]

There is no evidence that Mr. McFarland expected to see Mr. Richardson. On the contrary he was there that evening to see Mr. Sinclair. When he had met Mr. Richardson before, he had controlled himself; but at this time he encountered him when his mind was beyond his control; and retributive justice

STERRED RICHARDSON!

on that occasion into contact with the prisoner at the time he was in that demented condition, which rendered him the involuntary instrument in the execution of divine and heavenly vengeance.

He next referred to the case of Mr. Sickles which occurred at the city of Washington in 1859, when he was indicted for killing Philip Barton Key.

The deceased, who was on intimate terms with Mr. Sickles, and had his confidence abused that confidence by seducing the wife of his friend and benefactor. As on Sunday he was passing the house, waving his handkerchief as

AN ADULTEROUS SIGNAL

to her, his bad fortune had it, just as Richardson's bad fortune had it, that he rushed to his death when he little expected it. Oh, how just that retribution is, and how well would libertines do to consider when they plan this moral demolition, that before they reach the goal of their ambition they may be intercepted in their pursuit! As bad fortune would have it, Mr. Sickles was made aware of his wife's infidelity the evening before, and, seeing the adulterous signal, he rushed out in a perfect state of frenzy and temporary insanity, and slew the deceased, giving him three wounds. The jury would have sustained him if he had given him three hundred. He fired, altogether, four or five shots. He was determined to do the thing right, and this jury sustained him in making a complete job of it. The prosecution claimed that it was a case of remorseless revenge; but the jury, after a trial occupying over four weeks, acquitted the defendant, after an absence for deliberation of about an hour and a quarter. In this case, Edwin M. Stanton and Mr. Brady were two of the counsel.





DANIEL McFARLAND IN HIS CELL AT THE CITY PRISON RECEIVING THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE MARRIAGE OF HIS DIVORCED WIFE TO MR. RICHARDSON. THE PORTRAIT OF McFARLAND IS A STRIKING LIKENESS.

let us read to the jury and to your
from the argument of

EDWIN M. STANTON,
secretary of War, the great War Min-
of modern times, who directed the en-
of this nation to the suppression of
surrection reared in the land, and who
buted more than any other person to
orable result. He says:
hat is the act of Adultery? It cannot
ited to a fleeting moment of time.
ould be a mockery, for then the adult-
ould ever escape. But law and reason
not human nature with any such ab-
y. The act of adultery, like the act of
r, is supposed to include every prox-
ict in furtherance of and as a means of
nsurmatation of a wife's pollution. This
established principle in American and
h law, established from the time of
Stovell, as will be hereafter shown. If
ulterer hired a house, furnished it"—
idson hired a house, put a bed—

THE CRAVEN LIBERTINE,

he partition, so that he could hear this
nd wife even breathe. If he had had
ency in his composition, he would not
ut that bed where he did. He removed
e, as the evidence shows, that he might
very turn they made, and control the
ents of this wife accordingly; and that
to have made her despise him, if she
apable of despising a craven.

the adulterer hire a house, furnish it,
rovide a bed in it for such a purpose,
he be accustomed day by day, week
sk, and month by month, to entice her
her husband's house, tramping with
rough the streets to that den of shame,
a act of adultery, and is the most ap-
one that is recorded in the annals of
If, moreover, he has grown so bold
take the child of the injured husband,
the daughter, by the hand, to separate
om her mother, to take the child to the
of a mutual friend while he led the
r to the guilty den, it presents a case
using all that has been within of cold,
ous, remorseless lust."

it does not for one instant compare with
iquity of this man Richardson, for

IDNAPPED THE POOR MAN'S CHILD,
er that he might carry on this adultery
he mother. When this thing started
ld not control her without taking the
away from its father.

this is not the culminating point of
orous depravity, how much further
it go? There is one point beyond.
wretched mother, the ruined wife, has
et plunged into the horrible and revolt-
ndition to which she is rapidly hurry-
nd which is already yawning before her.
not that mother be saved from that?
shall it be done? When a man has ob-
such a power over another man's wife
e cannot only

ENTICE HER FROM HER HUSBAND'S HOUSE,
but separate her from her child for the pur-
pose of guilt, it shows that by some means
he has acquired such an unholy mastery
over that woman's body and soul that there
is no chance of saving her while he lives;
and the only hope of her salvation is that
God's swift vengeance shall overtake him.
The sacred glow of well placed domestic af-
fection, no man knows better than your
Honor, grows brighter and brighter as years
advance, and the faithful couple, whose hands
were joined in holy wedlock in the morning
of youth, find their hearts drawn closer to
each other as they descend the hill of life to
sleep together at its foot. [Profound sensa-
tion, and weeping.] But lawless love is
short-lived as it is criminal; and the neigh-
bor's wife so guiltily pursued by trampling
down every human feeling and divine law,
is speedily supported by some new object,
and then the wretched victim is soon cast
off, and swept through a miserable life and

A HORRIBLE DEATH TO THE GATES OF HELL,

unless a husband's arm shall save her. Who
seeing this thing would not exclaim to this
unhappy husband, hasten to save the mother
of your child, although she be lost as a wife.
Rescue her from the horrid adulterer, and
may the Lord who watches over the home
and the family guide the bullet and direct the
stroke. [Sensation.] And when she is de-
livered, who would not reckon the salvation
of that young mother cheaply purchased by
the adulterer's blood. Aye, by the blood of
a score of adulterers? The death of Key
was a cheap sacrifice to save one mother from
that horrible fate which on that Sabbath
day hung over this prisoner's wife, and the
mother of his child."

And now let me read the peroration of Mr.
Brady's remarks:

"And I will be permitted to say, whatever
circumstances may result from the declara-
tion, that, in view of all that has transpired
in the city of Washington, to the citizens on
this jury Sickles commits his life, his charac-
ter, all that is to elevate him or keep him in
existence (because in our entire confidence
in the integrity and judgment of your Honor
and this jury, we are convinced that no harm
can come to Sickles out of this trial); in
view, also, of the

RELATIONS OF MRS. SICKLES

toward him before he came to this city; in view
of what he knew from her, of the extending of
this shawl from the mother to the child,
which we suppose the evidence fixes on Key,
Sickles might have gone anywhere else in
the world but to New York, if he had not
resented that indignity; he could never have
returned to the city of New York and been
accepted for one instant among any of his
former friends. [Great Sensation.]

When this man Richardson led this woman
from her husband's house in Anity street,
the husband had as much right

TO SHOOT HIM DOWN

as though Richardson had been guilty of her forcible abduction. That is the law of the Bible; for one of the two parties is superior and the other is inferior. There is no absolute equality in the Bible between man and wife. As I understand the law of the Bible, it is that man was made for God and woman for man; that woman is the weaker vessel, and is meant to be under the protection of the stronger vessel, man; and that any attempt from any quarter to interfere with that supremacy, even though it be with the consent of the woman, is as much an infraction of the husband's rights as though it were the infliction of absolute violence either upon her or upon him. [A distinct

HISS FROM SOME OF THE STRONG MINDED LADIES PRESENT.]

Gentlemen of the jury, the point which I wish you to carry in your minds is this: that there is no phase of murder about this case. There is no testimony to show that when Mr. McFarland went to the *Tribune* office, Mr. Richardson was expected there either by him or by the inmates of the office. The last time, in the evidence, when he inquired for Mr. Richardson, was on the 19th of November, when he inquired of Mr. Ianson; and the evidence shows that then his object was to ascertain the whereabouts of his boy, because he knew that wherever Richardson was, there was the locality of his

WIFE AND BOY.

Another point which I wish at this time to impress upon your minds, gentlemen, is that if McFarland was sane, and had wanted to kill Richardson, he could not have selected a more inauspicious spot than the *Tribune* office. If he went into that office with a view to slay Richardson, it is folly to say that when Richardson met him and put his eye upon him he quailed, because a braver man than Daniel McFarland, if that be true, never lived. If he went where he was certain to be outnumbered, where he would be met by physical force so disproportioned to his own, then I say no braver or more chivalric man ever drew the breath of life. It is absurd to suppose that he could have gone there to carry out any such project, for if he had any such view, in going there, he gave

MR. RICHARDSON THE HIGHEST ADVANTAGE

against him which it was in his power to confer upon him.

Mr. Graham here signified his readiness to yield to an adjournment, and the Court adjourned until Monday morning at 11 o'clock, when it will occupy the General Sessions Hall, in the old Court House in the Park. Mr. Graham will resume his argument on Monday morning, and enter upon the testimony and the popular phases of the case.

Another thing to which I wish to call your attention, is the terrible certainty with which

THE BULLET OF AN INJURED HUSBAN

takes effect upon the man who has invade the sanctity of his marital relations. I regard that as a strong moral lesson, which should not be lost upon those who would trespass upon a husband's rights. We often read of policemen attempting to arrest burglars or other offenders, and when surprising them in the act of escaping with plunder, are fired upon several times, without the shots taking effect. These officers of the law seem to escape—unless we regard them as encased in coats of mail—through some miraculous agency. In such cases some unseen power arrests and turns aside the bullets. But in the other case, where a frenzied husband sets about the execution of his mission, and proceeds to avenge the wrongs that have driven him to madness, one shot generally effects the business; and where this is the case it argues the extreme moral justice of the act.

I desire to say further, in this connection, that we do not attach much importance to anything that the defendant may have said about the time of this shooting, because we consider that his tongue was not an index to his mind; his mind was frenzied, and there was no connection between his tongue and his mind. In such a state of mind he would make, and did make, entirely different statements to different persons. There was neither reason nor harmony in the expressions of his tongue, because there was no connection between these expressions and the insane mind of the prisoner. For the same reason, I attach no importance to the fact that on the afternoon of that fatal day he told Mr. Billings that he was going to the Park Hotel, but only to the fact that he was on his way toward the Park Hotel. Mr. Nones, according to his evidence, tried to reason with Mr. McFarland but a few minutes before he went to the *Tribune* office, but was unable to do so. He would not listen to

THE REASONING OF ANOTHER;

and if he could not understand Mr. Nones' reasoning, how could he be capable of reasoning himself? I wish to impress upon your minds this fact, to wit: that Daniel McFarland was on his way to the Park Hotel on the afternoon of November 25, 1869. I do not come to that conclusion because he told Mr. Billings he was going there, but because he had been in the habit of going there. When he told Billings he was going to the Park Hotel he was unconscious. He was going there as a mere machine. We find him in a locality which would indicate he was doing this. He had been in the habit of going to the Park Hotel to meet Mr. Elwood. This gentleman was a lawyer, and closed his office between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon, and McFarland was in the habit of going to the Park Hotel to meet him at that hour whenever he had occasion to see him on business. On the afternoon in question he roamed along down there as a mere machine. In this me

chanical manner he had been roaming about for two or three days. According to the testimony of Mr. Coughlin, he was last seen at his place of business about the 22d or 23d of November, and when Coughlin last saw him there he had the appearance of

A HALF FOOL,

or a person deranged.

Dr. Ward also describes McFarland's actions and his appearance about this time. He was wandering around the ferries, looking for his lost child. He had been inquiring for the whereabouts of Richardson, because he knew that it was through Richardson that he was separated from his boy. The poor man was wandering around like a madman, without reason or rudder to his mind, talking to people without reflection—saying one thing to one and another thing to another person.

I therefore wish it understood, so far as the tongue of McFarland is concerned, I attach but little importance to anything he said during those two or three days; for it was the speaking of the tongue of an insane man. Of his movements we can only judge by the localities in which we find him. He was going, as he had been in the habit of doing on previous occasions, to see the lawyer who had been conducting the legal proceedings for reclaiming his child; and being in that vicinity suggested to him the idea of stopping in to see

HIS OLD FRIEND SINCLAIR,

before he went to the Park Hotel. He had been there at the *Tribune* office in the morning, and not finding Sinclair, and happening there again in the afternoon, as he was going to the Park Hotel, I suppose he strays upon this locality of the *Tribune* office, and goes in there, unconscious of any purpose; but when I come to refer to certain points of the testimony, I will speak of this more particularly. In order that I may not forget it, there is one matter, and a very important one, to which I wish to call your attention a little out of place; that is this: This prosecution have left Mrs. McFarland before this Court in the attitude of a

MISTRESS INSTEAD OF A WIFE.

[Sensation.] I want that distinctly borne in mind. We proved by Mrs. Anne Burns that the female she saw married to Daniel McFarland in Boston, in 1857, was the same woman who now wears the name of Richardson. The prosecution have dubbed her Mrs. Richardson all through this trial, and yet they have not shown any divorce releasing her from her marriage with the prisoner. They bring her before this Court, and they leave her before this Court, as bearing the relation of mistress to her paramour, Richardson. [Great sensation.] And the reason of that distressing fact is this: To have brought in that marriage at the Astor House would have been to place Mrs. Calhoun in a most unenviable position before the Court; and to

guard her from the consequences of such an investigation, the facts, as far as it was possible with the prosecution, were kept out of Court. They did not dare to go into the reason why this woman bears the name of Richardson. And I submit, upon the evidence before this Court—and we must be governed by the evidence here, and by the evidence alone—that this woman appears as nothing more nor less than

THE MISTRESS OF RICHARDSON.

Another thing to which I wish in this connection to call your attention is this: They do not show that Mrs. McFarland ever earned a single dollar from the time she abandoned her husband down to the time of the death of Richardson. The presumption is, and we have a right to use it in argument, that from that time she was supported by Richardson, as the wages and price of her submission to his wishes. They say she was writing for some of the papers, but they offer nothing to prove that she ever received any pecuniary benefit from this source. It appears that she was living at an expense of \$15 a week, besides several dollars a week for extras, at a time when no other source of income is proved except

RICHARDSON'S PURSE;

and there is no doubt her expenses came from that source.

I come now to the occurrence itself, the shooting on the 25th of November, 1869.

Richardson was armed; he was prepared to kill McFarland if he got a chance; which proves that he got nothing more than his just deserts when the injured husband's bullet was the first to get home. He was armed for the purpose of making himself superior to the man he had robbed. Why did he wrap that pistol in a flannel cloth and hand it to a friend to be concealed? And why was it carried out of the room and put where it could not be seen after this man was shot, and didn't know how many minutes he had to live? It was because he wanted to have it said, after he was gone, that he had been assassinated. This man, even after he had received his death-wound, when he didn't know but his last moment was at hand, was so wicked that he didn't want it known by persons around that he had cherished malicious intentions against the prisoner.

The prosecution had tried to hold out the idea that McFarland had been deterred by cowardice; that he had quailed before the eye of Richardson. What an inhuman charge was this, to say that a husband could quail before the eye of the man who had, like Richardson, robbed him of his wife! No, gentlemen, an injured husband will not quail before the destroyer of his wife. "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." A pigmy becomes a giant, a woman becomes a heroine, in the presence of such wrongs.

Another point to which I would call your attention, gentlemen, is this: Usually, when a

WIFE ELOPES

with her paramour, she leaves the children with the husband; she leaves him with his paternal rights, and his right to get a divorce. But in this case, every effort had been made to strip this unfortunate prisoner of every right.

As to Mrs. McFarland's adaptation to the stage, that was all a farce. On the stage she was an abortion. She had no talent as an actress. The whole thing was a part of one of the most

WICKED, DIABOLICAL, FIENDISH PLOTS

the world ever knew. Richardson wanted her as his mistress, and she was put on the stage as the initiative step in the programme. After she got rid of her husband she left the stage. She had not been there since the elopement, or at any rate since a few days after. Why hadn't the prosecution called Mr. Stuart or

MR. BOOTH

to testify to the wonderful talents of this woman, as described by Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Sinclair? The truth was, she was never fit for anything but a waiting maid in the theatre. She was not likely to rise higher than this. But it was the first chapter in this plot to get her on the stage; the second was to get Danny off; and this poor

PETTICOAT-RIDDEN

man was submissive enough not to resist her, no matter what was required. He would tell you, if he could speak to you, that if he could hope to get back his wife, he was glad to have her back on any terms except those of dishonor. The arrangement was that she was to abscond at the proper time; Percy, the eldest son, was to be kidnapped and taken to Massachusetts; and

RICHARDSON'S MONEY

was to fight the whole thing through, and keep this father away from his children. Now, what was this husband's position? What was he to do? Compromised thus, he had to do something. If he sues, he is a craven; if he takes money, he is without spirit; and if he rises to the dignity of his manhood, and avenges his wrongs, he must go to the

GALLOWS.

That is the spirit of this prosecution.

MONEY

was "all she wanted to make her an elegant lady, and to bring around her the *élite* of New York," showed how the poor foolish being was intoxicated by Richardson.—"Why," said he, "I will have you with the gods

GREELEY AND COLFAX."

These names were rung in her ears; she was to be fed with ambrosia and to drink nectar, and the food which is the sustenance of common mortals was to be laid aside altogether.

Why did she leave Amity street? Richardson says "public opinion can't bully him; accomplished facts are all the world wants."

That was his doctrine: failure is vice, and success is virtue, and that is why he pressed her out of the house in the brutal manner in which it was done. Percy was sent to Massachusetts, because

"LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE LONG EARS,"

and Percy could talk, and could tell his father what he saw. And their scheme was so perfect as to make use of the intuitive knowledge that the poor heart-broken husband, sooner than afterwards live in the room where he had communed with his wife, would go elsewhere, even drown himself; and Richardson held on to his room. And they were right. When McFarland left they returned, and the excuse, on her part, was that she was following out her engagement at the Winter Garden. In that way these two doves were to bill and coo to their hearts' content.

Another important matter, because it puts a ball through two of the witnesses for the prosecution, is this: Having returned to 72 Amity street, after getting McFarland away, Richardson sends Mrs. McFarland a telegram announcing the time of his arrival from Hartford, and she opens the door for him, in the night, although this is contradicted by Miss Lillie Gilbert, and Junius Henri Browne, who are called to prove Richardson got in with a night key, yet the witnesses for the defence prove, circumstantially, that Richardson left his key with Browne, from whom it was demanded and received by Mr. Mason—and they are entitled to far more credit, because they are disinterested, than the witnesses for the prosecution.

Mr. Graham here alluded to the attempt on the part of the defence to show that with the view of putting a plaster over the mouth of Eliza Wilson, (who carried Percy to Boston,)

MR. SINCLAIR

sent her a message and gave her fifty dollars. The Court excluded the evidence upon objection by the prosecution, but if Mr. Sinclair had been as

TENDER OF HIS HONOR

as he should have been, when he took the stand as a witness, she should have said, "An insinuation has been made by the counsel for the defence, that I tried to purchase the silence of Eliza Wilson for fifty dollars, as to the use made of my house when Mrs. McFarland absconded from her husband; now upon my oath as a witness, and my honor as a man, I pronounce that entirely without foundation."

Eliza Wilson leaves Richardson and Mrs. McFarland together; upon her return she finds them together, and is questioned by Richardson as to her safe delivery of the boy, and after that Richardson and the truant wife remain two hours in the second story of

THE SINCLAIR HOUSE,

Washington Place, where, if they are so inclined, they could have carried the disreputable intercourse which existed between them before they came

Graham next took up Mrs. Calhoun's written to induce Mrs. McFarland to the stage, and exhibited the persuasions of those letters stagewards, and the poisoning of Mrs. McFarland's mind

RICHARDSON VIRUS

in full light. As Mr. Graham left it, as no escaping the belief that Mrs. Calhoun persuaded Mrs. McFarland to go on stage; and that she and Mrs. Sinclair together persuaded the misguided woman to her husband and seek the protecting of the panacea for all Mrs. Calhoun's wit: Richardson. The postscript of the second Washington letter was read

one evening.—My darling, we have received Mr. R——'s letter—he was so tant over his victory that the first thing he did was to write to those who would be gratified.

How so glad you have left M. [Mr. McCluskey]; do not, I

BESEECH YOU,

What a shocking prayer to address a misguided wife! "Do not let any mercies of mercy possess you." What is it that makes woman angelic? It is the tenderness of her heart; it is the readiness with which her eye suffuses and drops the pity and sympathy at human sufferings. Here Mrs. Calhoun exorcises from her bosom that celestial instinct of woman's mercy, and asks this wretched woman to expel it from the limits of her own heart. She says:

Do not let any weakness of mercy possess you. That is,

DON'T FORGIVE YOUR HUSBAND.

How this, you who are husbands: How happy that the stroke has fallen, no matter what heartbreak come with it." The wretched man (pointing to the prisoners here as the result of that heart-

How would be glad that you suffer, if your grief would keep you away from him. I am living, for whom I would die, do not so your womanhood as to go back. You must not—shall not. When I come back all come straight to me and stay. I will give it so. I will come to-morrow, if you need me. Write me, my darling—all

Even if you are distracted, write." How knew the woman had not then given love for this man, but she was determined she should if it was in the power of persuasion to accomplish that result. I mean to read more of this letter than I can do in this portion. It is this: "All my heart is yours. Let Mr. R.—here she

TURNS HER OVER TO RICHARDSON.

—"Let Mr. R. help you. He is good and strong. Stay where you are till I come. Then come to me."

Read these letters for yourselves; put your own construction on them.

One more letter, written in February, 1867:

"MY DARLING: I suppose you must be snow-bound, as I am, and I send a good morning. Lillie and Junius pronounced your 'Lucy Capulet' better than Madame St. Juliet. There is *incense* for genius. I shall work all day, and be ready to help you to-morrow."

Now, tell me the meaning of what I am going to read you. I ask the attention of the Court.

"Sacrifice yourself by going to Hennessy's, or in any other way!

"My fate cries out, and informs me that I wish to know him. Really to get at him.

"I am quite sure there is something behind his gray eyes and mobile face. I don't like knowing people indifferently."

Does that not mean this: You can make his acquaintance, and then introduce me? If that is a false construction, I desire to be corrected. I have always regarded this as a note

WHICH SHOULD NEVER BE PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC EYE.

I have only consented that it be presented under a sense of duty that satisfied me, otherwise I would be faithless to my client. Then she goes on to say—we now come to the disputed passage—"There are just three persons who are much to me in the flesh;" they say that those initial letters are

"YOU,"

there may be a doubt upon that point; but if you read this letter you will see that it is not to a female she is referring, but a man. We believe those initials are those of a man, from intimations that we have received, from a source that we have a right to accredit; "and you can guess the other two." Now, if she referred to three ladies, why did she leave her to "guess the other two?" You see the inpropriety of the expression is so obvious. No lady could speak that way of another.

A FREE LOVER ON THE RAMPAGE.

At this point a shrill female voice shrieked out, "We all write so!" This occasioned a great commotion; but Mr. Graham was too old an advocate to allow anything to loosen his grasp of the jury. He rushed on with more impetuous eloquence than before, while the officers of the Court went for the turbulent female, who was standing with upraised umbrella, and inflamed countenance, glaring fiercely at Mr. Graham's broad shoulders. Captain McCluskey, the most gentlemanly of attaches, invited the turbulent female to retire.

"I won't go!" she exclaimed. "I won't

go. You're a parcel of thieves in here, and I won't go!"

But the politely inexorable Captain waited upon the lady to the hall outside, and on coming back informed the representative of THE SUN that she called herself Mrs. Vreeland.

Now gentlemen, said Mr. Graham, I hurry on, and come to the intercepted letter, which you have heard read over and over again. My construction of that letter is that it refers to a complete system of philosophy that was professed and practiced by this man Richardson; and if that was his doctrine, the sooner

RICHARDSON WENT TO HIS GRAVE

the better for society.

"Do not be disturbed about your family, little girl; families always respect accomplished facts. I once outraged mine a great deal worse than you ever can yours, and time made it all correct."

Does he not here concede that in leaving her husband she outraged her husband? But he tells her that the iniquity of the outrage is relieved by the act, for all the world wants is accomplished facts. If this was the belief of Richardson, and that it was you have his own handwriting, was he a fit man to live in society if there was any legal way to deprive him of life? What man could be more dangerous than the man who would say: No matter how I act; if I fail I may be infamous, but if I succeed I am all right.

Now let me call your attention for a moment to the occasions on which the evidence shows that Richardson and this woman were together, after the wife had absconded. While this broken-hearted man and his son lived in a room at twenty shillings a week, going to a restaurant for his meals, this woman is going round enjoying herself with Richardson. Dr. Ward sees them at Mr. Sinclair's in the spring of 1868. Mrs. Ammerman, who lived opposite the Gilbert family in Newark, said that Mrs. McFarland stopped there three or four months from May, 1868, and appeared in the company of Richardson as his wife, meeting him and kissing him. And Mrs. Callahan sees them together at Mrs. Gilbert's, in Jersey City, in August and September, 1868.

In reference to the work assigned to the Sage family, it was important in

EXONERATION OF MRS. CALHOUN

to show that Mrs. McFarland went upon the stage with the privy and sanction of her husband. Unless Mrs. Calhoun's letters were countervailed they convicted her of having persuaded Mrs. McFarland to go upon the stage, and Mrs. Sage was selected to kill off those letters or their effect. That was a pretty important duty assigned to old Mrs. Sage; but not content with that, they assigned to her also the duty of proving that Mr. McFarland had read to him, and approved of it, the letter of Mrs. Calhoun, of Sept. 27, 1866, in which she felicitated herself on the result of her exertions to get Mrs.

McFarland on the stage. In that way, he expect to get rid of the connection of Mrs. Sinclair with the introduction of Mrs. McFarland, in violation of her husband's wishes and desires, upon the stage. But you will perceive how unreasonable is Mrs. Sage's evidence, when I suggest this. If Mrs. Sage had so good a memory that she could remember a conversation in June, 1862, and another in September, 1866, why could she not remember the three specimens of her daughter's handwriting that I placed in her hands? You remember how positive the old lady was that she had written to Mr. McFarland but one letter, and when I placed another in her hands and asked, "Did you write that?" "Yes; that is mine; I was mistaken." You observed the positiveness with which the old lady testified, and her determination to give no evidence which could benefit the defence. Familiar as she was with her daughter's handwriting, she would not presume to recognize these specimens, which were afterwards proved by another witness to be in the handwriting of her daughter.

Miss Lillie Gilbert was called to contradict Mrs. Mason as to what took place at the hiring of the room at 72 Amity street, in March, 1867. You will remember that Mrs. Mason says that Mrs. McFarland introduced a lady to her as Miss Lillie Gilbert, the

BETROTHED OF MR. RICHARDSON,

when she wanted to go into his room, with a view of removing suspicion from herself. Miss Lillie Gilbert denies that any such thing as that took place. You will perceive what a short-sighted denial that is. Mr. McFarland wrote about that occurrence to Mr. Richardson, and in the intercepted letter he refers to it. I call your attention particularly to this, and I want the district attorney to correct me if I am wrong. "Funny about Lillie and the young lady I am engaged to. Now I ask this court and jury, did not

MISS LILLIE GILBERT

swear that when she accompanied Mrs. McFarland to 72 Amity street, on that occasion there was nothing said about Mr. Richardson's intended? Yet so exultant were they over what had taken place that Mrs. McFarland wrote it to Mr. Richardson, who wrote back that which I now read to you: "Funny about Lillie and the young lady I am engaged to. It only confirms my theory that you and Mollie are first-class intriguers."

You must have been satisfied from certain suggestions made by the counsel for the prosecution, and questions put by them to the different witnesses called on the part of the defence, that some person was prompting them and communicating to them facts that could only be known by two persons, the prisoner at the bar and his wife. If you will call to mind some of the questions, you will be satisfied, from the course pursued by the private counsel for the prosecution, that must have been directly in conference with

McFarland for the purpose of getting by which he could examine the witness introduced on the part of the defence. none

HORRID THING

That, that the wife, in addition to all she has already done, should nevertheless follow this man further and saddle him with the cruel thing which is meant to be the goal at which this prosecution is to

be a glowing tribute of acknowledgment to Mr. Gerry, his associate on this trial, when he said the case was indebted for its length, Mr. Graham concluded his peroration in the following language:

MR. GRAHAM'S PERORATION.

The position which you occupy, gentlemen of the jury, is a proud one. Little did you think when this event first happened, that you would be called upon to assume the responsibilities of this occasion. Meet them, husbands, fathers, men. The highest interests of society are involved in this prosecution. Beware how you announce that the peroration of the marriage relation is no other emotion in a manly bosom than that of mere passion or revenge. By your considerations which hallow it in your eyes, not thus lightly estimate it. A

HOME IN RUINS!

stressing the desolation! All sublimity and happiness is short-lived at best. That family circle is not exempt. One by one its members may be summoned to other worlds, to take part in other cares, to put up with other relations.

DEATH

Enter its portal, and receive from its arms its victims. In all these there is grief, but grief is endurable in any form. But grief is endurable in any form of dishonor. *Domus amica, domus amica*: "home is home though never so far." The best home for us is that which receives us with the warmest heart. It comes to us with the most cordial hand. *Internos parietes*, within the walls of its family mansion—happy and joyous those who dwell there.

At their mention does not memory involuntarily to the abode of our early years, gathered around the family hearth, the interchange and correspondence of affection, father, mother, brothers, sisters, constituted a little community in themselves, who, if he could, would not be separated again? To you are committed those interests. Upon you are riveted the eyes of an anxious public. You are now to announce your action, the value you place on your own hearths, and the affection with which you regard your own firesides. When you turn to them from this place, may it be with the gladdening news that they

CANNOT BE DESECRATED

be punished by the tread of the tempter. Be ye helpless innocents who lean upon

you feel that they are still safe, that they still enjoy security. The purity of woman is not to be questioned. Her virtue is a tower of strength. It has ever proved itself able to withstand the strongest and most persistent assaults. Still, are we not taught daily to pray that we may not be led into temptation? In her appropriate and exclusive department may she ever illustrate her Scripture portraiture. May it be the highest ambition of every wife and mother to have it said of her, that "she perceiveth her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night;" that "she openeth her mouth with wisdom and her tongue with kindness;" that "she looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness;" that "her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her;" that "her husband is known in the gates where he sitteth among the elders of the land." Let those who dare

DISHONOR

the husband and the father, who wickedly presume to sap the foundations of his happiness, be admonished in good season of the perilousness of the work in which they are engaged. So far as the result of your deliberation is concerned, may they realize and acknowledge the never-failing justice of the

DIVINE EDICT

that "jealousy is the rage of man;" that he will not, cannot, must not spare in the day of his vengeance.

Mr. Graham delivered this peroration with complete excellence of elocution, and its effect was overwhelming. The audience began to cheer at its close, but the demonstration was sternly repressed by the Court.

CASE ENDED.

May 10.—The Court convened at eleven o'clock, and the Recorder proceeded to charge the jury. He said:

The indictment, stripped of its technical verbiage, charges that McFarland killed Albert D. Richardson, intending to kill him. Included in the direct charge was an implied one, that existed in all cases of crime, that the intention was that of a man in a state of insanity. The accused pleaded simply not guilty to the charge. That general denial was really a particular denial, a denial that he killed with an intention to kill, because he was not legally capable of forming an intention to kill. It is the intention that is recognized by the law to be criminal, and thereby rendered him accountable to human law.

He then reviewed the case at length and closed as follows:

The counsel for the defence has stated in your hearing that several times in kindred cases he has been called upon to vindicate the sanctity of the marriage tie, or of upholding and defending the marriage relation. I charge you, gentlemen, that no such ideas as those should find entrance into the jury

box. You are not to uphold, nor to prostrate the marriage relation by your verdict. Fourierien free love or sentimentalism on the one hand, and moral reflections upon the conduct of the deceased man or living woman on the other hand, cannot legitimately affect your verdict. Some of you might arrive at conclusions upon some extraneous matters that have been foisted into this case. That Richardson was a demon, that the counsel for the defence described him to have been, and others of you might arrive at the conclusion that the fact of Richardson and Mrs. McFarland both desiring divorce and marriage was proof that no criminality existed between them down to the homicide, yet either conclusion would be foreign to your duty, your sworn and solemn duty to the public, and respect for the due course of law and order, as well as your duty to the accused. The idea of maintaining law strictly, is that jurors shall not speculate on provocation. All wrongs may extenuate homicide from the degree of murder to one of manslaughter, when the vindicator of them is in a state of sanity and under passion which does not permit or design to take life, but the laws against homicide are enacted and enforced because society is full of wrongs

and of temptation thereby to commit violence at the instigation of malice or passion. The law must be left to maintain its own dignity and to enforce its own decrees, through the constituted tribunals of its own creation, and has not in any just or legal sense commissioned the accused to the discharge of the duties of this high office. We must carry into effect the law of the land. We must enforce its solemn mandates and not nullify or relax its positive commands by misplaced clemency. If our duty is clear, we forswear ourselves, if we do not perform it. This duty we must discharge at whatever hazard, whether painful or disagreeable. Neither manhood or honor, restraint of conscience nor the solemn mandates of the law allow us to decline its performance or to hesitate at its execution. Let us content ourselves with administering the law as we find it, in our own appointed sphere of duty. Then we shall have consciences void of offence toward all men, and happy consciences that with the spirit of our oaths, and in conformity with the obligations which rest upon us, we have as faithful and law-abiding citizens executed the laws of the land.

The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty after about three hours' deliberation.

MRS. McFARLAND-RICHARDSON'S STATEMENT.

HER FULL STORY OF HER MARRIED LIFE—HER RELATIONS TO RICHARDSON FROM FIRST TO LAST—A. D. RICHARDSON'S SEALED STATEMENT LEFT TO BE OPENED AFTER HIS DEATH—CHAS. RICHARDSON'S STATEMENT CONCERNING THE "MERCENARY MARRIAGE"—A. D. RICHARDSON'S MEMORANDUM FOR A WILL.

STATEMENT AND AFFIDAVIT OF MRS. A. D. RICHARDSON.

I feel that I cannot break the silence which heretofore I have rigidly maintained without saying a word as to the cause which leads me to make a public statement. I fully believe that any one of any degree of pride or delicacy will bear reproach and contumely and even the vilest slanders in silence rather than drag out to public comment the most sacred details of his inner life, and that only the meanest soul will babble of that which concerns itself most deeply. But during the last six months, and not a little during the last three years, I have been exposed to such a storm of public opinion that all others I ever knew sink into insignificance beside it. And now, after I have waited in patience the verdict of newspapers, of the public, and of a few York Court and Jury, I have decided that I will speak the first and last word I shall ever speak for myself.

Not for any attempt at my own vindication do I write this explanation. But for the sake of the noble men and women who have stood by me through all revilings, often without any explanation from me, and always in the full faith that I was most cruelly wronged; for their sakes, and for his who lost his life in my behalf, I wish to tell the whole story of my life. When I was once advised to do so, and hesitated, a good woman said to me, "Do not be afraid to tell your story once to the world. Tell it once exactly as you would tell it to your Maker, and then keep silence forever after."

And this is what I mean to do; to write exactly as I can the whole and simple truth to the minutest detail, reserving nothing and extenuating nothing. I do not hope to convince any who are not already convinced, as I have been most ungenerously traduced. Once I should have believed of the public sense of America that it would be only necessary for it to know the truth to speak especially where a woman was involved. Now, bitter experience has taught me that political prejudice, personal malice, and private vengeance, are motives before which rivalry, and pity, and generosity, or a desire to be true, go to the wall.

So it is to my friends I write this. To but a very few of them have I ever told my story. To a very sacred few have my lips been sealed. And to the host of generous men

and women, known and unknown, who have upborne me when the way was very dark and hard for a woman's feet to tread—above all to the women, brave and noble beyond expression, whose sympathy has forever refuted the slander that women are not generous to one of their own sex—to them, I lay bare my heart. Of all my women-friends from earliest girlhood, I know of not one who has fallen off from me in my great trouble. Not a single one. If it had not been for their unswerving trust and love and sympathy; for the readiness they have shown to help me bear up my heavy burdens; for the bravery with which they have defended me where it was a reproach to do so—if it had not been for them, I believe I should have been utterly crushed. I have accepted their loving sympathy as the one compensation for all the unspeakable misery of my lot. Having said thus much, which was in my heart and could not be kept back, I begin my story.

I married Daniel McFarland in 1857. I was a girl of 19, born in Massachusetts, and educated in New England schools. I had been a teacher, and was just beginning to write a little for the press. Daniel McFarland was an Irishman of 37 or 38, who had received a partial course at Dartmouth College, and had, seven years before I knew him, been admitted to the Massachusetts bar. When I married him, he represented himself to be a member of the bar in Madison, Wisconsin, with a flourishing law practice, brilliant political prospects, and possessed of property to the amount of \$20,000 to \$30,000. He also professed to be a man of temperate habits, of the purest morals, and, previous to my marriage, appeared neither intemperate, nor brutal, nor profane.

Immediately after our marriage we made some visits and then went to Madison, as I supposed, to reside permanently. I remember we were detained in New York during our very bridal tour while he borrowed the money to get back to the West. After we had been in Madison a few weeks, Mr. McFarland informed me that he was going to remove to New York, that all his property consisted of Wisconsin State lands to the amount of a good many thousand acres, on which only a small amount per acre was paid. He told me that there were large opportunities for trading these lands.

in New York City, and that he was going to reside there while he disposed of them for real estate or personal property. He told me at the same time that he had no money except just sufficient to pay our fares to the East, and that he had never had any law practice of consequence, having devoted himself solely to land speculations in the West.

We came to New York, consequently, in February, 1858. In New York City he kept me three or four weeks, and then taking all the jewelry I had to the pawnbroker's, to pay the board bill, he sent me home to my father's in New Hampshire. I simply tell these things to give some idea of how they must have effected a young girl fresh from a comfortable New England country home, to whom a pawnbroker's shop was almost an unheard-of institution, and not to convey the idea that it was his poverty which shocked or estranged me.

I did not leave my father's roof, in the Fall of 1858, without many misgivings; but I was very young and very cheerful in disposition, and hoped for the best.

On returning to New York Mr. McFarland hired a cottage in Brooklyn, and furnished two or three rooms. For a few weeks I kept a servant, but otherwise I lived all alone, almost without acquaintances, and entirely at this man's mercy. Some of the time—perhaps half of the time—he was good to me, and professed for me the most extravagant and passionate devotion. But he here first began to come home intoxicated. He would also come home sober, bringing with him bottles called "Schiedam Schnapps," containing a quart or so of vile liquor, and would put them by his bedside, and drink sometimes the whole before morning. When I begged him not to do this he said "his brain was on fire," and this made him sleep. This is the first time he began to tell me about his "brain being on fire," which was a favorite expression with him after he had been drinking, and to which so many people have testified to his using, on the recent trial for his life. As this was only two or three months before my first child was born, and all my senses were nervously acute, and as I was also, as I believe, a woman of refined taste and feeling, his breath and whole body steaming with the vile liquor which he drank during these nights, while I lay awake beside him, made him very odious to me, so that before I had been married to him a year my affection for him was very much chilled, I might say nearly destroyed.

In November my sister came to visit me, and then I sent away my servant, and we did the housework. During her visit Mr. McFarland took her to a *matinée* at the theater; left her and returned at the close of the *matinée* grossly intoxicated; made love to her in his drunken foolishness, and frightened her exceedingly. When I reproached him with this conduct he swore

he would never drink again, and drew written pledge to that effect, which he apparently several months. At Christmas time my baby was born, my mother came on to nurse me, and early in the spring went home again. My baby died at mother's, and was buried in our family place, my father bearing the funeral expenses. In July of '59 I returned again to McFarland. I remained with him there about three months. My heart was bruised by the death of my baby, and less able to bear up under the brutal violence of Mr. McFarland's temper, I did not enter into the details of his treatment of me during these three months; it was so bad that I went back to my father in October, 1859, and remained all that year; till August, 1860. At this time, in October, 1859, when I returned home I had had courage to have told my mother and father of my troubled life, I should probably never have returned to this man if I could not speak. It was so hard for me to tell. My ideas of a wife's duty were most conservative. I believed she should suffer almost unto death rather than the laws of marriage. I had a conscience sensitive to any appeals against itself, tried hard to love my husband and comfort myself I was in the wrong. Besides, I was expecting, in a few months, the birth of another child. No one shall say I mean my narrative as an appeal to sympathy; those who believe in my truth must see the case was hard, and realize somewhat the suffering I endured.

Two of my children were born at Madison, and the expenses came principally on my father, although at the birth of my youngest child, I paid my physician's bill, myself the results of a public reading which I had for that purpose.

We went back to Madison where we had lived previously, took a small house and went to housekeeping. We lived here a year or two months, and this was the happiest of my life with him, although I did most of the housework most of the time and took care of my baby. But I was so thoroughly weary of the terrible vagabondish life I had lived with this man, that, under almost any condition, a home I could call my own was delightful to me. Mr. McFarland never did any work while in Madison, or earned any money, I lived with extreme economy; had \$800 or \$900 left when he reached Madison, which, with the addition of \$300 more, which he received from the sale of a tract of land which he owned there, bought the furniture for our house and supported us for the first six months we lived there. At the expiration of this time Mr. McFarland began to grow and more morose and ill-tempered, and as I finally he was getting out of money had no way of getting any. He endeavored to get a public office of some kind in Madison but was not supported even by the

whom he counted as his friends. I had attracted some attention in private circles by my reading, and had given a public reading for the benefit of a soldier's hospital. On this Mr. McFarland proposed to me that he should take me to New York and have me fitted for the stage in the profession of an actress. He also announced that he should himself adopt the profession of an actor in case my success became assured. He had been at some time a teacher of elocution in a military school in Maryland, and he began training me in the reading of stage parts.

In June, 1861, he sold all our little furniture in Madison and brought me East, first going to my father's, in New Hampshire, to leave my little Percy, so that I could devote all my time to the stage. He made no secret of this to my parents, who did not approve of this step on his part, but did not interpose, on the conservative Puritan ground that even the parents have no right to interfere in the affairs of husband and wife. We went to New York, boarding first on Beach st., and afterward with Mrs. Oliver, at 58 Varick st., in the same vicinity. As soon as we were settled in the first of the places, Mr. McFarland began drilling me for the stage, which, I may say here, was the first and only instruction of any kind whatsoever he ever gave me; and he also sent me to take lessons of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Vandenhoff, to be fitted for the stage. I also began to give readings this Fall, and paid our board during the Fall and Winter with my own earnings. At Christmas of 1862, I was so anxious to have Percy with me, and I felt so hopeful of doing well during the Winter with the dramatic readings which I had begun, that I sent Mr. McFarland on to New Hampshire to get Percy, who had been all this time at my father's. On this occasion Mr. McFarland took with him all the little stock of jewels I possessed—my rings, brooches, watch and chain (which had by this time been so frequently pawned and repawned that I did not care for them), and sold them all in Boston. These were the last jewels I ever possessed, except a plain gold ring, which is the wedding ring placed on my hand by my dead husband.

Mr. McFarland was unspeakably cruel to me this Fall and Winter of 1862 and 1863, while we boarded at No. 58 Varick street. We occupied the only sleeping apartment on the parlor floor, and he could give full scope to his furies without fear of being overheard. I was all the time working hard to study for the profession for which he had designed me, and to make a success in dramatic readings, by which I was supporting both him and myself. I was still very young, and very proud and reticent. I had a most unusual cheerfulness and elasticity of temper, or I never should have lived through so heavy trials. He would lock himself into the room with me, and give way to such terrible furies that only the extreme pride and self-control prevented me from making my misery known. He brought home what he pro-

fessed was prussic acid, and threatened to take it, and to force me to take it. He would snatch my scissors from my work-basket, and, tearing open his breast, he would brandish them about, swearing he would "let out his heart's blood" before me. He told me (then a shrinking girl) that he kept loaded pistols, with which he would at any moment shoot me.

One morning, during this winter which I am now describing, after Mr. McFarland had been out nearly all night in a drunken orgie, and had risen from bed in one of his worst tempers, I approached him as he stood by the mirror finishing his toilet, and began to say something soothing to prevent the outburst of ill-temper which I feared was soon coming. He turned around and struck me a blow across my face which made me reel backward. Although he had often pinched and bit me in some of his fits of drunkenness, he had never before struck me so cruel and cold-blooded a blow. I felt as I shall never forget. I think an American woman does not easily forgive a blow like that. At all events, I remember I said to him, without raising my voice, "I shall never be able to forgive you such an outrage," and I think I never could forgive it. From that time I took an entirely different course with him when in one of these furies. "I had shed a great many tears under his cruelty, had tried to reason with him, had tried entreaties and persuasions. After this, whenever he was in one of his paroxysms—as he himself called them—I never moved or spoke, but, keeping perfectly self-controlled as far as I could, I sat quiet, always keeping my eye on him, because I always fancied as long as I looked steadily at him he would not do me any mortal violence. And I believe now, as I believed then, that my life has been saved by this silence and self-control. He has sometimes approached me with his hands extended, the fingers bent like claws, as if he were about to clutch my throat, and cried, "How I should like—like to strangle you." Or, "your life is bound some time to end in tragedy." Or, "your blood will be on your own head," and has, as I think, been restrained because I simply looked at him without saying a word.

In these furies he would often seize and break anything which was at hand—lamps, glasses, mirrors, and sometimes the heavier furniture of the room. Often he would rise from bed in these uncontrollable attacks of passion, tearing away all the bed-clothing, tearing in shreds his own night-clothing, throwing anything he could find which was breakable crashing about the unlighted room, till it has seemed to me as if there could be no Pandemonium worse than that in which I lived. And all this he would do without explanation, or even a pretext for complaint against me, and when I knew no more what excited his frenzy than a babe unborn.

I never told him after this Winter that I

could forgive or could love him, although he sometimes implored me to do so, because I could not say so with truth. Generally I told him I pitied him, which was true. Sometimes he said, "Your d—d silence irritates me more than if you talked;" but I was sure my course was the best.

At the time he struck me this severe blow in 1862, I told Mrs. John F. Cleveland (a sister of Mr. Greeley, who had been very kind to me in my dramatic readings) about the blow and something of Mr. McFarland's conduct to me. I did not tell her all, nor the worst, but I told her how he had struck me, principally because I was engaged to read at the house of some friends of hers an evening or two after, and I feared she would notice the mark on my face. She was the only person to whom I ever spoke of Mr. McFarland (otherwise that in a manner becoming for a wife to speak of a husband), till the Winter of 1867. And I devoted all my woman's skill and tact in hiding his conduct from casual observers at our boarding-houses or elsewhere.

During the Winter of 1862 and 1863 I had met Mrs. Sinclair often at her cousin's, Mrs. Cleveland's, and she had shown me many and great kindnesses. She had given me her parlors for one of my readings and had sold the tickets among my friends. At the time Mr. McFarland received his appointment in the Provost-Marshal's office she used her influence and her husband's influence to get him appointed. No person living has a stronger claim on the gratitude of this unhappy man than the noble woman whose charity he has so abused. In this Winter of 1863 and 1864, while we lived in Lamartine Place, we were Mr. Sinclair's neighbors. One night while there Mr. McFarland came home so bruised and bleeding from some street broil—a not uncommon occurrence on his part—that I was obliged to call on Mr. Sinclair for aid in getting him in bed. It was only three or four weeks before the birth of my youngest child, or I should not have done so. Then I kept Mr. McFarland in his room for more than a week, carrying his meals to him myself, that his disgrace might not be seen and commented on by the household where we boarded.

From the time he got his place in the Enrollment Office, in '63, until the Fall of '64, Mr. McFarland sent me home three times, and moved me to eight different boarding-houses. If, for one moment, I was peaceful in the possession of a shelter, his habits or his dissatisfied temper drove him to change. At last, in the Fall of 1864, Mr. Sinclair offered us, rent free, his unoccupied farm-house on the Hudson River, and we moved there for the Winter of '64. During this year my youngest boy, Danny, had been born on one of my visits to my father's house. I stayed at Croton, in Mr. Sinclair's house, all Winter, and, during the Summer in a small tenement, which we rented there, and which I furnished very cheaply with \$200, borrowed by Mr.

McFarland from my father. Here Mr. McFarland's conduct was more endurable, for he was away nearly all day, and the quiet and pleasantness of the country when he came there, I fancied had a good effect on him. In the Summer of '65, however, he lost his place under Government, and seemed to make no further attempt to do anything. He informed me one day that he was out of a place, and had no money. Then I told him I supposed I should have to give public readings again. As usual, when I made such suggestions, he swore at me in his terrible way, but made no other answer. I went on and made my arrangements to give dramatic readings; gave several before leaving Croton, and then, with some of the money I had raised, I went to my father's, who had now moved to Massachusetts, and from his house went away to give several other readings in New England, leaving the children with mother. At this time I paid the bill to the physician who attended me at Danny's birth, now 18 months old, which had been all this time unpaid. This Winter I made a desperate struggle for life. I had my two babies—the younger just weaned; I had this man half of the time coming home intoxicated, and I had nothing but my woman's heart and hands to look to for support. I gave all the readings I could. I did all my own housework when at home. I took faithful care of my children, but I often sank into such utter despondency of heart as only God knows and can pity, when he sees the poor human soul sinking under it.

On one of these days Mrs. Sinclair came in. I had never said a word to her about my troubles, and she had been too delicate to broach the subject to me. When she went away she put a little paper in my hand, and after she had gone I found it was a \$50 bank note. Next morning came a letter from her inclosing another \$50 note, which she said was a present from some other friends of mine. I confess, I could not endure such a wound to my pride. I had been reared in comfort and plenty, and in my veins ran some of the proudest blood in Massachusetts. I knew not one of my kin had ever taken alms. I had to use some of the money sent me, for we were absolutely pinched with want at that moment, but the next week I sold all our furniture, which was bought with money borrowed of my father, and parted with many articles of comfort which had been sent to me from my home, and with the proceeds of the sales I was able to send back the money to Mr. Sinclair, telling her I could not yet receive alms from my friends. But her indefatigable friendship did not cease here, and she sent me back much of it in clothes and other necessaries. Then in April, 1866, she and some other friends arranged a reading at Steinway's Rooms, on Fourteenth st., of which the proceeds were more than \$150.

In May, 1866, Mr. McFarland had \$1000 in money. He had got this money from a

healthy owner of oil lands in Pennsylvania, residing in New York City (whose name I do not like to mention), by threatening to expose him for some irregularity in paying his income tax, and McFarland told me this man had given him the money if he "would not trouble him farther." He also told me that he had "several other men under his thumb in the same way." It was agreed that I should go to a small farm-house in the White Mountains, where I knew Mrs. Oliver Johnson was going to spend the summer, and that he should pay my board there—which was to be very cheap indeed—for myself and the children. In June, 1866, I went from my father's with the children to Shelburne, N. H., among the mountains. I remained there till September. During this summer he sent me \$160 in a check, signed by Mr. Sinclair, and I had \$50 on arriving, which he had given me making in all \$210, with which I paid my board and washing bills for myself and the children, during my four months' stay in Shelburne.

While here, in the winter of 1866, I had met Mrs. L. G. Calhoun, and during this summer at Shelburne, I had corresponded with her. I have been most fortunate in my friendships, but I never knew any woman more loyal to affection, more overflowing with tenderness, more ready with helpful sympathy than she. My whole nature, usually reticent, went out to her in confidence and friendship, and I had written from the mountains asking her aid in getting an engagement on the stage. She had succeeded in arranging an engagement at Winter Garden, the theater which Mr. Edwin Booth controlled, and a place which we both considered particularly fortunate for a lady to be connected with, on account of Mr. Booth's position as a gentleman in private life, as well as his eminence in his profession.

This fall of 1866, while at Newark, I saw the manager of Winter Garden, and my engagement was made certain at a salary of \$20 per week. I wrote this to Mr. McFarland, who still remained behind in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and also wrote him that I could not and should not stay longer at his brother's. He came down to New York shortly after this, borrowing money in small sums of my father to pay his expenses back, and took me from his brother's and to a wretched boarding-house in Amity street near Sixth avenue. Here he borrowed some money of Mr. Sinclair, and gave me \$25, which is the last money I ever received from him. This was in October, 1866. He left me at this house, informing me that he should probably not be back very much of the time during this winter.

Then I was so worn out by the anxieties and the terrible weeks I had spent at Newark that I broke down and was ill at this wretched boarding-house, alone with my two babies. While here, Mrs. Calhoun called and found me in this condition, and, going

home, she wrote a note in which she told me, in the most delicate manner, that whenever I wanted money her purse was at my service. The same day Mrs. Sinclair called, and, shocked at the wretched and desolate condition in which she saw me, took me and both my children to her house. As soon as I was there and had begun to recover, Mr. McFarland came back and made his preparations to come there also. As gently as I could I told him Mr. Sinclair's house was over-full, and if he were coming back to town I must get a place somewhere for all of us. It was then about two weeks before my engagement began at Winter Garden. Mr. McFarland instructed me that I might get board for myself and the children but only occasional board for himself, as he should be absent about the gas business most of the time. I then engaged board in Macdougall street, in a very respectable house, where I had a small attic-room for all my family. As soon as I got here my health again gave way, and I was ill in bed nearly two weeks. It was only by sheer force of will that I got up from bed and dragged myself to the theater to begin my engagement. During these two weeks' illness, Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. Calhoun visited and ministered to me. Both of them sent me nourishing food from their own table, by their own servants. They sent me money, and gave me the lovingest sympathy that woman ever gave to woman. I had already got an engagement to write for *The Riverside Magazine*, and one day during this illness, when Mrs. Calhoun found me sitting up in bed, weak and exhausted, finishing a child's story, with my two noisy little children playing at my bedside, she took it away, and interested the managing editor of *The Independent* in my work, so that he sent me word he would take some of my stories for his paper.

As soon as I went on the stage (this was the 28th of November, 1866,) I told the woman in whose house I had been boarding about three weeks, of my new profession. She immediately told me that she could not possibly have an actress in her house, and I must get a new place as soon as convenient. As quickly as I could I found a new place at No. 86 Amity street. I went to No. 86 Amity street about the 16th or 17th of December, 1866. On the 20th of December I had an engagement to read at Salem, Mass., before the Lyceum Lecture Course. My mother had written us that if I would bring on one of the children she would take him and care for him for an indefinite period, because she feared I had too much to do with the two children and all my other duties. So I concluded to take the youngest child, Danny, to my own home on this journey to Salem. I played at the theater the night before starting for Massachusetts, and was obliged to sit up nearly all night to get myself and child ready. About 1 o'clock in the night, McFarland came home in a state of beastly intoxication. He was past talking

then, but toward daylight, while I was getting ready to take the morning train for Boston, I roused him, and told him I had been intending to take Danny home. but now I thought I would take both the children and leave them with mother till I could do something better, and come back and separate myself from him entirely, that I could not possibly work as I was doing and bear his habits any longer. On this he professed great penitence, begged me to try him once more. Said he would do better if I would give him this one trial, etc., etc. I did not believe him, but I hardly knew what to do, and I finally went off with Danny to my mother's. This was the morning of the 19th. Read in Salem the 20th, returning to New York the 21st, and going to the theater the same evening. At New Year's time I foolishly allowed McFarland to draw a two week's salary from the theater, which had been lying over because the money I had earned at Salem paid the necessary board bill, and he went again and got drunk, and remained so for two or three days. At this time I made up my mind I would do something. On the afternoon of January 2, I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Calhoun, to whom, in all of my acquaintance, I had never spoken of McFarland, except incidentally telling her some of my troubles.

In this letter, which it cost me terrible pain and humiliation to write, because my habits of concealment were so natural and difficult to overcome, I glozed over some of the worst facts. I concealed the fact of his hopeless intemperance, and I tried, with all the humanity and justice which was in my nature, to speak most gently and impartially of this unfortunate man. The following is the exact copy of the first confidence I ever made to this loyal friend of my anxieties and struggles:

"Jan. 2, 1867.

"MY DARLING AND COMFORTER: I have seated myself with the intention of writing you a long, long letter; of telling you some things which I have never before told any one; but which, kept secret and brooded over, seem to eat out my heart and consume my life day by day. I was miserably unhappy yesterday, all the latter part of the day. Yesterday morning, after I had got all ready to go to Mrs. Sinclair's, after I had kissed Percy "Good-by," and had my parcels in my arms ready to take them over, some little impatient words I said irritated Mr. McFarland, who is very sensitive and quick-tempered. It arose from my asking him to help me carry some of my bundles, and his resenting it, and our both getting a little bit angry. I did not say half as much as I hear women every day say to their husbands; without its being remembered on either side. I should not have remembered it one instant, but he does, and I went away without smoothing out the snarl. It was perhaps a little perverse, but I got so tired of constantly smoothing and coaxing. But

all day I was nervous, when he did not call with Percy as he had promised, and I was very anxious. I could not get away in the evening without showing how uneasy I was, so I stayed. When I got home, I found Percy in bed, hugging up a book with which he had got himself asleep—alone. After an hour or two of agonizing waiting, waiting—listening for footsteps, and dreading to hear them—which are only a few of the *hundreds* of hours I have spent so—he came in, two-thirds intoxicated and very morose. I asked him why he could so spoil my day, and cause me so much unhappiness, and he answered that "I had treated him outrageously, and he should spend the New-Year's as he chose."

"Two weeks ago—the morning of the Tuesday before I went to Salem to read, you remember—I got utterly discouraged, and I said something, not reproachful, to Mr. McFarland about my feelings. One *cannot* always keep up, you know. There was no unkindness between us, only when I sink a little in hope he sinks in despair. That night he did not come home to dinner, and I was obliged to leave my babies when I went to the theater, awake and alone. All the evening I was burning with anxiety to get home. He did not come for me, and I went home alone after I got through the play. I found him in a beastly slumber, from which I could not rouse him; he had been drinking all day. I was to start that next morning for Massachusetts, and it made me almost crazy. Next morning he was in sackcloth and ashes for his conduct. He wept, and begged me to forgive him—not to tell my father and mother, and swore he would vindicate himself before me by a different life this year.

"Dear, I try to write these things coldly and mechanically. I *want* to do so, so as not to be unjust, but I *must* write you. I feel I must let you know something of my inner life, and of the struggles that no one can see, or I shall die.

"You know, my darling, when I was married I had not much experience of life, or judgment of character. When Mr. McFarland asked me to marry him, I said 'yes,' without proper deliberation. I was not in love with any one else; *everybody* got married I thought, and I never questioned whether I was sufficiently in love or not. I *thought* I was, and did not reason. After I was married and began to know Mr. McFarland, I found him radical to the extreme in all his ideas. He seemed to have many heartfelt schemes of philanthropy and lovely traits of character. He had beautiful theories, and he believed he acted on them, when he did not, and was often cruelly unjust to me and my motives. He was madly jealous of me from the first—a jealousy which seemed to me to have its root in a radical want of confidence in woman's virtue. A bachelor experience had made him believe women were not always chaste, I think; but to me, who was chaste as ice and pure

as snow, if ever women were chaste, these things were horrible outrages. They struck the first blow at the tenderness I felt for him, which might have ripened into a real affection, I have no doubt.

"This was the first shock—the second was the discovery that if anything annoyed him, if I was impatient or a little cross (as I think all women are at times, and I know my temper is naturally sunny), or if business cares oppressed him, or a hundred other annoyances which might trouble one, then, as a refuge from any of these, he would drink liquor, and come home under its influence.

I was bred in the New England idea of temperance, and this was to me a vice more odious than I can speak. I had for it little compassion. When Mr. McFarland came home thus I loathed him with unspeakable loathing and disgust. I was living, when this first happened, in Brooklyn. I had not a single intimate friend in either city. I had no one to speak with from morning till night, and I was pregnant with my first baby, which made me very nervous and easily affected. What I suffered that first year, God only knows; what I suffered many hundred times since, He only knows, but it is enough to tell you that in a year the possibility of ever loving him was utterly extinguished.

"This is an awful thing to say, dearest. To drag out for eight or ten years an existence with a man whose whole nature overflowed with passion, who by turn adored and abused you, and who wanted to absorb both body and soul, and to feel nothing but a feeling of pity. * * * * *

"I want to do Mr. McFarland justice, and I pity him more than I pity myself. His condition and his suffering are worse, perhaps. He had noble theories and not strength enough to realize them. The mistakes that he made embittered and still embitter him. He meant his life to be noble, and it is a failure. I am glad and proud to say that for the last years he has ceased to be jealous of me or of my feeling toward any man. I should never be anything but a chaste woman in my relations with men, but his feeling has made me more than prudent, and I have been always most reserved. I have never had any sentiments so warm as friendship for other men, and my actions would bear the most jealous scrutiny.

"After his affairs—his business affairs—had become hopelessly entangled (this was in the third year of our marriage), he insisted on returning West, where he had formerly lived. We stayed there for a time, and came back here again. The first year after our return home from the West, before he took the position in the Provost-Marshal's office, his habits were again dreadfully bad, and he drank in a way in which none of my friends mistrusted it. He would go out evenings and spend them in low bar-rooms, and come home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning reeking with liquor. Three times he has come home beaten and bruised. When he is

drunk, all the good in him is turned to evil; he is simply and truly a fiend. Undisciplined in his temper in his best moments, he has then been dreadful.

"My darling, I have spent hours and nights in scenes before which tragedy grows pale. I have no words to speak of them.

"I have tried and do try to do my duty. I have the most sincere pity for this unfortunate man; my heart bleeds for him. I try, Heaven knows, to be as patient as I can. With all my troubles, my life is not as unhappy as his. My heart and soul are my own; he cannot touch them. I pity him, but I do not love him enough to let him wound me to the quick.

"I don't know what to do—what course to take. I want to be advised. I have written these wild words incoherently. I know, since writing is not my natural method of expression—to get some of this weight off me, and I have tried to write justly. I know I must, in some way, protect myself from Mr. McFarland's mode of revenging any careless word upon me. I have half made up my mind to-day to tell the Sinclairs that I fear the encroachments of his habits. I dread my future so much, and I have my babies to think of beside.

"Yesterday he drew two week's of my salary at the theater, and paid the week's board bill, and I fear will spend a good deal of the money, which we need so much in liquor.

"Don't come to me after reading this; I fear I shall repent writing it. Yours always.

"ABBY."

"P. S.—I just went down to breakfast and left him in bed. When I came up he was gone! I shall be so anxious till night."

"The evening after I thus wrote her, Mr. McFarland not coming home, I went to Mrs. Sinclair's, before going to the theater, and told her what great distress I was in. She then told me she had been herself to Mr. McElrath, who was a friend of Mr. Sinclair's, and had asked him for a place for Mr. McFarland, in the Custom House, and he had promised to give him one. "But," she added, "if he gets drunk habitually, I can't ask Mr. Sinclair to recommend him, because Mr. McElrath will not give a man of such habits a place." I then implored her to say nothing about it, because he must get the place, else I should not know what to do with him; and she promised to say nothing of it, unless something more was done on Mr. McFarland's part.

Within a few days after the 1st of January, 1867, I found the boarding-house at No. 86 Amity street intolerable, for various reasons, and removed to No. 72 Amity street, taking the back parlor and extension-room for my rooms, and preparing our meals for myself, Percy, and Mr. McFarland. The rooms were very comfortable, and I rented them from a Mrs. Mason, who herself rented half of the house. I took these

rooms somewhere in the first or second week in January.

Somewhere about the last of January, or first of February, Mr. Richardson came to lodge at this house. He came there because there was a good room vacant there, and he was obliged to move his lodgings, which were in the vicinity, and he told me that he did not wish to move very far, as he expected to leave the city altogether very soon. He called on me when he came to the house to see the room, which was the first time he ever called on me, or that I ever saw him in any house where I was boarding, although I had before met him occasionally at Mrs. Sinclair's, where he was a frequent visitor, and at Mrs. Calhoun's, where he had been an inmate of her mother's family.

On the 4th of February, Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. Calhoun were going to Washington. Just before going Mr. McFarland had a terrible and unusually dangerous attack of rage, of which I told Mrs. Calhoun. She said she was afraid to go away and leave me with that man, for fear he would kill me, and asked if she might tell some of our friends about his conduct, so that we could have some advice in the matter before she went away; but I felt as if I could not consent to this, and told her so. Mr. Oliver Johnson told me afterward that she did speak to himself and his wife of her great anxiety for me, and her fear that Mr. McFarland would murder me in some of his paroxysms.

After Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Sinclair were gone, I devoted myself more closely than ever to my work. Mr. Richardson was there in the same house. He had been there a few days, perhaps a week, when they went away. On the evening of the 19th of February, Mr. McFarland came in from the Custom House, where he had been employed since the 1st of February. I was standing at Mr. Richardson's door in the front hall, and he was just handing me some manuscripts which he had offered to lend me to make use of if I could, in some literary work. Mr. Richardson's room was used as his working-room; and at this time, as at all parts of the day, he had with him a stenographer, a messenger-boy, and an artist, who were engaged in his literary works. When Mr. McFarland came in he objected to my going to Mr. Richardson's room, to which I replied, that "I had not been in, was not in the habit of going there, and even if I had been in there, it was not a private room, but an office, in the day-time." With this the matter dropped, and I supposed this was all of it; but in a few moments Mr. McFarland commenced to say something again on the same subject. I saw he was in ill humor, and I supposed he wished to make anything the pretext for one of his passions, and I said little or nothing. From this he worked himself up into a great fury, in which I left him to go to my necessary work at the theater. He continued in this rage through

the night, and I spent a terrible night with him. All through the next day (the 20th) he remained at home abusing and tormenting me. He used to me expressions which I never could forgive or endure; and, still harping on the fact of my being at Mr. Richardson's room, asked me before Percy, who was all the time present: "Did Mr. Richardson ever kiss you?" "Have you ever been in his room alone with him?" and others which I considered insulting and unpardonable.

At last he declared he was willing to be separated from me, and that I might go home to my father's and leave him. When I assented to this, he wanted to bring in some of my friends to talk the matter over before them, but I refused to take counsel from any one till my father could be sent for.

On the evening of the 20th, before going to the theater, I secreted his razors, his pocket-knife, my scissors, and all articles I considered dangerous—as I frequently did on such occasions—and left him. When I came home he was still raging. He frequently had made threats of committing suicide, often going out of doors with that avowed purpose. On this occasion, about midnight he bade me an unusually solemn "eternal farewell," and told me that this time he was certainly going out to destroy himself. He had done this so many times that I said nothing, and made no effort to detain him. At the door he hesitated, and asked if I had nothing to say "in this last parting." I said, "I can only say that I am hopelessly sorry for you." He went out, and in a few minutes returned, as I knew he would, cooled and sobered by the cold night air, and then, it being nearly morning, as mildly and firmly as I possibly could, I began to talk with him. I told him decidedly that I should leave him forever. He wept and sobbed, and begged me to forgive him. He confessed that he had wronged me, that no woman would have borne with him as I had done, and about daylight went to sleep exhausted.

The next morning I went to Mr. Sinclair's and placed myself under the protection of his roof, and never afterward saw Mr. McFarland except once or twice in the presence of others.

MR. RICHARDSON'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH ME AND HIS CONNECTION WITH MY CASE.

Up to the time of his coming to room at the same house in Amity street, my acquaintance with Mr. Richardson had been very slight and formal. He was a frequent visitor at the house of two of my most intimate friends—Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. Calhoun—in whose mother's family he had been an inmate after his return from prison, and where he was like a son and a brother. I met him there quite often, but on very formal terms. At the time, on the 1st of December, when I was obliged to leave the place in Macdougal street, because the board

use keeper refused to keep any one of profession of an actress in her house, I of this circumstance to the family at alhoun's when we were all at the lunch and Mr. Richardson was present. They all indignant, and Mr. Richardson, with endless and sympathy which were of characteristics, proposed that I ad for a boarding-place. He also said the house where he lodged were some rooms, and that if I were to look at and liked them he would himself speak landlady of my profession, and he it she would not object to it. On this next day at the house where Mr. dson lodged, looked at the vacant and saw him at the time for a mo in the front hall. The rooms were too sive for me, and I took lodgings at me at No. 86 Amity street.

er I removed to No. 72 Amity street, chardson being obliged suddenly to his lodgings, and knowing I was nearly opposite in the same street with f, came to see if he could get rooms

I introduced him to Mrs. Mason, the g house woman, but beyond that had erest or influence in getting him in there. Mrs. Mason, who is an Irish a, and in full sympathy with Mr. dland, has in this case made many ous statements. If I had any feeling Mr. Richardson's coming to take a so near Mr. McFarland and myself, it re of aversion, from the fact that he not be there without knowing some of my unhappy life, and I felt keenly uch a knowledge would pain and hu me. But I could not control the and about a month before I finally r. McFarland, Mr. Richardson had there to lodge. I saw him often, and me many kindnesses. I knew very pitied me, because he thought I was orked, and not very happy. His treat of me was always most respectful and ed. There was never, prior to my g Mr. McFarland, a word or even a assed between us which I should not d now if all the world had seen and

My boy, who was then seven years as always with me, and Mr. Richard-alls were made usually in the afternoon the time he got through work, and after Mr. McFarland had got home down town. This is the exact and statement of my acquaintance with chardson up to the time of my separa-om Mr. McFarland.

afternoon, or night of the 20th of ry, while Mr. McFarland was in his rage, I wrote in my dressing-room at ater a letter to Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. in, then in Washington, telling them was suffering, and my fears for my

I felt that if Mr. McFarland should r me in some of his outbursts, it was hat they should know the very worst, was frank to the utmost. They an-

swered that letter on the instant, with the two noble and womanly letters which have already been produced in print as evidence of "their conspiracy to take a devoted wife from a loving and chivalrous husband."

On the last night of my life with Mr. McFarland, the night of the 20th of February, it happened, as was not usual, that Mr. Richardson was in his room the whole evening. He almost always spent his evenings at Mrs. Gilbert's, which was his home in New York, and where he was loved like a son. He has since told me that he heard the greater part of what had passed that night, as was unavoidable from the position of his room, and that he feared he might be obliged to call help, or himself interfere in my behalf against Mr. McFarland's violence. The next day, when I left my rooms to go to Mr. Sinclair's, I found Mr. Richardson there when I entered. No one else was present but Miss Perry, Mrs. Sinclair's older sister. Under ordinary circumstances I should have controlled myself until I could see Miss Perry alone; but worn out as I was by the misery and excitements of the last two days, and the fact that I had still been obliged to keep at work at home and at the theater, I broke down, and burst into tears as soon as I entered the room. As soon as I could speak I began to talk to them both. Mr. Richardson said very little. I remember he said, "This is a matter in which I cannot advise you, but whatever you make up your mind to do, I shall be glad to help you in."

He *did* help me in ten thousand ways in which I never should have permitted him to take part if I had had the slightest knowledge of the feeling which was to grow up between us. He helped me make arrangements to send Percy home, which was the first thing I was anxious to do. He telegraphed for me to one or two friends, and wrote to Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Sinclair of the step I had taken, which I asked him to do at once. All these things which common prudence would have prevented him from doing if there had been any guilty secret between us or any relation except the simple one on his part of sympathy toward a very wretched woman, he did openly and unreservedly. He saw Mr. McFarland and told him he was my friend in this, and that he had telegraphed to my father to come on.

On the 23d my father came, and on the 24th, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Johnson, Mr. Sinclair, and my father and Mr. McFarland, I announced to him my absolute determination to leave him. I told him he knew he had lost my affections years before, and that what I now did would be final. I said very little except this, for any allusion to his conduct Mr. McFarland interrupted immediately. But he was unusually calm for him, and said several times he accepted my decision as final, and added, "I bow to it and submit to it." I treated him with a great deal of pity, as I always had, and urged my father to go home and

remain all night with him to see that he did nothing desperate. Of course, his constant threat that he would commit suicide, and that, in such a case, "his blood would be on my head," had always caused me some anxiety, which I am now convinced I might have spared myself.

The evening after this separation took place, Mr. Richardson called at Mr. Sinclair's and stayed an hour or two with the family. He told us all that in a few days he was going to Hartford to finish his book. I was going to Massachusetts the 7th of April, when my engagement expired at the theater, and I thought if he went away in a day or two I might not see him again, so when he arose to leave that evening, I went to the door to say—what I could not say before the others—that he had been very, very good to me, that I never could repay him, but that God would surely bless him for it. I could not say this without strong emotion, and while I spoke, he said: "How do you feel about facing the world with two babies?" I answered: "It looks hard for a woman, but, then, I am sure I can get on better without that man, than with him." At this, Mr. Richardson, still holding my hand, which I had given him to say "good-bye," stooped down, and, speaking in a lower tone so that he could not be heard through the door opened in the parlor where the others were sitting, said these words: "I wish you to remember, my child, that any responsibility you choose to give me in any possible future, I shall be very glad to take." I think those were his exact words. And with this, he went away without a single word more being spoken by either of us. I turned and went up-stairs, and said nothing to any one that night. It may have been two days later Mr. Richardson called again. It happened I was in the parlor alone when he came in.

In the talk which took place then, he told me that during the storms of the last few days of my life he had become interested in me and very fond of me, that I was the woman of all the world whom he had seen to whom he would gladly intrust the care of his motherless children; that my prudence and reserve during all our acquaintance when he knew I was unhappy, had won on him greatly; that he loved me, and that if in any future, however far off, I could be free to marry, he wanted me to know fully this feeling. What could I say? Mr. Richardson had all my respect for his chivalry and generosity to me before he had spoken thus. When he spoke, all my heart went out to him as freely as the river flows toward the sea. The formal separation from Mr. McFarland in which he seemed to release me from the bondage in which he held me, had had to me the moral effect of a divorce. I had a feeling which perhaps no one can understand. It was as if a millstone had been cut off from my neck, and left me as free and unbound as I ever felt in girlhood. Mr. Richardson seemed to me in

every respect the opposite of the miserable man who had so long tormented me. His goodness to me, his unusual strength of character, united with his tenderness and sympathy, made it absolutely impossible not to love him. While he waited for me to say something to answer what he said, I did not think of the imprudence of it at all. I only asked him earnestly if his chivalry and a generous impulse to assist a woman in trouble had not led him to mistake this for a warmer feeling. He laughed at this, and then I began to think of my family and Mr. Richardson, and of my whole unhappy position. Mr. Richardson blamed himself afterward, and our friends all blamed us for this declaration on his part and my acceptance of it, as an act most rash and imprudent, but I know we neither of us meant to do anything either immoral or even improper. He counselled me to tell my friends all he said and take their counsel. Our talk at most was not a very long one, and within a few days he went to Hartford, and I did not expect to see him again for an indefinite time.

After his departure I went back to my old room in Amity st., where my trunks and wardrobe still remained. It was convenient to do this, and some one of my lady friends went to spend the nights with me. Two nights after I went there, Mr. Richardson unexpectedly came from Hartford, intending to go to Washington for a day or two. He had written me several letters during his stay at Hartford, which I had received and answered. He arrived in New York on the 12th of March, and on the evening of the 13th, when I went out of the theater, I found him there waiting for me. He was asked to call for me by the friends who usually took me home, and who, on that night, were gone to the opera. After walking a few yards from the theater, Mr. McFarland came up behind us and shot Mr. Richardson, inflicting a severe but not dangerous wound in the thigh. As soon as he had done this, he fired two shots in quick succession at me, but without wounding me, as Mr. Richardson had told me to run as soon as he felt himself hurt. On this evening, after he had been at the Station House with the policeman who arrested Mr. McFarland, Mr. Richardson went with me to the house of our friends, and remained in New York till he was out of danger, and then returned to my father's in Massachusetts.

At this time I heard first of the intercepted letter from Mr. Richardson to me, which he had written from Hartford after the conversation which had taken place between us. I never saw the letter or knew its contents till it appeared in print. The letter was a mixture of jest and of sentiment, which any one who knew Mr. Richardson would readily understand. I shall not go on to explain point by point, but the allusion to his love for me being the "growth of years" was simply a sentimental expression, as in point of fact I had known him only a few months, and had

een, acquainted with him not more than four months.

Just after the shooting, while I was in the great distress of mind following such a horrible occurrence, Mr. McFarland went to my rooms in Amity street, and, gaining access to my rooms by such representations as poisoned the minds of the landlady and the servants against me (to whom, of course, I had said nothing about my affairs), he broke open my trunks, took out all the private correspondence I had preserved during my whole life, rifled my writing-desk and portfolio, and even searched the pockets of my dresses. He also succeeded in intercepting two or three more letters from friends out of town. This is the history of the private letters he has been able to introduce into the case; and I feel compelled to add, as was proved in a measure at the trial, that all these letters, except those two intercepted from Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. Calhoun, he had previously read; that the letters from Mrs. Calhoun to me about the stage had been read by him months before I left him, and that all her efforts to get me an engagement were as well known to him as to me. While I lived with Mr. McFarland I never had a letter which in any sense could be called private. He never, that I remember, brought me a letter of which he had not first broken the seal and gone over the contents. And I am glad to feel that few people's private letters (things so susceptible of being misunderstood or put under false construction) could have borne so well the test of publicity, and the most malicious attempt at misrepresentation as the letters of which I was robbed in the manner I have described.

After I went back to Massachusetts, terribly hurt by scandal which had been caused by the shooting of Mr. Richardson in the open street, I wrote to Mr. Richardson telling him that I feared—and that the thought grieved me inexpressibly—that in a moment of romantic generosity he had offered me his love. To this letter of mine, Mr. Richardson wrote me in answer the following letter, which shows so well the chivalrous nature of the man, and the rare traits which won me to love him so deeply as I do, that I print it without reserve because I believe it will bear to a candid mind his vindication, as well as corroborate my story:

"March 31, 1867.

"MY LOVE: If Heaven shall ever grant me the last blessing of calling you mine, by the most sacred name of wife, it will compensate me for all waiting and sorrow. And, precious, should one of us go hence by unalterable destiny before that blessed hour come, it would still be blessed and full compensation to know that you had loved me; that you had found in my poor nature somewhere hidden any worth that deserved love."

"And, precious, about our immediate situation. There isn't a bit of any sacrifice or

generosity about it on my part. *Once for all*, remember that. Partly from my own rashness, partly from things neither of us could control, you and I are in a little boat on a high and somewhat perilous sea. If I had had any sense you would not have been there. But I believe devoutly in the proverb that a man who isn't a fool part of the time is one all the time. It was foolish, imprudent, *cruel* in me to let you be on such a craft with me, when patience could have avoided it. But I loved you and took no counsel of reason.

"Well, darling, here we are in the little boat, waves high, some sharks, some pirates. For me, it is nothing. I have faced all perils in life and death before, and their familiar faces don't disturb me. And I am not a bit afraid to die; so I am not afraid of anything in life. But, precious, for you my heart reproaches me. I am so sorry, when I should have been your helper and comforter, and shield, to have brought you into such a storm. But, darling, *if I live*, I am going to see you safely out of it. If I should not live to get into harbor with you, the Father will take care of your sunny head.

"But, precious, let us take our chances, I have been in rougher waves before, and ridden them safely. Let us exercise the best seamanship we can, provide for all contingencies as far as possible, and then keep the serene mind which defies fate and fears nothing but guilt, and knows how infinitesimal all these petty things of life are, and feels sure that infinite love and absolute justice rule the world.

"My darling, in all that I am or do, or have or hope for, in life or death, you are irrevocably interwoven. I regret nothing that I have done, save just to the extent that it has affected or marred your happiness. My whole heart, my whole life, go out to you. I think I see a happy future, sunny days, loves of children, loves of home, good to others. I *know* I see a loyalty nothing can shake, a trust that is absolute, a love that is utter and vital."

After my return to Massachusetts, in March, 1867, Mr. McFarland commenced proceedings to get possession of my children in a suit of habeas corpus. Not satisfied with these proceedings, he assailed me in every way possible to harass a woman. I hardly have one friend in New York or New England into whose house he did not enter to force them to listen to his story. He assailed my character with vile epithets, which I should blush to repeat, and which he knew, in his own consciousness, I would die ten thousand deaths rather than deserve. I am glad and proud to say that none of my friends fell off from me, and that among all my friends and acquaintances, only one door has been shut against me, in spite of all the heavy slanders, which I have had to bear. At last, weary and worn out with more contests than I can describe here, pursued by his revenge, in the form of anonymous let-

ters, by spies set to watch my footsteps, by all that can wear out a woman's courage and heart, I made a compromise with Mr. McFarland. It was agreed that all proceedings should be stopped by a division of the children, and that he should take Percy and I should keep Danny in my charge. My remorse for letting the child go without letting the legal proceedings take their course has been terrible. But I was very weak. I was in Boston, where I had no friends except my own family. In the midst of all these proceedings, Gov. John A. Andrew, who was my lawyer, died suddenly. I was instructed that, by the common law, the children belong to the father, and that it is in the discretion of the court whether the mother shall have her children or no. Last of all, Mr. McFarland came to my mother and promised, with a solemnity which seemed like truth, that he would put my child in school; that he would only consult my wishes in choosing place for him, and that there should be no bar between me and the little boy. So I let him go in November, 1867. It was only a little while before I heard the child was not in school, was not going to be there, that he was dragged from one lodging-house to another, till I became so anxious I came to New York to see him. When, accompanied by my lawyer in New York city, Mr. Runkle, I went to the lodgings where Percy lived, I was met by Mr. McFarland with such a storm of outrage and abuse as I will not try to describe.

It was in the Spring of 1868 that I attempted to see Percy. After the outrageous scene, which nearly broke my heart, my friends all said one thing—that I must at once take legal steps to get free from Mr. McFarland. I decided very soon to go to Indiana. The laws there, as I found on consultation, permit a divorce for drunkenness, extreme cruelty, and failure to support a wife. I knew, beyond a doubt, that Mr. McFarland had committed adultery while I lived with him as his wife. I had been offered proof that he had committed that crime against marriage since I had ceased to live with him. I was told that adultery was the only ground on which a divorce in New York was obtainable. But I repeat now what I said then, with all my soul upon my lips, that I considered his treatment of me, his personal abuses, his terrible profanity, his outrages of all kinds, an infinitely greater sin against me and my womanhood than if he had committed again and again, unknown to me, the crime against the marriage relation which is the only cause the New York courts hold just grounds for divorce. My opinion in this remains unchanged even while I write. So I went to Indiana, and remained there sixteen months, only once coming home for a little visit in Massachusetts, at Christmas. On the 31st of October, 1869, I returned to my mother's house legally set free from my first marriage bond by the decision of one of the States

under the Constitution, which affirms that full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other State.

During all my stay in Indiana, and in all his frequent journeyings west, I never saw Mr. Richardson once, and he carefully avoided passing through the city where I stopped to give no shadow of a cause for scandal. But on the 31st of October, 1869, I came home *free*. On November 17, 1869, Mr. Richardson came on to his mother's house in Medway to Thanksgiving. On Thanksgiving evening I met him at the railroad station, as he came from his aged mother's, whose youngest son he was. For the first time since he was shot in 1867, I walked with him in the street. In all that time we had entered no place of amusement together, and had only once met accidentally at one evening party at the house of a mutual friend. It seemed as if, for the first time I had a right to talk freely, and unreservedly to him, so carefully had our acquaintance with each other been protected.

On the day after Thanksgiving Mr. Richardson went back to New York. Nothing definite was planned about our future. We could still afford to wait till events shaped themselves. Just a week after he left, a dispatch came that he was mortally hurt, and I came to New York to nurse him till he died. When I came he asked me, if there should seem at any time to be no hope of his recovery, if I would marry him at once, and I said I would. Otherwise we decided to wait till he recovered. I supposed he wished to be married that I might have a firmer legal right to take the charge and rearing of his three orphaned children; and also because he could die more peacefully having made me his wife. As for myself, if I had had ten thousand lives, I should have been more than glad to have given them up for him who was dying for the crime of having loved me; and his lightest wish in the matter would have weighed with me against all other motives in the world. So, when it became plain that he must go away from all the hearts that yearned to hold him here, we were married.

This is the whole true story of all that has happened to me. I said when I wrote it I should tell the whole. If it were guiltier I should have told it just the same. I think the same thing might have happened to any man or woman who lives, without bringing to them either remorse or shame, and often without bringing any reproach.

As to Mr. McFarland himself, I believe now, as I have believed for years, that he was a man born to do a murder. The fact that he was always uttering threats of bloodshed does not so much convince me of this as the fact of his temperament, which, partly from hereditary causes, partly from his nationality, and partly from bad education, had become one of uncontrollable violence. I

believe he feared this himself. Often during my early married life, when I told him in the reasonable moments that he would kill me in some of his fits of passion, he asserted with vehemence that he "should never harm a hair of my head." Toward the last of my life with him, however, he said several times, in answer to expressed fears, "I shall never arm you, if I know you," which convinced me that he did not feel sure of himself. And I believe simply and truly that if I had stayed with him, sooner or later I should have been the victim of his blind fury.

I have written all without malice or hard feeling against him. Mr. McFarland married me a girl in years, a child in experience. In every way he abused his claim in me, he turned my love to bitterness, he took all the doom and sweetness from my life. When I went away, and he found I had begun, perhaps, to feel a hope of happiness, his wounded vanity and desire for revenge turned his naturally mad temper into blackest madness. He swore to my friends, by all the fiends, that he "would rob me of my reputation, my children, all I held dear." He has done so, and I pity him from my soul.

When the trial of his life commenced I commiserated him deeply. I knew that death, which seemed so infinitely sweet and peaceful and blessed, when I turned from Mr. Richardson's death-bed, was to this unhappy man the most terrible of horrors. I hoped with all my heart that he would escape the barbarous penalty of a barbarous law. And when I heard that Judge Davis was engaged in the case I went to him and said, "You understand fully that in this case I have one interest. The man on trial is on trial for his life, but I am no less on trial for him, and for something infinitely dearer to any woman than life could be. The best friends I have are assailed with me, good people who have befriended both the prisoner and myself. If you can only let in a little light of truth in all this cloud of abuse and slumny I beg that you will do it. For the best I hope this man will not be convicted, and no one is more willing to believe him insane than I am." Judge Davis promised that all he could do to the end I asked him, should be done. That if possible, Mr. Richardson's memory, my own honor, and the reputation of my best friends, should be vindicated. What stumbling-blocks were placed in his way I will not try to disclose. It is enough to say that at the last moment a change was made in the summing-up contrary to the expectation of every person concerned.

There is but one word more to say, and I will say it briefly. It is well known that I have been on trial before a New York Court as much as Daniel McFarland, and for a crime more heinous and more bitterly punished in woman than murder committed by man. And it is clearly seen by all who see dispassionately, that wherever a loop-

hole was opened for any truth about my conduct or Mr. Richardson's, it was immediately stopped. I have tasted to its dregs the cup of justice to which, in the nineteenth century, men born of women mete out to one whose worst crime was the mistake of marrying a man who was half a madman from natural inheritance, half brute from natural proclivity. Of the justice I have received let those who read my story be witnesses.

City and County of New York, ss.:

Abby S. Richardson, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the above statement is true according to her knowledge and belief.

ABBY SAGE RICHARDSON.

Sworn to before me this 9th day of May, 1870.

WM. BARKER, Notary Public, N. Y. Co.

CHARLES A. RICHARDSON'S STATEMENT.

Boston, May 9.—So many misstatements have been made about my late brother, Albert D. Richardson's estate, that I deem it necessary, under the circumstances, to say that his entire estate is not worth, at the highest value, more than \$23,000 to \$25,000, and that his widow, Mrs. Abby S. Richardson, has refused any part of the property except that required to rear and educate his orphan children. The following is a copy of the memoranda which have been alluded to by the counsel for the defence as the will of my late brother (he died intestate), made at the Astor House before my sister-in-law's arrival.

CHARLES A. RICHARDSON, Administrator.

A. D. RICHARDSON'S MEMORANDUM OF A WILL.

[Dictated to Mr. Nicholson on the night after he was shot.]

1. I owe D. Nicholson \$200.
2. Mr. P'Anson will understand about my house. I have paid him \$160 interest within the last few days.
3. I want my *Tribune* shares, if possible, kept for my children.
4. Of my Kansas lands, the three Marshall County tracts stand in my name. So does the tract near Topeko, now the Shawnee County tract, formerly called Jackson County. The Miami County tract stands an undivided three-fourths in my name, and an undivided one-fourth in Junius's. My Spring Hill lots stand an undivided one-half in my name, and the other undivided half in Junius's. Of all this Kansas property, Junius should have the proceeds of one, I think, of the Marshall County quarter sections. That would be a fair settlement between us. All the rest should be sold for the benefit of my children. The taxes on none of them have been paid for 1869.

STATEMENT BY MR. ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.

LETTER TO MR. JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

"FORDHAM, N. Y., Sunday Night, Dec. 1, 1867.

"MY DEAR JUNIUS: On the last nine pages of my 'Household Expense Book,' in my desk here, you will find a clear statement of my business affairs.

"Should the madman who has once attempted my life—and who just now shows some symptoms of renewing his attempt—succeed in killing me, as he has threatened so vehemently to scores of people, will you please set forth clearly a few of the facts for the sake of the lady they involve (you know how hard, how self-sacrificing, and how pure her life has been), and of my own children, whom I wish to have know all about them, that they may see, in maturer years, that my conduct in this matter has at least left them nothing to blush for. Some of these cardinal facts are:

"*First*: That he has inherited a taint of madness in his blood, his grandfather (maternal) having died a maniac, and one of his brothers having been for years notorious for his absolute madness when under the influence of liquor, and having so abused his wife at such times that she will carry the scars to her dying day. In his liquor fits his family have been obliged to keep him shut up like any other madman.

"*Second*: That before Daniel McFarland had been married to his wife two years, he had, in a fit of passion, struck her so violently in the face that she carried the marks for days, and that again and again, in his mad fits, he had terrified her with threats of violence to himself and her by the display of revolvers, knives, etc., etc.

"*Third*: That from pride and delicacy she had shielded him as far as possible, had kept his infirmities secret in the vain hope that he might reform, had worked hard and uncomplainingly for the support of her children and of him; that finally she had explained fully to two of her friends, about the 1st of January last, the terrible life that was killing her, and asked their counsel; that the letter to one of them in which she did this is still in existence to be seen by any one who has a right to inquire into the matter, and that it bears on its face such evidence of truth and candor and moderation that anybody with any knowledge of character cannot fail to be impressed with its judicial exactness.

"*Fourth*: That all this was before I had anything but the most formal acquaintance with her.

"*Fifth*: That finally, late in February last, in one of his frenzied fits, while I chanced to be rooming in the same house with them, I heard enough of his violence to give me the gravest apprehensions of a tragedy.

"*Sixth*: That she then separated from him; sent for her father, and in his presence and

that of other friends had an interview with him; began to recount what she had undergone; that he would not hear her go into details which he *knew* so humiliating to him; that she told him in presence of these witnesses it was her inflexible determination never to live with him again; that in the same presence he acquiesced in the separation, and voluntarily said that he consented for the present that the custody of the children should be with her father.

"*Seventh*: That in spite of all his asseverations only a few weeks before they did separate, he had himself proposed that they should separate; that he wished to go and talk the matter over with a gentleman whom both knew (Mr. G.), and she kept him from going because he was in liquor.

"*Eighth*: That she now has in her possession a letter of his written to her six years before I knew either party, in which, over his own signature, and in his own hand, he fully admits his violence to her, and corroborates in general, every word of her own statements about it.

"(I have been thus minute, because he has asserted so frequently that there had been no trouble between them save the usual 'tiffs,' as he phrases it, between husband and wife; and that all assertions to the contrary are the result of a 'plot or conspiracy,' between her, two or three of her lady friends, and myself, to take her from him and destroy his domestic peace!)

"*Ninth*: That after this final separation last February, after she had applied to her lawyer, Mr. Runkle, to take the necessary steps for a divorce, she was so situated that I was thrown much with her, that I knew her character and worth thoroughly, that my sympathies for her suffering and helplessness in facing the world with two children to support, which had existed all the while, developed into a warmer feeling—that I *loved* her—that it became an understood thing between us that when she was legally free she should become my wife. Before the separation no such thought had ever entered my heart, and she had never uttered one word to me which the most loyal wife might not speak to any gentleman whom she knew and respected.

"*Tenth*: That some weeks after the separation, he intercepted a letter from me to her, which showed him that when she should be legally free I hoped to marry her—a letter couched in the terms usually employed by a man toward the lady who is to be his wife.

"*Eleventh*: That after getting this letter, early on a Monday morning, he kept it; said nothing to any one about it; did not seek me either in Hartford or New York, though he knew my places of business, and exactly how to find me, but concealed his purpose, and never approached me until at 11 o'clock of the dark, rainy Wednesday night, nearly three days after obtaining it, as we were going from the theater where she was employed, and where I had called to escort her to her

end's house, where she was staying for a month, till her engagement should be over, and she could return to her parents in Massachusetts—he stole stealthily up behind me, and, with his pistol within 14 inches of my body, shot me in the back. That he fired no more shots at me in all, and while he was trying to get off a fourth I grappled him, and threw him to the pavement, and there held a pistol, powerless, until I had called the police and delivered him into their custody.

"*Twelfth*: That I refrained from prosecuting him, because I did not wish needless public scandal about her, because I knew her to be half a madman, and because I also knew that I had done wrong to speak of marriage with her so soon after her separation from him. Of course the fault was in no sense hers. She was a helpless woman, so nervous with apprehension and terror of him that she started wildly whenever she heard a door-bell ring, and she turned naturally to one who offered her sympathy, shelter and affection at such time. I ought to have been more prudent but the fact was there, and I either sought to evade it nor deny it. I simply told the truth about the matter. She remained in New York, and took care of me during the five days that my wound kept me in bed, and then returned to her parents. I heard on all sides threats of my life from him, but only replied to them, that if he sought to murder me again I should defend myself as well as I could, and that sooner or later, if she and I both lived, I should surely marry her, if she acquiesced. And if I do live, I certainly *shall*, if he tries to kill me every day in the week.

"*Thirteenth*: Finally, he has so far acquiesced in this that last Summer Mr. John F. Cleveland came to me from him with the distinct proposition that if she would give up her two young children to him he would interpose no obstacle, either of time or fact, to our marriage. At last, however, after much negotiation, a settlement of the custody of the children was finally arrived at, without carrying the matter to public trial in the Massachusetts Supreme Court, where it was pending—by separating the children, she keeping the youngest (a boy of three), and he taking the eldest, who is eight—with such stipulations as will enable her to recover the custody of the eldest at any time, should the father, either by neglect or ill-treatment, forfeit his paternal right. She has moved to consent to this arrangement—which almost broke her heart—partly because she thought the father with all his ill-treatment of her, loved the child, and partly

because his friends insisted with great earnestness that if he could not have the boy he would either die or go utterly and hopelessly mad.

"So the matter stands. What new thing has set him again on the war-path I know not. You will remember that on the first occasion apprehending violence from him I decided not to arm myself because I did not want the blood of any man, and particularly of this most wretched man, in my hands. I have the same feeling still—in degree. It would be too horrible for the poor children who are hers and bear his name—too horrible for *her*—too horrible for *my* children. So, if he attacks me again, I shall mean to run very great risk rather than do deadly harm to him. Indeed, I hardly know which would be the worst under any circumstances—to kill him or have him kill me. I *could* have taken his life before with his own weapon, with the most perfect ease, but I have always been glad that I did not.

"What the upshot will be Heaven only knows. You and I have faced death and seen the sweet sleep, the precious, perfect rest it brings, too often, to hold it in any special terror. It is harder to feel that one leaves behind those who lean upon and love him; but then the Divine Benignity cares for all its helpless little children.

"My dear friend, so loyal, so steadfast, so patient with my faults through all these crowded years, may the best blessings of life be yours! If I go before, I know there is no need of commending to your tenderest friendship the sweet and gentle soul whose love has blessed me, and whom unwittingly I have brought to bitter grief, instead of helping, as I had hoped, her hard and grievous life. The Father keep, and shield, and bless her! My own darling children, too—twice orphaned in their tender years—already know you as their friend, and I know what friendship means with you. Good-by till we meet again.

A. D. E."

City and County of New York, ss.:

Junius Henri Browne of the City of New York, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the above is a true copy of a letter left in his hands by Albert D. Richardson, on or about December 1, 1867, and which was first opened by said Browne sometime after Mr. Richardson's death.

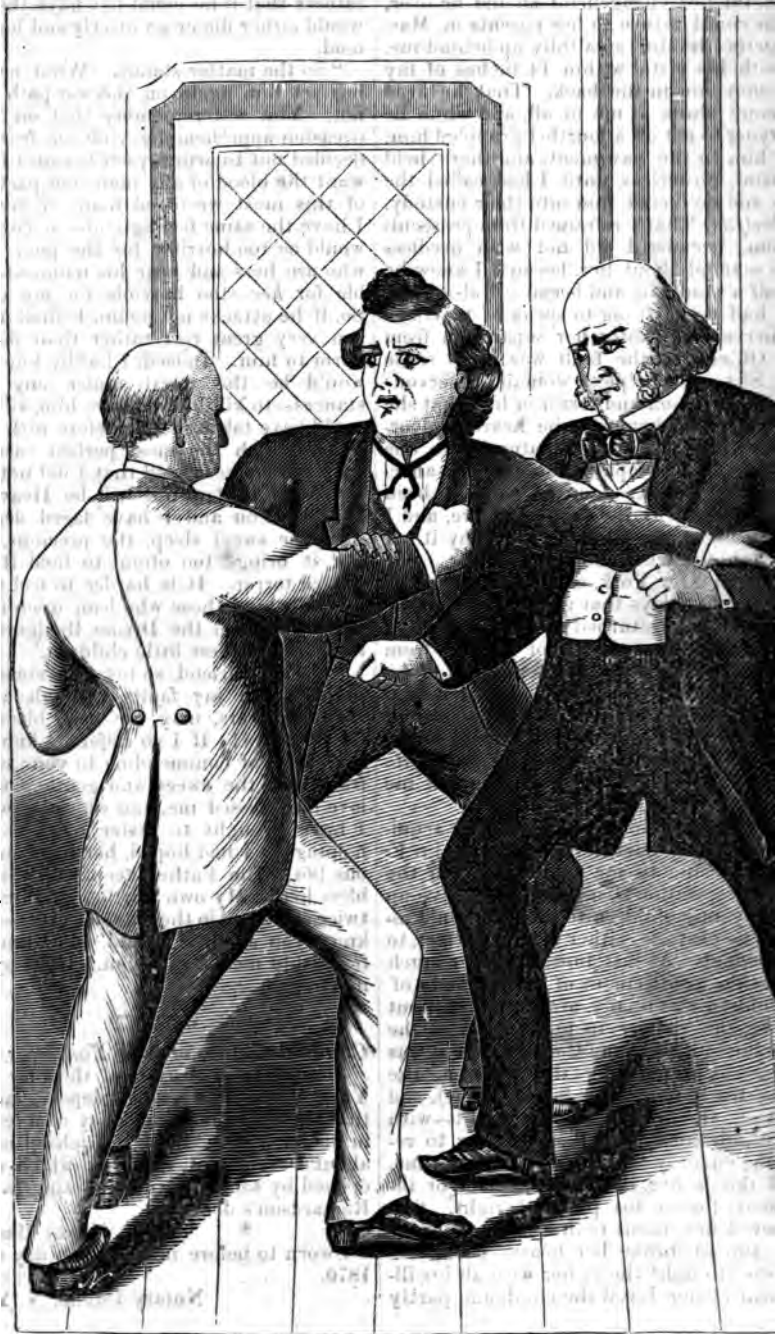
JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

Sworn to before me this 9th day of May, 1870.

WM. BARKER,

Notary Public, N. Y. Co.

THE END.



AN EXCITING SCENE IN COURT—McFARLAND INTERPOSES TO PREVENT COUNSEL ASSAULTING EACH OTHER!



DANIEL MCFARLAND IN HIS CELL AT THE CITY PRISON RECEIVING THE ANNOUNCEMENT
HIS DIVORCED WIFE TO DR. RICHARDSON. THE PORTRAIT OF MCFARLAND BY



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